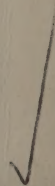




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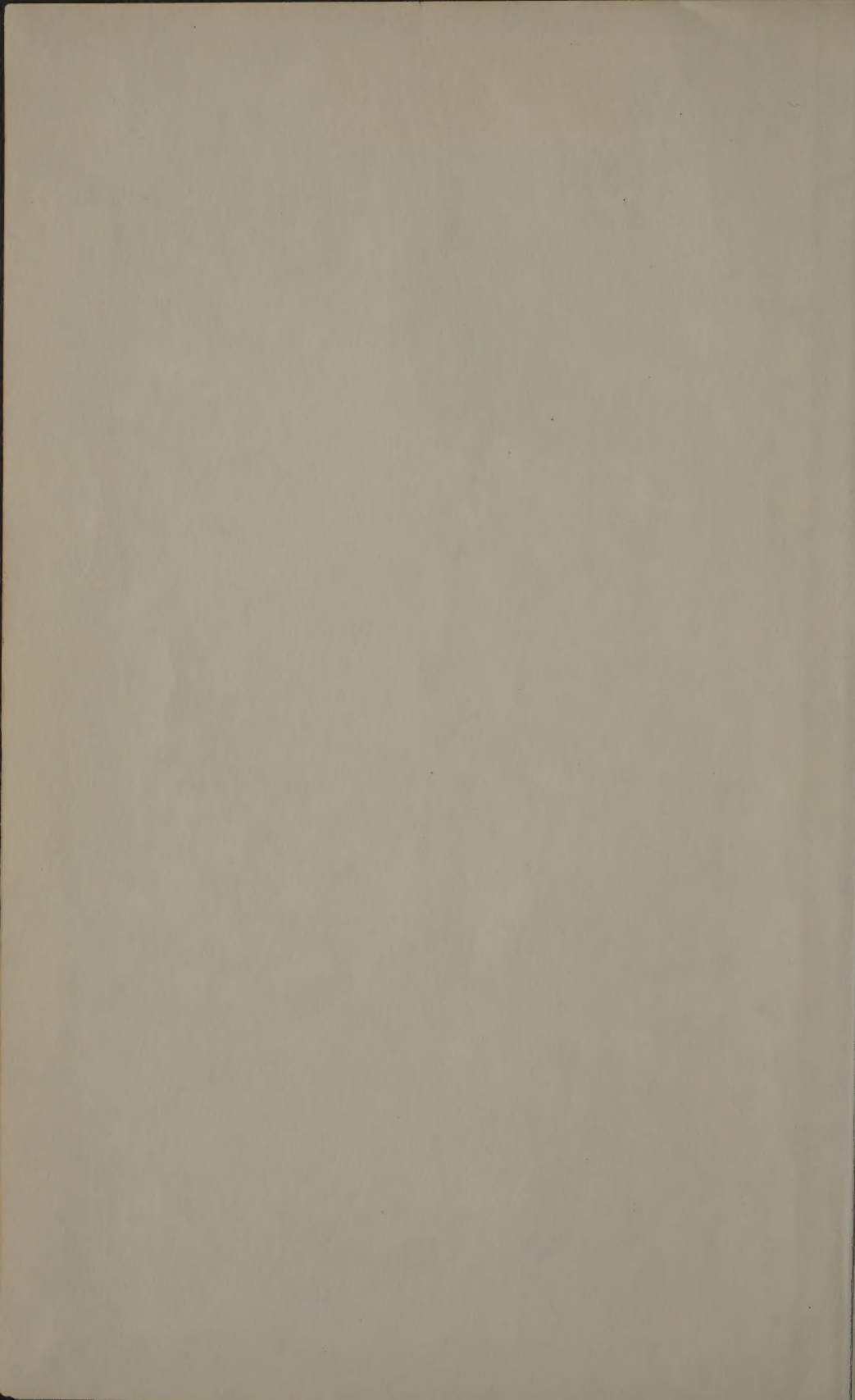




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AROUND THE BOUNDARIES

OF

CHESTER COUNTY,

Pennsylvania

By

WILMER W. MACELREE

*Wilmer W. MacElree*

*"To all our friends that do desire to know  
What country 'tis we live in, this will show."*

RICHARD FRAME.

WEST CHESTER, PA.

1934

To the Memory of  
MARGARET MACELREE  
AND  
HELEN STEVENSON



Southem - \$15.00

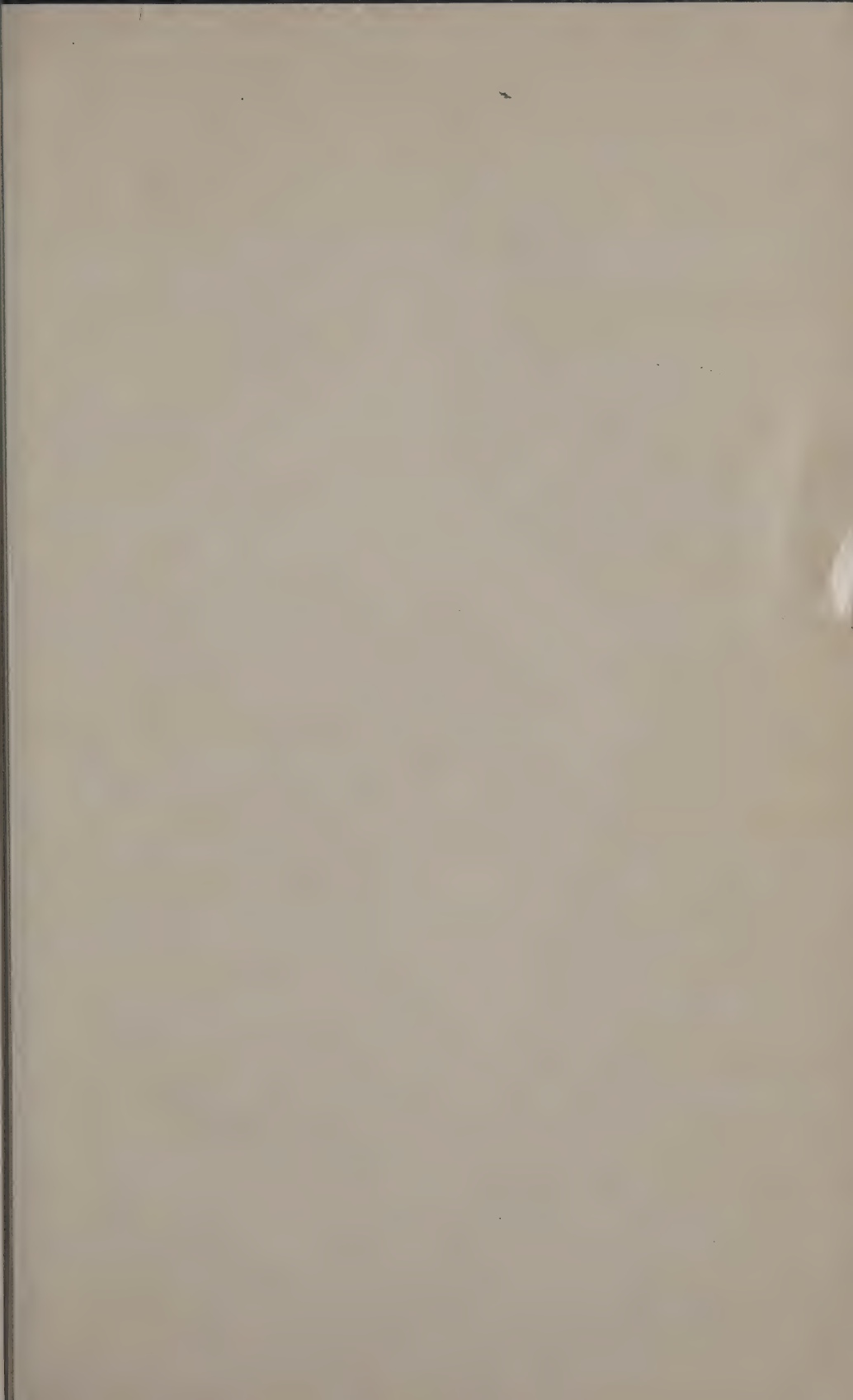
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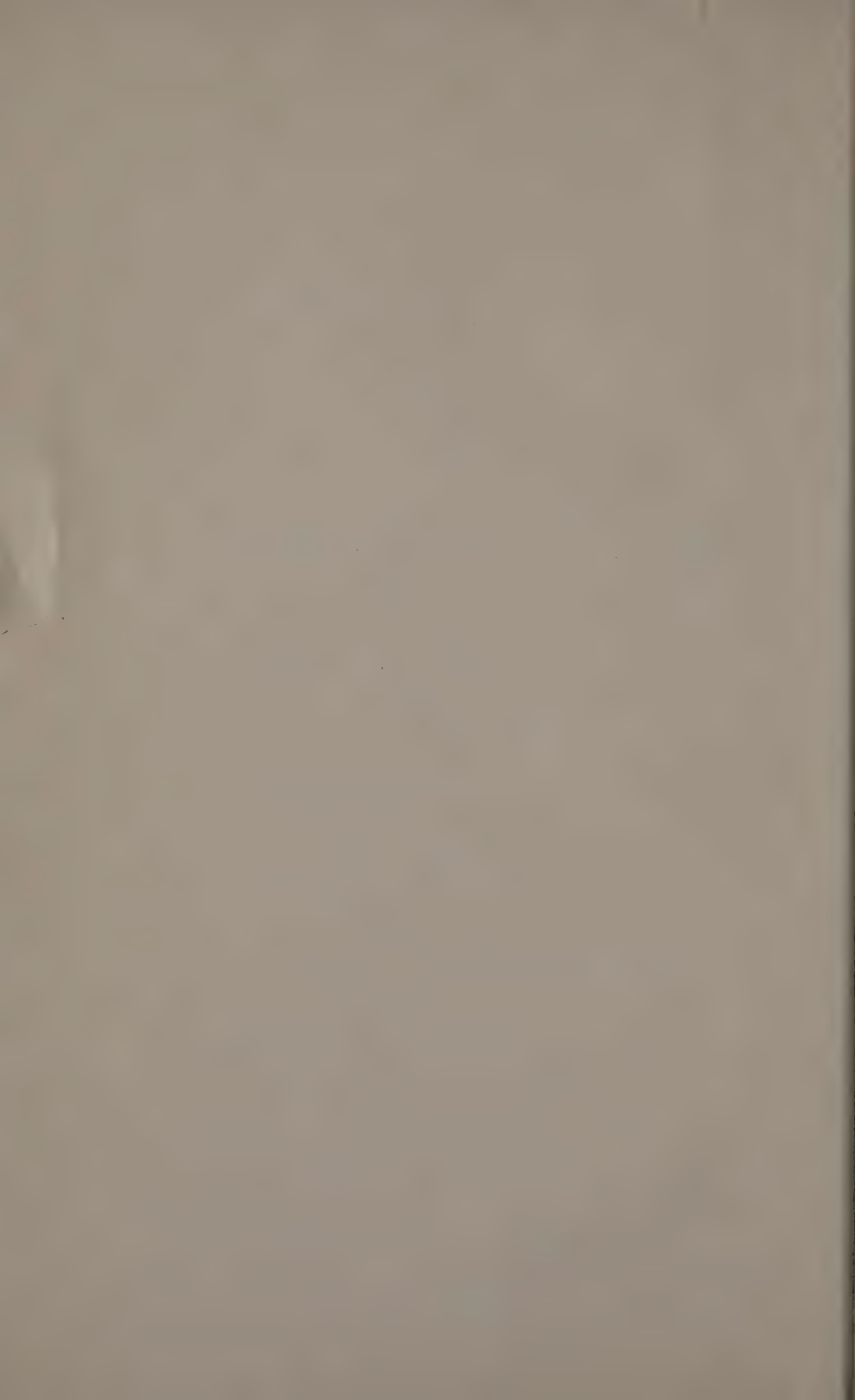
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AUDUBON'S HOUSE NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE PERKIOMEN

## UPPER OCTORARA CHURCH

*"I pity the man who can travel from Dan  
to Beersheba and say: 'Tis all barren'"*

STERNE—*A Sentimental Journey*

THE southern half of the western boundary line of Chester County is formed by a sinuous and beautiful stream that rejoices in the Indian name of Octorara.

Historically, the Octorara is not so interesting as the Brandywine, yet no stroller along its banks from Christiana Dam to Horseshoe Bend in West Nottingham Township where the stream dips into Maryland has ever been heard to regret either the time he spent or the steps he took.

Notwithstanding its beauty, the Octorara is to many persons almost unknown. It is one of my purposes in this book to introduce it to my readers, to show some of its loops, fordings and bridges and briefly to sketch a few of the characters who once lived near its waters. Should my efforts fail to awaken any friendly feeling, I have no hesitation in declaring that the reason will be found not in the stream but in my inability properly to present it.

In itself, the name is a pleasing one—so pleasing indeed, that years ago, one presbytery and three churches borrowed it for their own use. Since that time, numerous beneficial and social organizations have yielded to its polysyllabic allurements.

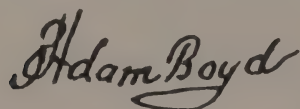
Of these Octorara churches—Lower, Middle and Upper—each has its special charm, but the shadows cast by the broad oaks that stand around the church of Upper Octorara make its grounds a peculiarly fitting place for reverie and dreams.

I halt here on my journey westward and stretch myself beneath these ancient trees far removed from the court's "tilting tournament of tongues" and let my long-leashed fancy free.

How quickly it changes the children playing on the green before me into quaint figures of former days. How wonderfully it transmutes even the staunch walls of the church into a little log meeting-house. Behold a parson in its open door proclaiming in sonorous tones: "If any person has aught to allege against the ordination of Adam Boyd, let him now make it known?"

The challenge is unanswered, the Presbytery of "Ackterara" may proceed with its ordination.

More than two hundred years ago, Adam Boyd was installed pastor here at the age of thirty-two. His

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Adam Boyd". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the left of the text "field was, a large one,".

field was, a large one,  
his duties were onerous,  
his salary was small,





UPPER OCTORARA CHURCH

but the records show that for forty-four years he served his parishioners wisely and faithfully, his character emphasizing his exhortations.

When the Chester County pages of the Book of Life are opened in the Great Hereafter, I doubt if they reveal a more devoted servant of Jesus Christ than this minister of Sadsbury.

Among Boyd's many virtues, honesty was pre-eminent. "Boyd's honesty," remarked one of his friends, "stood the horse sale test."

Horse sale test? Yes. When he took a fine looking but unruly horse to a neighboring vendue to be sold and the crier began to praise the animal and to set off his good qualities, Boyd threw up his hand and cried: "Stop, it is not true; if he had been that kind of horse I never should have thought of parting with him."

A short time before Boyd's installation, David Evans, of Welsh extraction, had supplied "ye people of Ackterara" every fourth Sunday as a pastor. Evans was not without experience. In the township of Tredyffrin he had diligently cared for a flock of goats.

"Sheep," you say.

"Goats," I reply, at least so he regarded them, for in his farewell address to the members of his church in the Great Valley he solemnly declared: "Goats I found you and goats I leave you."

A history of Upper Octorara Church, its progress, vicissitudes, foes, struggles and triumphs, was written

by Judge J. Smith Futhey, who had all the qualifications for the task. Indeed, for him it was no task. Upper Octorara was the church of his ancestors, the consecrated spot of his youth. In the spirit of the Psalmist, he loved to walk around this Zion marking her bulwarks. It was his Heaven on earth.



UPPER OCTORARA 1769

Many interesting incidents of both pastors and parishioners were compiled by Futhey, but of the learned Magill, who officiated at this church before the installation of Boyd, he could find little or nothing. All that he could rescue from the river of oblivion was an advertisement dealing with Magill's servant.

"1722. Ran away from Rev. D. Magill, a servant clothed with damask breeches, black broadcloth vest, broadcloth coat of copper colour, trimmed with black and wearing black stockings."

Upon reading this advertisement, the historian exclaimed, "If the servant was not greater than his master, what must the master have been?"

The other Presbyterian churches that took the name of Octorara are outside the limits of Chester County. Lower Octorara long since changed its name to Lower West Nottingham and is located south of Mason and Dixon's line. It was first called Mouth of



the Octorara. At a meeting of New Castle Presbytery held at Pencader, March 23, 1724-5, Mr. Houston was ordered to supply the people at the "Mouth of the Octorara." Middle Octorara is situated nearly midway between its sister churches in a fertile valley of Lancaster County, through which the Western Branch of the Octorara flows.

"This valley," says Dr. Clark, who is familiar with its history, "was settled in the main by Scotch and Scotch-Irish Covenanters and Presbyterians of the strictest sort who believed in the Bible, in the deity of Jesus Christ and in the ministry of the Word."



MIDDLE OCTORARA

## CHRISTIANA

*" 'Twas here that first was heard the thrilling cry,  
'Twas here that first our people took the stand,  
Which cleansed us from the guilt of slavery,  
We call it Riot, lo, it made men free."*

ROBINSON—*The Christiana Riot.*

THE nearest town to the head of the Eastern Branch of the Octorara is Christiana. Pine Run—once called the North Branch of the Octorara—flows along the east side of the borough and hastens toward the dam to acquire its old name.

Travellers by train will remember Christiana as a station on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad; automobilists, as a convenient stopping place for oil and gas; but Christiana has no need for such common designations as these. She points her historical finger to a block of granite at a corner of one of her streets not far from the railroad station and informs all visitors that this stone is commemorative of the "riot of '51," a memorial to Edward Gorsuch, who "died for law", and to Castner Hanway, who "suffered for freedom." To this riot Christiana's name is inseparably linked.

Philadelphia Democrats of that day in an open letter to Governor Johnson, of Pennsylvania, called it

an "insurrectionary movement" and in a second letter shortened this description to "treason".

Governor Lowe, of Maryland, wrote President Fillmore that he did not know of a single incident since the passage of the Compromise Measure which tended more to weaken the bonds of union and arouse dark thoughts in the minds of men than this tragedy. He even predicted that its importance would not be limited to the narrow borders of his state, but would penetrate the soul of the South. On the other hand Whittier gave thanks to God

"That somewhat of the holy rage  
With which the prophets in their age  
On all its decent seemings trod;  
Hath set your foot upon the lie,  
That man and ox and soul and clod  
Are market stock to sell and buy."

What were the facts?

Edward Gorsuch was a farmer of Baltimore County, Maryland. In November, 1849, some of his slaves travelled northward into Pennsylvania. On September 11, 1851, four of them were located at William Parker's cabin, a mile and a half southwest of Christiana.

About sunrise of that day, Gorsuch and Henry M. Kline, Deputy United States Marshal, with several others appeared before the cabin to execute four warrants obtained from the United States Commissioners at Philadelphia. Kline read the warrants and Gor-



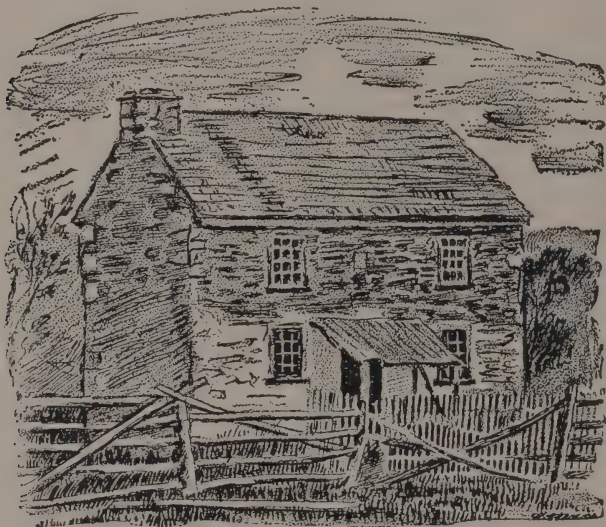
such announced his intention of getting "his property." When he started up the steps he was warned to desist and halted. Threats were made on both sides, guns were fired and the cry of "Kidnappers" was raised and repeated. For a few minutes the firing ceased and Scriptural quotations took the place of firearms. Neither side convinced the other and Gorsuch finally declared, "I'll have my property or I'll breakfast in hell." Meanwhile Mrs. Parker had blown a horn from the garret window and residents of the neighborhood were arriving. Among them were Castner Hanway and Elijah Lewis.

When these men were asked to assist in executing the warrants they declined. Then the utmost confusion prevailed. Gorsuch started for the cabin and was killed. His son also was shot down and left to die under the shade of a big oak tree. Ultimately he recovered, but was "pitted like a sponge."

Immediately a debate ensued. Had a crime been committed? If so, what?

The District Attorney of Lancaster said "murder", the prosecuting officer of the District Court of Philadelphia said "treason." Indictments charging the latter offense were found against Castner Hanway and thirty-seven other persons and proceeded with. Maryland sent up some of her ablest attorneys to assist in the prosecution. Joseph J. Lewis, of West Chester, and Thaddeus Stevens, of Lancaster, were among the leading lawyers for the defendants.

Mr. Curley, who opened for the defense, pricked the government's case with his ironic sketch of "three harmless non-resisting Quakers and eight and thirty wretched, miserable, penniless negroes armed with corn-cutters and a few muskets, headed by a miller in



WILLIAM PARKER'S CABIN

a felt hat without a coat, without arms, mounted on a sorrel nag, levying war against the United States."

Even Justice Grier, looking at the case dispassionately through his legal glasses, could find no treason in it. There was no proof of a previous conspiracy to make a general and public resistance to any law of the United States, nor was there evidence that any person

concerned in the transaction knew that there were any such Acts of Congress as those which they were charged with violating.

The jury agreed with Justice Grier and within fifteen minutes after receiving his charge returned a verdict of "not guilty."

But we have lingered by this monument long enough. With the echo of freedom sounding in our ears let us hasten to the Octorara. What shall we see? do you ask. That depends upon your state of mind. Travelers bent on their personal affairs, says Schopenhauer, see even the Rhine and its banks only as a line and its bridges only as lines crossing the first line.

Have you eyes to see and ears to hear? If so, you will discover with Theodore Parker, that in the country, there is a tale in every thing, and that every little object in nature hath its beauty to please by and its moral to instruct with. "Indeed, the country is a system, of divinity," he declares, "while the city is but a 'commercial dictionary,' a 'ready reckoner' or a 'cook book'."

## THE PUREST LARGE STREAM IN PENNSYLVANIA

*"And he showed me a pure river."*

ST. JOHN—*Revelation.*

“ABOUT 1905, the engineering corps and the executive officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company selected the Octorara Creek as the sole source of their supply of pure water for their engines in use on the Eastern Division of their Main Line and Low Grade Road of the great freight line of the company between Harrisburg and Philadelphia and New York terminals.

“In making this selection, they publicly stated that they found it to be *The Purest Large Stream of Water in Pennsylvania.*”

This is one of several interesting facts that I find in a brief paper on The Old Wooden Bridges of the Octorara, prepared by D. F. Magee, Esq., of the Lancaster County Bar.

“It is also stated by them,” adds Magee, “that from its headwaters about Christiana to its mouth at Octorara Junction where it empties into the Susquehanna River just at the head of tidewater, there was no impure material of any kind from village, factory,



mill or mine which entered throughout its flow—a distance of some twenty-eight miles by air line and probably twice that distance by the true course of the winding stream.”

For Magee, as well as for others, this freedom from the usual unhealthy conditions affecting most streams of its size greatly enhances its beauty and charm as it flows in its bed “rippling and gleaming in light through miles of wooded hills and verdant meadows.”

But from many standpoints the disappearance of the mills along the Octorara and its tributaries is to be deplored.

George Eliot was right. The rush of water and the booming of a mill bring a dreamy deafness which seems to heighten the peacefulness of the scene of which they form a part: “they are like a great curtain of sound shutting one out from the world beyond.”

Something remains, however, for the tributaries that furnished many of these mills with water are still moving along their former courses and some of them remind me of the Ripple, “living companions do they seem to me as I wander along their banks and listen to their low and placid voice.”

Of the two main branches of the Octorara the Eastern is the larger. It is also the longer from its source in the Gap Ridge Foot Hills to its union with the Western Branch near Point Lookout at the head of Old Pine Grove Dam. In a direct line, according to Magee, the distance is about twelve miles. The name

Octorara is now applied to the stream as it leaves Christiana Dam.

Buck Run, Williams Run and Pine Run supply this dam and have their source in the hundred and more springheads in the north half of Sadsbury Township, where Dr. Joseph Huston says the first settlements in Lancaster County were made while the territory was yet in the mother county of Chester.

Dr. Huston was born and spent the greater part of his life within sight of the Eastern Branch. Nothing gave him more pleasure than to tell the story of its romantic past. Courtesy therefore requires that I enter his protest against a very common spelling of this stream.

"The ending of the last syllable," says Dr. Huston, "should be 'A' and not an 'O'.

"The name Octorara is of Indian origin and was used to designate a subtribe of Indians having a village and encampment near the eastern banks of this stream on lands now (1896) owned by Lewis Newcomer, of Upper Oxford Township, Chester County.

"History and tradition are alike silent as to whether they belonged to Shawanese or Delawares. The term is also applied to the entire southeastern slope of Lancaster County which is drained by this stream."

That "Octorara" was ever used to designate a subtribe of Indians with encampments along the stream that bears that name is exceedingly doubtful, but there is good authority for spelling it with an "a."

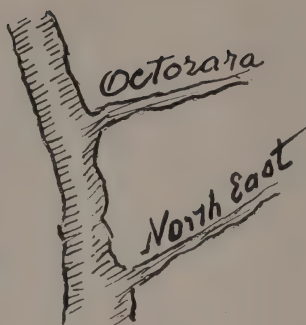
The early records present this name in a variety of forms.

In 1707, when Governor Evans gave an account of his journey among the Indians, he mentioned his arrival at "Otteraroe"; in Governor Keith's letter to Council in 1722, he informs them that he had directed a Company of Militia to march to "Ouchteraroe"; in 1732, Blunston and Wright in transmitting certain facts to Governor Gordon refer to a part of the southern boundary of Chester County as "Octoraro Creek," while in 1734, Andrew Hamilton and John Georges recite to Governor Ogle, of Maryland, the efforts of Lord Baltimore without the consent of the Proprietary of Pennsylvania to run "a Line from the Mouth of 'Octorara Creek' eastward to the River Delaware." Other forms appear in other papers and reports. In his history of Lancaster County, Rupp makes the word end in "o" even when he quotes from certain Colonial Records in which the spelling is "oe". Mombert quotes more accurately but shows his preference for "o".

"It was not fashionable in old days," says a writer on Indian history, "for even the same man to spell an Indian name twice in the same way." What form shall we adopt? If we accept that given in the return of the Commissioners appointed in 1729 to settle the boundaries of Lancaster County we shall write it 'Octeraroe', but if we are to be controlled in our

orthography by what appears in the vellum agreement between Lord Baltimore and the Penns, executed July 4, 1760, we shall spell it "Octorara."

What is the meaning of Octorara? This is a question more easily asked than answered. As yet, I have

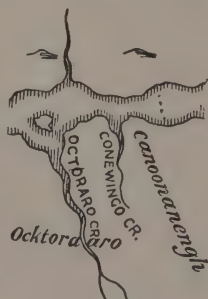


been able to find but two works on Indian names and their meanings that mention it.

Heckewelder spells it "Octorara," and says, "It is probably an Iroquois word."

It cannot be a Shawnee word, for the Shawnees came

into Pennsylvania about 1698. The Pennsylvania Map of 1681 shows this creek bearing the name "Octoraaro" at that date. It appears in Herrman's map of 1670 with two extra letters. Campanius gives the Indian name of the stream as "Otto-hohaho" (Iroq) and its meaning,



"Where money or presents were distributed." Frazer thinks it may have been derived by the



Indians from the French "Octroi"—concession, grant or toil.

It is an interesting question that may never be satisfactorily answered. Long ago, Iroquois and Shawnee disappeared leaving no explanation behind them.

At times, when I have stood in the gathering twilight at a bend of the Octorara and have looked across the dark water at the dense woods of Wolf's Hollow, intently listening for an echo from the years that are gone, I have heard or seemed to hear, mingling with the wild music of the stream, the high voice of an Indian Chieftain sadly but defiantly singing:

"Amid the forest where *we* roamed  
There rings no hunter's shout  
But our name is on your waters  
And ye cannot wash it out."

I am indebted to Mrs. Sigourney for her translation and I agree with Donehoo that it is a great blessing that we cannot wash these Indian names out.

"The American custom of making a place name a means of personal immortality was unknown to the Indian. The great ridges of cloud enshrouded mountains, the sweeping rivers, the sparkling little creeks were given names worthy of what they were, rather than what some man imagined he was worthy of.

"These Indian names were full of music, but of far greater importance they are full of history."

No possible spelling or interpretation of the name, however, can affect the beauty of the stream.

Tolstoy in "The Cossacks" tells us when Olenin first saw the Caucasian Mountains he was astonished; afterwards he began to realize their beauty and "felt" the mountains. He looked at the sky and remembered the mountains; he looked at himself and again thought of the mountains; beyond the Terek there was visible the smoke in a village, but the mountains; and so it was wherever he went and whatever he saw.

A few have been affected in like manner by the beauty of the Octorara and have set forth its charms in verse. Of those who have done so none has expressed more real devotion than Edward Swayne. Following the windings of this stream, marking its moss-covered rocks and listening to the melody of lark and plover he became enraptured with what he saw and heard and burst into song.

"They tell me of streams that are far from thy shore  
Where Scotia's wild waters in cataracts roar;  
They tell me of rivers surpassingly fair  
The swift "rushing Dee" and the "bonny bright  
Ayr."

"Yet none would I ask could they come at my call,  
For thou Octorara art dearer than all;  
Mid fragrance and beauty flow gently along,  
I love thee, I love thee thou stream of my song."

## A SHAWANA VILLAGE

*"William Penn was one of the first Englishmen to realize that this new race of men were not wild barbarians but social human beings who were to be dealt with as such."*

DONEHOO—*Indian Villages and Place Names*

IN PORTRAYING the character and actions of the Shawnees, historians too often have dipped their brushes in the darkest pigments on their palettes. They have emphasized the vices of this nation and ignored its virtues. Would you see these Indians in brighter colors, walk with me into the "Shawnee Garden" near the sources of the Octorara and look at them as they dance?

Before taking this step, perhaps it will not be amiss briefly to run over the history of the Shawnees who were closely connected with Octorara Creek.

When did they come here? Where did they come from? Why did most of them steal away after remaining little more than a quarter of a century?

Let the Governor of Pennsylvania answer the first question.

"At the time William Penn made a firm peace and league of friendship," said Governor Gordon in 1728, "the Shawnees were not in this country."

"They came to us only as strangers about 30 years ago and Desired leave of us to settle amongst us as Strangers & the Conestogue Indians became security for their good behaviour."

There were only about sixty or seventy Shawnee families who entered Chester County in 1697, but the nation gradually followed them and located near the mouth of Pequea Creek.

Their name means "Southerners." Originally from the West, they are believed to have lived in Ohio Valley. It has been suggested that they built many of the mounds and earthworks found there.

For this suggestion there would seem to be no basis—Smithsonian research shows that the Algonquin Nation (to which the Shawnees belonged) drove out the "Mound Builders."

"In 1669-70," if Sipes is right, "they were living in two bodies a great distance apart, one in South Carolina, the other in Tennessee. Between these two bodies were the friendly Cherokees."

Some writers think that on account of dissatisfaction with the early settlers the Shawnees began a general movement to the North and continued it at intervals for thirty years. Others assert that they became involved in war with the Catawbias and the Cherokees and finally came North to save the remnant of their nation from total extinction.

Were they the strange Indians called Shallnarooners referred to in a deposition made before the Provin-



cial Council December 19, 1693, by Polycarpus Rose? Did they make a temporary stop in Chester County in their migration to the forks of the Susquehanna? Sipe seems to think so, but admits it is all conjecture.

The Shawnees who located at the mouth of Pequa Creek were not the first to settle in Pennsylvania. As early as 1694, Arnold Viele, a Dutch trader, brought a small number of them from a Shawnee village on the lower Ohio to Pechoquehalin near Delaware Water Gap.

After coming into Pennsylvania, the Shawnees did not stay together in one place, but split and scattered in various directions. In a few years they had villages on the Swatara, Paxtang, Susquehanna, Delaware, on the flats at the mouth of Fishing Creek near Bloomsburg and at Catawissa.

Of the Shawnees who settled at the Pequa, Opessah or Wopaththa was King. In 1701, with two other chiefs he represented his nation at Philadelphia and entered into a treaty of peace with Penn.

From that time until 1711, he continued as King of the Shawnees of the lower Susquehanna with his principal seat at Pequa. Then he voluntarily abandoned both his chieftainship and his tribe and made his home among the Delawares to the northward. He was urged to return, but refused to do so, whereupon the Shawnees at Pequa elected a new king named Cakundawanna.

Why Opessah sought an asylum among the Dela-

wares he never made known. It has been suggested that he feared the Five Nations would hold him responsible for the murder of Francis de la Tore, while a traditionary account finds the reason of his desertion in his love for a Delaware squaw who refused to leave her people.

If we accept the statement of his successor, Opesah's abandonment of the kingship was the result of a difference with his people. In 1720, when Secretary Logan told the chief of the Shawnees that their ears were thick and they did not hear what was said to them, he replied to him, "with a deep concern" that this was occasioned by the young men who lived under no government; that when their king, Opessah, who was then living, took the government upon him the people differed with him and he left them, that they had then no chief, therefore some of them applied to him, but that he had only the name without any authority and could do nothing.

Eight years later Governor Gordon declared "the Shawnees we know are ready for any mischief."

Unfortunately liquor had become the principal article of trade with them.

At a council held in Philadelphia in May, 1729, where the Chiefs of the Conestogoes, Ganawese and Delawares were present, Taquatarensaly, of the Conestogoes, otherwise known as Captain Civility, informed Governor Gordon that none of the Shawnees were present because they had spent all their

provisions on rum, and were obliged to stay at home to provide subsistence for their families by hunting.

Unhappily, the Shawnees had given some offense to the Five Nations. "To avoid the consequence," wrote Governor Gordon to Governor Ogle in 1732, "they had retired within the last three or four years to a branch of the Mississippi called Ohio."

All possible means were used by Governor Gordon to draw them back to their former settlements; a survey was made of ten or fifteen thousand acres of land around the principal place where they were last seated and a special messenger was dispatched. But his efforts were unavailing. Cartlidge delivered the Governor's message and six gallons of rum for which the Shawnees seemed "exceedingly joyful." A month later they sent a reply in which they thanked him for "ye Dram" and acquainted him with the reasons that induced them to settle "att Ohioh".

"About nine years agoe the 5 nations told us at Shallyschonking wee did nott do well to setle there—

"About the expiration of three years aforesaid the 5 nations came and Said our Land is goeing to be taken from us. Come brothers assistt us Lett us fall upon and fightt with the English, We answered them no—

"About a year ago after they ye 5 nations Told the Delawares and us, since you have not hearkened to us nor Regarded whatt we have said, now wee will petty-

coats you and Look upon you as women for the future and nott as men. Therefore you Shawanese Look back toward Ohioh, The place from whence you Came and Return thitherward, for now wee shall Take pittty on the English and Lett them have all this Land."

"One reason of our Leaving our former settlements and Comeing here is Severall negro Slaves used to Run away and come amongst us and wee thought ye English would blame us for Itt."

"The Delaware Indians Some time agoe bid us Departt for they was Dry and wanted to Drink ye land away, whereupon we told them, Since Some of you are Gone to Ohioh wee will go there also, we hope you will not drink that away too."

And now having watched the Shawnees disappear over the western hills let us go back to the "Shawnee Garden" in 1701. You will find it on the southern edge of the "Gap" at a point alongside of the course of the Strasburg Road before it was changed by the construction of the Pennsylvania Railroad and almost opposite to an old hotel.

It was here that William Penn in the year 1701 visited King Opessah (Wopaththa) and witnessed the dancing of the squaws. Isaac Walker, who died in 1891 at the age of eighty-three and whose ancestors lived in this locality while the Shawnees were yet occupying the neighborhood, said, that according to the traditions of the oldest inhabitants Penn danced a "jig" along with the squaws in the garden and par-





Indian Path  
as shown by Benjamin  
Chambers in his sur-  
vey of 1688.

It crossed his survey line  
about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile south of Atglen  
The Gap and New Port Turn-  
pike is on the path from  
Atglen southward about  
1 mile



TABLE ROCK

took of a feast of roast deer and green Indian corn baked in the ashes.

1242343

In 1872, a clock tower was erected here, "chiefly," says Eshleman, "through the efforts of Isaac Walker, owner of the spring, who was led to it by his researches on the subject."

The spring by which Penn sat is covered up, but is still referred to as Penn's Spring while the rock on which the venison and corn were spread is proudly pointed to by local historians as Table Rock. Tradition has not transmitted a program of the dances, so the elastic term "jig" is used to cover them all, a term which as defined by Worcester means "to dance carelessly." However, it must be remembered that Worcester was not an American.

In considering this matter, three questions present themselves. Was Penn there in 1701? Could he dance a jig? Would he be inclined to do so?

Every person conversant with the life of Penn knows that he not only had frequent conferences with various sachems at his manor house in Bucks County, but almost as frequently visited them in their forest homes, participating in their festivals.

So late a writer as Sipe declares that when the Indian Chiefs called on him at Pennsbury, it is said, that he joined in their sports and games, ate hominy, venison and roasted acorns with them and matched them in strength and agility. Really there is something pleasing in the picture of the Proprietary lay-

ing off his robes of dignity and taking part in Indian festivities.

Penn could undoubtedly dance the "minuet." I have as little doubt that the transmitters of this tradition would be willing to substitute the "minuet" for the "jig", but what about the squaws of that day? Could they by any possibility have joined in what the Spectator calls "a stately regular dance." Truth requires this to be answered in the negative. The tradition therefore must remain as it is.

Would Penn be inclined to dance? This admits of an affirmative reply. The great Richelieu was once discovered by a friend kicking his heels high in the air. Instantly the friend bet him he could go higher and purposely lost his bet. Why should not Penn find pleasure in momentarily divesting himself of the cares of state?

Neither of the last two questions perplexes me, but the first is undoubtedly hard to answer. Not all of the events of Penn's life are recorded. He was in Pennsylvania at this time and could easily have stopped here on his way to Conestoga. Moreover, he greatly desired to maintain friendly relations with Opessah.

Walker fixes the year 1700 as the time of Penn's visit. Eshelman says: "It is probable that Penn may have met the Indians in council here but this visit must have been in June, 1701."

The Indians whom Penn met here, if he did



meet them, were the Shawnees for the old "Shawana Town" of that section was very near this place. Its location may be found on any early map of Lancaster Co. near the head of Octorara Creek, as the Shawnees

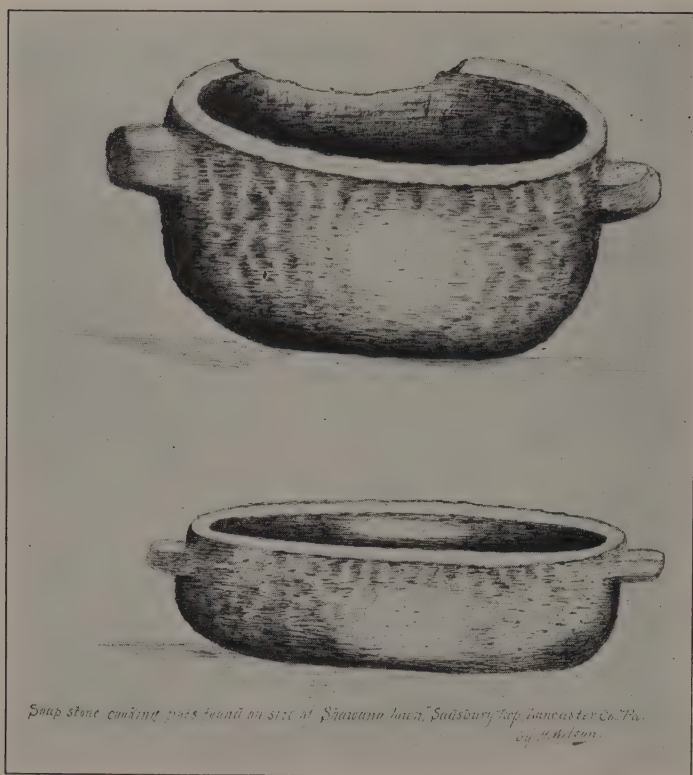
*A copy of Isaac Taylor's survey of 500 acres on a Branch of Octoraro for the Proprietor.*

*On the southern portion of this tract were Pot-stone Quarries and an Indian Village.*



lived all along the Pequea Creek and from the mouth to the source of the Octorara.

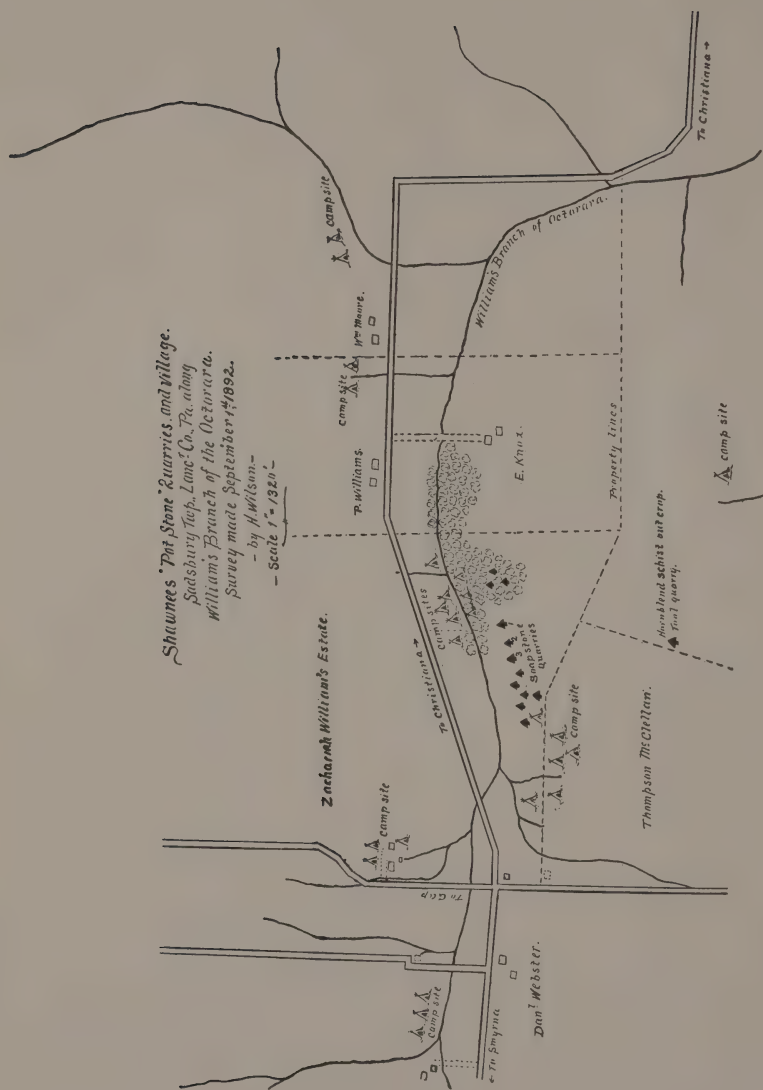
The Shawnees soon discovered the soap-stone outcrops south of the Gap. In fact, workshops for the making of pots have been found by archaeologists at many sites, but the major operations of the Shawnees were at the large outcrops of this rock on the Williams Branch of the Octorara. To the vicinity of



this pot-stone they removed and probably remained there until 1730 when they definitely migrated northward to the forks of the Susquehanna and thence into the region of their ancient home in Ohio.

Harry Wilson, a student of Indian history in Chester County, says that the country along Williams Branch, near to the pot-stone outcrops is peculiarly favorable for aboriginal occupation. There are many springs of water in close proximity with firm ground about them for camping purposes and corn and bean fields. Along the stream and its tributaries, wild plums, grapes and berries grow profusely, while the swamp still produces the variety of osier that gave them their basket-making material. But a short distance away, outcrops of trap with its allied mineral associates gave them their tool material for excavating and quarrying together with some chisel material for cutting out and polishing the pots, although most of this must have come from many distant sources of supply.

It was a neighborhood tradition recorded by Isaac Walker, of the Gap, and by the Williams and Moore families that a tract of two hundred acres of land south of the Williams Branch of the Octorara in Sadsbury Township, Lancaster County, west of Christiana, which had lain in woodland uncultivated for more than a hundred years after the first white settlers came into this region, was a hunting ground for the Shawnees and a harbor for wild animals especially



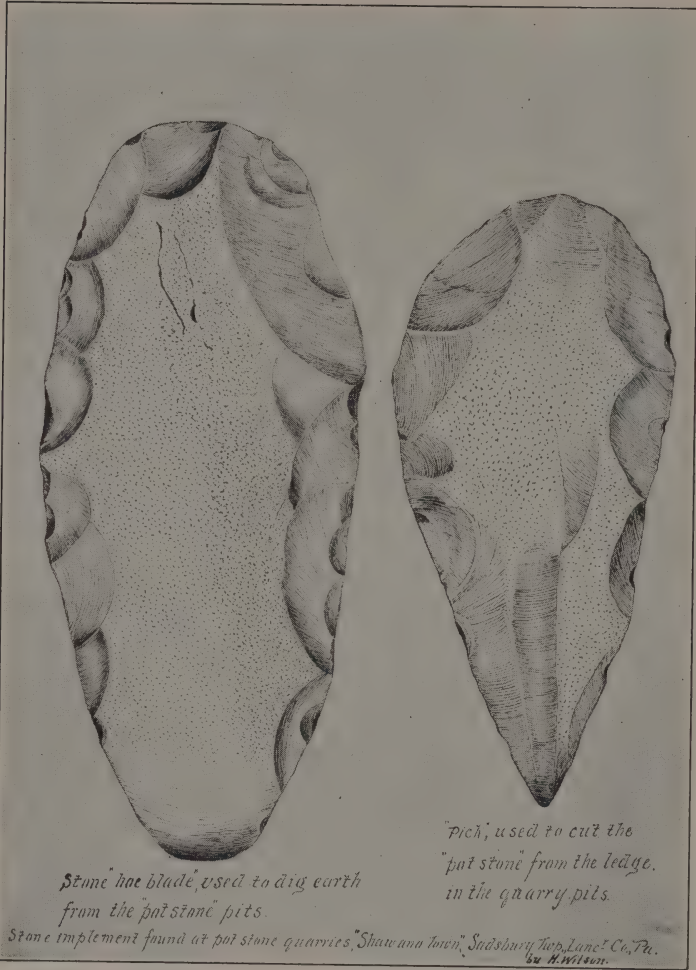


bears which were plentiful. Thomas Williams was killed by one of them.

When the Williams family cleared this land late in the '50s of the last century, they found a number of pits or excavations over the eastern hill slope, with hundreds of broken fragments of pots, many unfinished pots, dishes of soap-stone and tool-like implements of stone. Today after a lapse of seventy years or more, notwithstanding the fact that nearly all of the land is under cultivation, the depressions caused by quarrying for pot-stone can still be seen and fragments of broken pots, dishes and working tools may be found scattered over the cultivated fields.

Forty years ago, the excavations were from five to ten feet deep according to the depth of the rock dyke under the earth's surface. Of the three major excavations, the largest was about forty-five feet in diameter by ten feet deep, the diameter having been increased by the cultivation of the ground around the excavation, while the depth had been diminished by the falling in of earth and loose rock. Other pits ranged from three to five feet deep with a diameter frequently greater than forty-five feet.

As the rock on the higher portion of the field seems to have been an outcrop, there was apparently no reason for the deepest pits but to secure a stone of better quality—purer, softer, more tractable, denser in structure and less friable, which would be suitable for





*Chisel, used  
in cutting mica soap stone  
cooking pots.*



*dig or fish spear*



*Spear point.*



*war arrow point.*



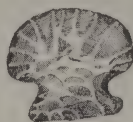
*war arrow point.*



*Drill.  
used in making beads*



*knife.*



*Scraper.  
used in dressing skins*

*Stone implements found at site of "Shaw and Town," Sadsbury Twp., Lancaster Co., Pa.  
by H. W. Sloan.*

cups, dishes, baking slabs, beads, ornaments and perhaps pipes.

The bottom of the larger pits was covered with broken lumps of soap-stone, the refuse of the quarrying operations. Amongst these lumps were broken and unfinished pots in the rough, the stone tools used in excavating the earth and the picks used to peck out and pry off the lumps to be used in the pot making.

About the circumference of the excavations were to be found the roughly blocked-out pot form, with the heavier kind of chisel used in this work and a great mass of broken pot stone with tool marks on it.

The pots when finished varied in size, form and capacity and would hold from a half pint to eight quarts. Some forms were only cups, others were smoothed for the purpose of baking corn meal cakes. These slabs of soap-stone, unlike the modern white man's iron griddle, need no greasing to prevent the cake batter from sticking.

At and around these settlements on the Williams Branch have been found the usual stone axes, hammer stones, knives, arrows and spear heads with chance European-made gun flints, iron tomahawks and broken pipe stems. The graves of their dead have not yet been turned up by the plow, but the camp refuse is most extensive, showing a long period of occupation. Artifacts from this location have enriched many collections in southeastern Pennsylvania as well as those of the Smithsonian Institution at



Washington and the American Archaeological Museum at the University of Pennsylvania.

The Shawnee settlement in the vicinity of the Gap brought them into the area of the Octorara. This stream offered them thirty-five miles of hunting and fishing and led them to form camp and village sites from its source to its mouth. In southern Lancaster County they found deposits of soap-stone for their pots, and jasper for their arrow and spear heads, all in close proximity to this most turbulent and picturesque stream.



NOT AN INTER-COUNTY BRIDGE

## DOWN THE OCTORARA TO STEELEVILLE

*"A merry heart goes all the way,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a."*

SHAKESPEARE—*The Peddler's Song.*

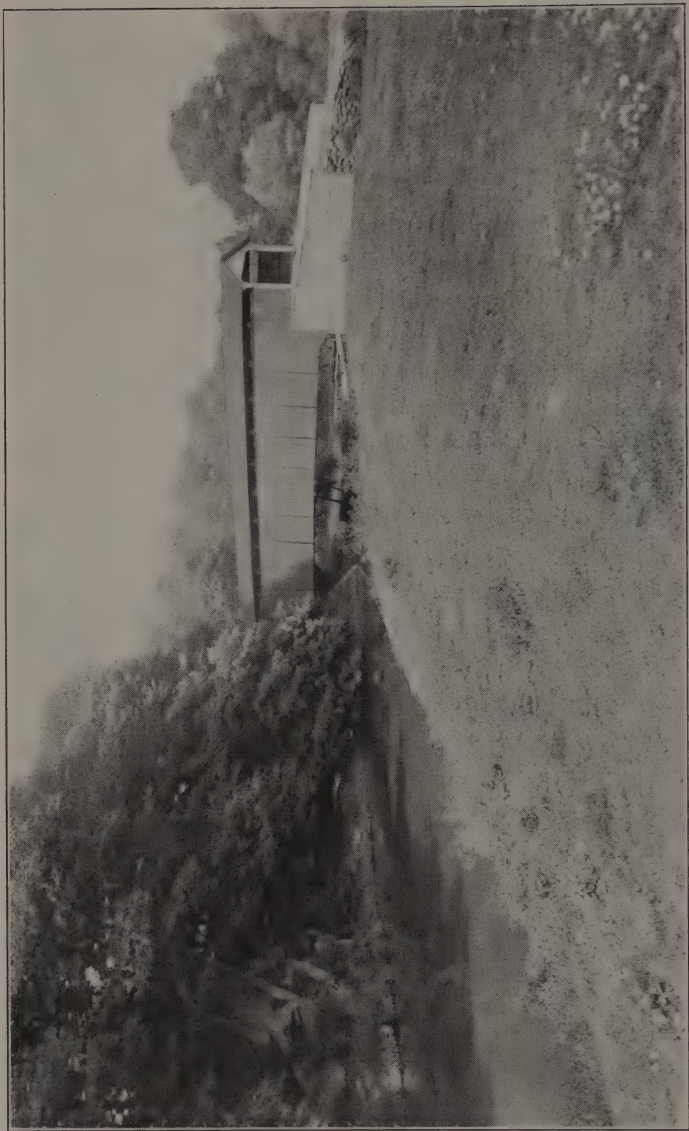
ORIGINALLY, Fallowfield was a large township. Organized in 1728, it stretched southwardly from the southern line of Sadsbury as far as Marlborough and westwardly from the Western Branch of Brandywine to the waters of the Octorara.

Fifteen years later it was divided by a stream now known as Buck Run.

For almost seven miles the Octorara forms the western line of West Fallowfield Township. To those who have never seen this portion of the stream, its name suggests only a boundary; to those who have been privileged to walk along its banks it presents a series of pictures—a little rude and savage perhaps—but strikingly interesting, that will be remembered till death

*"Ich sah Dich einmal  
Und ich sehe Dich immer"*

Some of its beauty is open to automobilists, much, however, will be unperceived by them.



MERCER'S BRIDGE, BUILT IN 1880



The little iron truss bridge, a short distance below Christiana, close to the site of the old "Hannum Mill," is worthy of a moment's notice in passing, for on its flooring the Commissioners of Lancaster County are wont to exchange greetings with Commissioners of Chester County before proceeding upon their annual tour of inspection.

The concrete bridge—a half mile down the stream from this point—is not an inter-county bridge, but was built by the adjoining townships with some county aid.

The public road along the Octorara lies on the Lancaster County side. It is lacking in smoothness and is not maintained as a speedway for automobilists. But who asks for speed here? Few individuals share the spirit of a bank cashier of Chester County who once informed his friends with glee, "I have made it at last."

"Made what?" they inquired.

"Made Valley Forge and back in three-quarters of an hour," he answered.

To such persons the Octorara has nothing to offer. Speed here would be profanation.

The second inter-county bridge is Mercer's. Up to 1880, there was but a fording at this point. When the bridge was built, a short part of the road leading to the fording was vacated and the terminal was opened further north.

Just how much interest the viewers took in performing their duties, there is no way of determining, but the surveyor's draught shows that he at least was think-



ing not of fees, but of reproducing so far as his talents and opportunity would permit, the scene that lay about him. If I had never been here before, Cooper's artistic work would have brought me.

"Meticulous" is an adjective that of late has been greatly overworked by both novelists and reporters. Therefore I shall not apply it to Cooper, but shall content myself with remarking that our Bridge Papers would be much more alluring if now and then they gave some evidence of meticulousity on the part of the draughtsmen.

East of the bridge, a little distance from the public road, rises a steep hill bearing the euphonious name of Rock Point. Upon its crest stands a modest bungalow, approached by a well-worn path inviting but steep.

As I approach Mercer's Bridge, two signs advise me that repairs are being made. Strange as it may seem some long forgotten words of Virgil come to my mind concerning workmen plying their warm labor in the sun; but, when I draw nearer and find the workmen stretched out on the greensward of the approaches to the bridge I discard the Roman poet's "*fervet opus*" as inappropriate and I wonder how the thought of its applicability ever should have occurred to me. Clearly the language of Burns is better. So I invoke the Octorara in his beautiful words:

These men are "asleep by thy murmuring stream  
Flow gently sweet Afton, disturb not their dream."

Mercer's Bridge took its name from Mercer's Dam. Two flour mills built in the closing quarter of the 18th Century received their power from this dam.

Much of the wheat raised in Pequea Valley on its way to Wilmington market was ground here and during the famine in Ireland when the mills were operated by Captain Mercer they were used to grind corn for that distressed country.

Less than half a mile south of Mercer's Bridge, where the Octorara turns to the right, parts of an old dam breast are still visible. Not far from these remains, a road once crossed the stream. Even now its course is marked for many a rod.

Old landmarks are most easily found when the trees have shed their foliage. In this glorious month of November one forgets them in contemplating the beauty of the country. From Mercer's Bridge to Steeleville the scenery is wild and bewitching.

On the western side of the Octorara the public road parallels the stream all the way. Now and then huge rocks project themselves into the highway as if they resented the intrusion of travellers. Many of the ugly seams that mark their faces in winter time are covered up with vines whose leaves the autumn frost and sun have changed into wreaths of various colors—brown, red, purple and gold.

Every turn of the road presents a view of the stream that forces the most prosaic person to pause. Issuing out of the bushes and grapevines its waters sparkle in



the sunlight for a moment and then disappear in the shadows.

At irregular intervals fallen trees lie across the stream forming natural bridges for squirrels to play upon and not infrequently groups of buttonwoods white with age may be seen standing together as if in consultation.

In Summer, a refreshing coolness greets you under the arching trees along this road; in Autumn, heat and cold are alike forgotten in contemplating the bounteousness of color that will disappear only too soon when the surly winds of December toss the russet leaves across the highway and leave the trees to shiver in their nudity.

"A mountain gorge," Dr. Huston calls this part of the country, "bounded on either side by ranges of lofty hills broken at intervals through which some tributary flows."

"In these fastnesses, nature has hidden some of her choicest floral gems and has furnished inspiration for many a botanist."

It is true as he observes, that the rocky ledges and the stony character of the soil forbid cultivation, but these hills covered with rainbow tinted foliage present by way of compensation a marvelous panorama.

Looking over this land, one is inclined to stop and speculate on the appropriateness of the names given to some of the patents issued by the state.

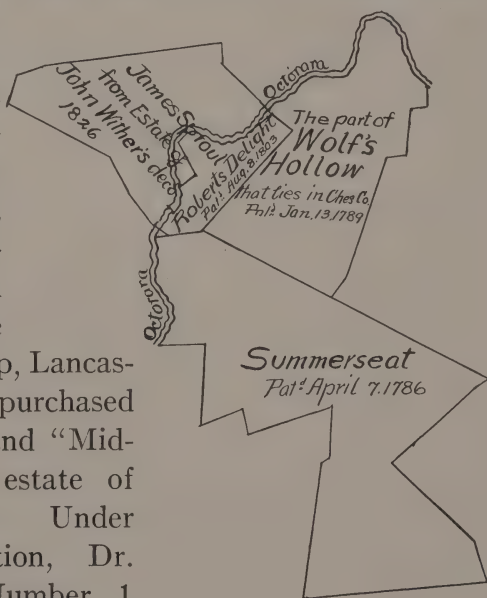
Robert G. Cochran's small tract which afterwards

passed to Michael and John Withers received the name of "Robert's Delight", John McKinley's large plantation adjoining it on the south subsequently acquired by Daniel Buckley was given the attractive title of "Summerseat", but by way of contrast, the land of James and David Sterrett lying to the north and west of the other tracts had assigned to it the feral name of "Wolf's Hollow."

But what of the forges?

They were three in number, two bearing the name of Sadsbury, the other the name of Ringwood and they lay on the Lancaster side of the stream.

The Sadsbury forges were known as "Upper" and "Middle" or "Sadsbury Number 1" and "Sadsbury Number 2." In 1826, James Sproul, who had operated White Rock Forge in Little Britain Township, Lancaster County, purchased both "Upper" and "Middle" from the estate of John Withers. Under Sproul's operation, Dr. Huston says Number 1



produced chafery iron which Number 2 manufactured into octagonal bars. These bars were ultimately made into gun barrels.

After Sproul's death in 1847, Number 1 forge was not used, but the bloomary enterprise at Number 2 was continued for some time. Owing, however, to the scarcity of charcoal and the fruitless efforts of its owners to manufacture coke it also was abandoned.

Rambling among the ruins of these old forges and dams may be unprofitable, but not uninteresting, at least, not to those who have made the acquaintance of their ancient owners in the records of the Court.

Some remains of the dam connected with Sadsbury Number 1 may be easily seen in the winter months when the trees are denuded of their leaves and a half mile down the stream parts of the broken breast of Number 2 are also visible.

Between these points on the Chester County side numerous charcoal pits and crumbling walls present melancholy reminders of the activities of former days. Here, too, you will find several empty races that once received their water not from one of these dams, but directly from the swift flowing stream, advantage being taken of the natural rock barriers in the bed of the stream to deflect, as much as possible, the flow of the water into the main raceway paralleling the stream. A most unique system, that tended to conserve some of the flood waters; and gave a more uni-

form flow from the usual supply of the stream, and thus stabilized the waterpower. Some of this original planning was obliterated when the first road was built on the Lancaster County side from Mercer's Mill to Knott's Run in 1876.

If you are interested in Indian lore, by diligent searching you may even discover a few rock shelters that once offered temporary homes to some of the Indians who lived, loved, fished and hunted along this bend of the Octorara.

To the right of the road up a gentle incline of a few hundred yards the mansion houses of James Sproul and his manager and successor, James Goodman, will be found on knolls looking at each other.

These houses are plain and unpretentious. In truth I came not so much to look at them as to see the strips of iron that were fastened to the top of the mangers in Goodman's stable to protect the woodwork from the teeth of the stabled mules.

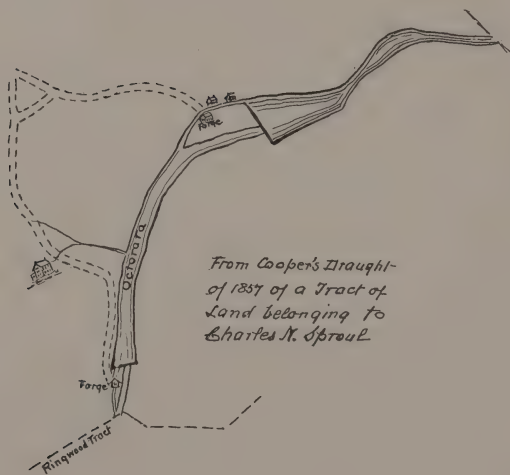
In the early construction days of the Pennsylvania Railroad the trackway was formed by two parallel stringers of wood held a proper distance apart by cross ties and set upon blocks of squared stones to give a foundation. The top surface of the stringers was protected from the wear of the car wheels by strips of iron—like those on the mangers of the Goodman stable—one inch thick and three inches wide, spiked to the stringers. This method of construction was discontinued. The heavy loads caused





the weak stringers to spring down, and the iron strip to bend, drawing the spikes and wrecking the cars. Some of these strips were manufactured at these forges on the Octorara.

The next object of interest is Ringwood Forge Dam three-quarters of a mile farther on. About the beginning of the 19th Century Isaac W. Vanleer was its owner. Unfortunately in 1816 he was compelled to make an assignment, which included not only "Ringwood" in West Fallowfield, but "Springton" in West Nantmeal and "Hibernia" in West Caln.



## WOLF'S HOLLOW

*"O Brignall banks are wild and fair  
And Greta woods are green  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a Summer queen."*

SCOTT—Rokeby.

THE FIRST foot-bridge on the Octorara is about a quarter of a mile north of Brookside directly opposite what is known as the "Bailey House." Passing in front of it, an unfrequented road leads along the eastern bank and then turns into an interminable wood which becomes more alluring the farther you go.

The ascent for the most part is easy. If you find it otherwise, fallen trees offer convenient seats for rest and observation.

Having rested and observed, five minutes of brisk walking brings you into Wolf's Hollow. What a hollow it is! Ahead of you, a winding road continues its course until far up the hillside it loses itself among the trees; to the right, in the middle of the glen, a clear stream, half hidden by bushes and saplings, pours its waters over a rocky bed. Beyond it, are sharp hills with outcropping rocks.

Fully to answer to its name, there is needed only the shrill cry of a wild cat or the figure of a lone wolf

stealthily pursuing its way eastward by a stony path toward a point where the edge of the wood touches the sheep lands of some adjacent farmer. These beasts are lacking, but rabbit and squirrel, weasel and mink, fox, raccoon, muskrat and opossum still remain for such hunters and trappers as the owner sees fit to admit.

The lover of nature, who seeks not to kill but to spend an hour with agreeable companions will discover here cardinal grosbeaks, wood-sparrows, fox-sparrows, white-throats and other transient birds during months when they have deserted other places in the county, for the plenteous cover found in this wood induces them to stay much longer here than elsewhere. Throughout the glen, the laurel is so abundant, that Winter—except when snow is on ground—looks almost like Spring. At Christmas time when snow and laurel join in decoration they make a scene no artistry can imitate.

Should you visit this valley in May and feel your descriptive impotency, let your emotions find expression in the lines of one of Lancaster County's poets whom Hensel calls, with apt alliteration, "Gentle Jimmy Brown, the Bashful Bard of Bart."

In the poetry of this obscure local author who "heard the echo and saw the visions of outdoor life," Hensel discovers descriptive power and genius scarcely inferior to that displayed in Sir Walter Scott's word painting of the Trossachs.



"Who that has gone down the Octorara in the early Spring will deny it?" he asks.

Not I, for Chester County claims an interest in this poet who studied in New London Academy. But let his lines speak for themselves.

"The maple ensign of the Spring unfurls  
A crimson banner where the water purls;  
She crowns the dog-wood in bright spotted snow  
While starred with violets gleams the ground below  
Young, lustrous green the woods around assume,  
Which deepens still—a dark delicious gloom,  
The tulip-tree, her cups with honey stored,  
Invites the bee to her ambrosial board.  
Incense from the forest temples, pure to God,  
Magnolia's flowery censers breathe abroad.  
Where chiming waters lonely sing unseen,  
From rock to rock the laurel ever green,  
Throws o'er the vast undesecrated aisles,  
Of sanctuary hills, her blossomy smiles,  
Pure worshippers in those green avenues  
Of the cathedral wood are flowers whose hues  
Are altar flames, their fragrant incense given,  
A silent offering, undefiled to Heaven:  
They in this minster stand as they have stood,  
The priests and prophets of the templed wood.  
The primrose and the daisy deck the walk;  
The blue bells hang dark on their pillared stalk;  
The mosses gray from trees and rocks depend;  
And o'er the streams the azure lilies bend.

The flamy phlox afar in scarlet glows;  
The meadow-pink unfolds, the wind-flower blows;  
And numerous shrubs which scarce possess a name,  
On their hill-shrines enkindle odorous flame.  
The humming bird in green and crimson vest,  
On bussing wings, works at her mossy nest;  
Then o'er the expanse of grass, from that to this,  
She gives each blushing flower a flying kiss."

Leaving Wolf's Hollow and retracing your steps,  
saunter down the road with me to Brookside.

Persons who regret their inability to visit Watkins' Glen, may find some solace in spending an hour or more in the dingle that is watered by Knott's Run. This stream once furnished power for two cotton mills which were built by General James Steele and were operated by him and his brother.

Years ago the lower mill was converted into a cottage which for the last decade or more has been the main feature of this spot. Originally, Brookside and other places close by were opened by Mr. Rudy a druggist of Lancaster, as "rest cures." During the latter years of his life Brookside was rented from week to week to various parties who sought an outing on the Octorara. It was kept in good repair and furnished rest to its occupants and occasionally diversion to travellers passing along this way in Summer who stopped their cars to watch a group of mermaids sporting on the lawn or diving from a rock a few rods up the stream.



THE ROCK AT BROOKSIDE

On the west side of the road a restaurant was started a few years ago and prosperity seemed to beam upon Brookside. Today, both cottage and restaurant look shabby and poor; the vines and trees of the lawn are untrimmed and the place is fast becoming a part of the wilderness about it.

"Brookside," said a gentleman to me, "used to remind me of Belgium."

"Indeed," I exclaimed, "I can imagine no similarity between the two."

"Perhaps," observed he, "I should have said of Byron's Belgium before the battle of Waterloo."

"Do you refer to the line—

"There was a sound of revelry by night,' or to the words—

"'Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again?' "

"To both," he answered, sighed, and said no more.

The race that supplied Steele's lower cotton mill with water lies to the south of the road leading up the glen. Half a mile up the stream is a broken breast of a dam and just below it a wheel pit that marks the site of Steele's other cotton factory. What a romantic setting it has furnished for many a fish-story and many a love affair.

At this point you have a choice of going further or turning to the right. Picturesque scenery beckons you onward, church history invites you to turn. A wise man will accept both invitations and by doing so he



will minister alike to his aesthetic and religious needs.

The stony and infrequently travelled road to the right leads up a steep hill. After walking a few hundred yards you stop to look about you and discover on the left bank close to the road, a pile of stones lying partly in order two feet in height. In summer time they are completely hidden by a tangle of wild thorns and vines. These stones are all that remain of what was once "Old Wasteland" on Knott's Run.

Before he came here, Knott had been an iron worker in the mills at Laurel and elsewhere, but ceased such work to become a gospeller. Believing that he might be of spiritual benefit to iron-workers in this locality he was anxious to obtain a church site and was greatly pleased when General Steele, who was a Presbyterian Elder at Middle Octorara, graciously gave him the needed land.

What success attended Knott's efforts I do not know, but it is hardly possible to witness more complete desolation than I see before me; the broom grass in the field across the road wavingly declares the poor quality of the soil from which it springs.

Ten feet back of the foundation line of the church five or six marble slabs lean against a tree. Loving hands once set them up to mark the graves of their departed. Today these graves are undiscoverable. Other stones have fallen and are covered with earth; one, one only, stands erect to tell us the name of the person whose dust it covers.



KNOTT'S RUN

And yet something was accomplished here, for the present prosperous Mount Pleasant Methodist Church, about one mile westward of these ruins, grew out of the old congregation at Wasteland, through the early effort of William Simpson, who later became a Bishop and was known throughout the country as the intimate friend of Lincoln.

## EARLY PETITIONS NON PLUS AND OTHERS

*"Even the herbs and the roots collected with plenty of trouble  
I should be sorry to lose though little value they may be."*

GOETHE—*Hermann and Dorothea*

IN THE FIRST decade of the 19th Century the inhabitants of the western part of Chester County woke to the fact that they needed some bridges across the Octorara. While fordings were numerous they were not always passable. "Necessary calls of intercourse" and "demands for temporal business" to use some of the current phrases of that time—were "interrupted by high water."

Most of the early petitions are very much alike in their statements of reasons, but in 1809 the occupants of the lower parts of the county after using an English adjective to describe their peculiar difficulty, crossed it out, resorted to Latin and inserted "non plus."

"Travelers, teams, carriages, horses, men, in fact people are frequently put to *non plus* difficulty for want of a bridge across the Octorara Creek on the Christiana Road near William Thompson's Mill."

In addition to the non plus difficulty they advised that Court that there was "*not a single public bridge upon that stream from the lower extremity of the two counties to the Philadelphia and Lancaster Turnpike.*"



Moreover, they alleged that they had "always manifested a cheerful disposition to contribute their mite toward the like necessary improvements in other parts of the county."

This was not the first petition for a bridge across the Octorara. As early as 1773, "sundry inhabitants of the western part of Chester County" asked for a bridge "where the great road leading out of Lancaster County through the Nottinghams passed by the public house of Timothy Kirk."

In 1804, the dwellers of Upper and Lower Oxford Townships filed a bill of particulars when they sought to obtain a bridge over Octorara, near James Auld's Tavern, "where the road leading from Christiana and Newport Landing to Strasburgh passes the creek."

They specify certain difficulties experienced in holding communication with the County and Borough of Lancaster, particularly, "since the seat of government and public offices are moved to the Borough of Lancaster."

"Vast quantities of wheat are halled from Columbia in Lancaster County and Middletown in Dauphin County to the different mills in this Commonwealth and the State of Delaware, to be manufactured and sent into Philadelphia by Newport and Christiana Bridge—quantities of flour pass along said road to the aforesaid landing.

"Many Tons of Pig Iron are halled from furnaces in Lancaster County to the Forges in Chester County

and like Quantities of Barr Iron from the different Forges in Lancaster County to the Slitting Mills in this County, Manufactured into nails, nailrods or Barrs and returned along said road to the different counties in this Commonwealth and the States adjacent." The Chester County authorities were favorably inclined toward this petition, but those of Lancaster County were otherwise disposed, so the stream remained unyoked.

Some of the early papers appear with capitalization of FLOODS and ICE, but no draftsman of Octorara petitions adorned his papers with the rhetorical flourishes that we find on an application for a bridge over a branch of Little Elk Creek.

"Every gust of wind raises the said stream so high that neither man, horse nor wagon dare cross it until the violence of the water is abated."

Such a style deserved and received fitting recognition by the court. But enough of digressions. Let us return to the *non plus* petition. Upon doing so, we shall find that the Latin emendation profited the petitioners nothing, for, although Judge Wilson was the best Latinist that ever sat on the Chester County Bench, there is marked upon the back of the application, "REJECTED AS INFORMAL."

No inter-county bridge was built across the Octorara until 1814. There were foot and horse bridges in use, however, but the records do not disclose their number and rarely their location.

## THE DESERTED VILLAGE OF STEELEVILLE

*"Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
Thy sports are fled and all thy charms withdrawn."*

GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.*

BEYOND THE covered wooden bridge on the Cochranville road lies the village of Steeleville. This bridge was built in 1847 and is eighty-four feet in length. Looking eastwardly through its wooden hood the largest building in sight is an old stone grist-mill.

Along the race that leads to the mill, a cart road runs for a quarter of a mile or more to the dam above.

How old is the mill? The miller's wife, who lives very close to the race, answered my question by saying that she knew little about it, but graciously informed me that once upon a time there was a paper-mill hereabouts, "here where I have my garden."

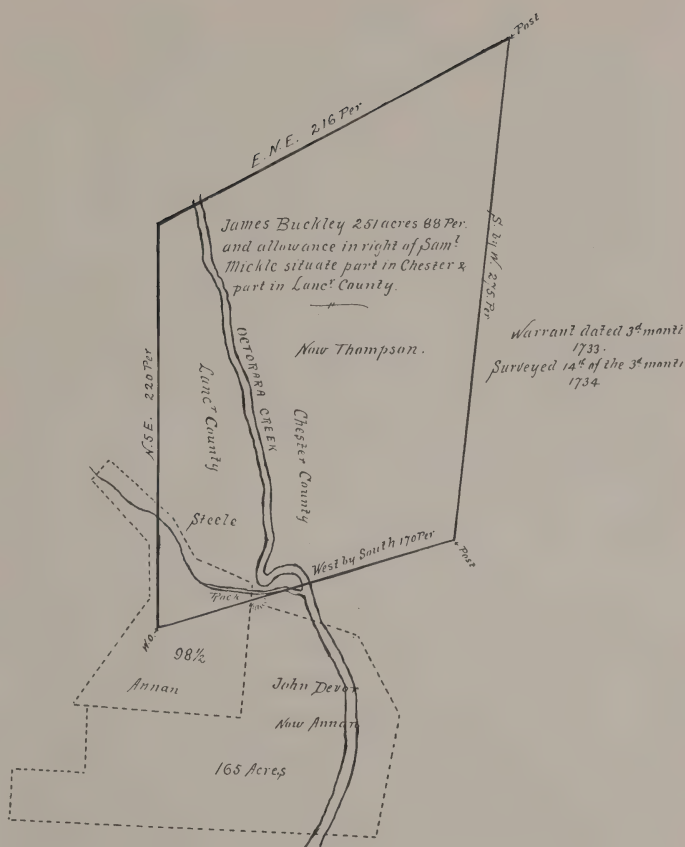
Had you been visiting this place in the latter part of the 18th Century, you might have met on this very spot two men, one of them showing by his erect carriage, the effects of military training; the other, suggesting by his words and manner, a connection with the Society of Friends.

But an older settler than either Colonel James Thompson or Jacob Bailey, was James Buckley, of Fallowfield, who owned a plantation on "Ackterara Creek."



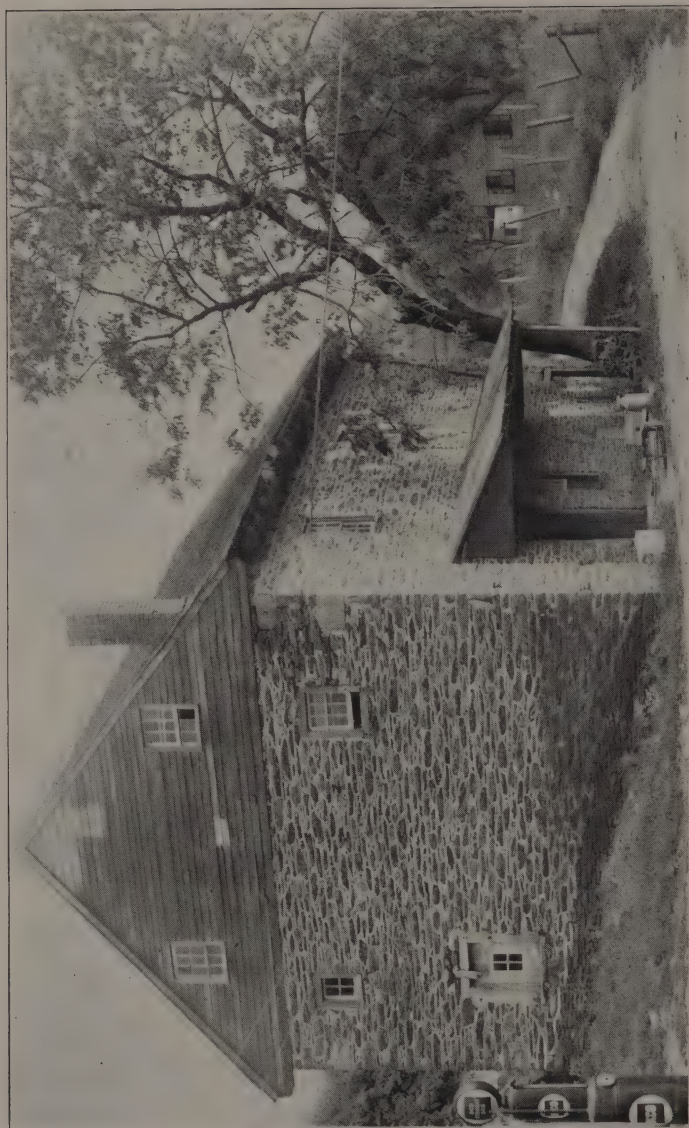
BRIDGE AT STEELEVILLE, FIRST BUILT IN 1847





In 1733, he asked "His Magesties on the Honorable Bench att ye Court of Quarter Sessions held in Chester"—for a road and submitted his business record to them in the following words:

"I have for some years Wrought among these Back Inhabitants in promoting a trade in Buying their



AN OLD STONE GRIST MILL

Wheat and Flower, and bringing them money for the same which proves to their benefit and advantage.

“Now your petitioner has erected a new mill where I now live and it is my design to forward the said trade humbly Desiring that privilege of a road to be cutt and made forthwith from my mill to the main road that goes to Whitely Creek Landing that Carts and Wagons may pass and repass for the encouragement of trade.”

Buckley's request was granted, but how soon the road was actually opened is uncertain.

Five years after the presentation of this petition Buckley conveyed his plantation of 251½ acres to Samuel Mickle.

Its southwestern corner was located on the west side of the Octorara and extended northward “on the skirts of a barren mountain” for more than two-thirds of a mile.

Various owners succeeded Mickle during the years that followed until toward the close of the 18th Century, Jacob Baily came into possession of the property and built a paper-mill upon it.

In 1794, Baily sold the tract to James Thompson, with the exception of a small piece near the fording place on which his mill stood and directed that the water drawn from the dam and head race should supply alike Thompson's grist mill and his own paper mill.

James Thompson was a gallant Colonel in the Rev-





Fording to James Moore's Mill in the eastern part of West Fallowfield Township. This is what is now commonly known in Steeleville as the "Cochranville Road."

When Colonel Thompson died in 1807, his property was divided among his three sons. The tract containing the mill was awarded to Robert, who devised it to his brother, Andrew. In 1831, George Brinton, who had acquired it at a judicial sale, conveyed the grist and saw mill with about four and a half acres of land to James Steele.

In the War of 1812, General Steele was Inspector General of the Pennsylvania State Troops. His zeal as an officer and his integrity as a man had made him greatly beloved. When the few houses at Thompson's Fording, developed into a thriving village, its inhabitants could think of no better name than that of Steeleville.

As I have received the reports from the children of some who knew General Steele, he was a man of imposing appearance, noted not more for his sterling qualities of manhood than for his skill as a horseman. When mounted on his big gray horse he dominated the neighborhood. Not infrequently he rode to and from Philadelphia attracting the attention of all who met him. To "ride like Steele" was esteemed a high equestrian compliment notwithstanding the fact that his neighbors in describing his horsemanship were wont to say, "He rides like the Devil."

So long as Dr. Huston lived, Steeleville was not without an eulogist. If he could not talk of a present prosperity he could refer to a former greatness "when her business men were enterprising and her politicians were patriots."

But, alas, the glory of Steeleville has departed, it is no longer a business or social center, not even a political one.

The tenement houses that dotted these hills a hundred years ago, have long since decayed and fallen, the barns and stables that sheltered the horses and mules that were used in hauling charcoal from the surrounding country and smeltered iron from Lancaster to the Sadsbury Forges have disappeared and even the copper mine operated in other days will be searched for in vain unless you are very familiar with this locality.

Indeed, as far back as 1846 when the inhabitants of this part of the county asked for a bridge at Steeleville, they made no reference to any distinction whatsoever, but modestly stated that Steeleville was the point where the road leading from McCall's Ferry to West Chester and also the mail route from Cochranville to Cooperville crossed the Octorara. The estimated expense was \$900.

After the bridge had been constructed the Jury of Inspection reported that the foundation on the east side was not sunk sufficiently deep, that the wing walls were too low, that the filling of the abutments was de-

fective, that the joists and stone were too small and generally that the masonry was not executed in a workmanlike manner.

In view of these defects one would expect to find the jury recommending a rebuilding of the bridge, but instead of doing so they suggested a deduction of one hundred dollars.

Besides General Steele there was another man of a different type who gave a certain distinction to Steeleville.

In 1849, or thereabouts, in company with William Windle, of Highland, and several other adventurous souls, including one of William Steele's sons, William Love started for the gold fields of California. What experience he had in that far off western state no one ever definitely knew, but after an absence of several years he rounded "the Horn" and returned to his home on the Octorara.

His return was not unexpected, but his appearance created a sensation. Could this be William? Our William? this man with a long, silky beard tucked away under a fashionable coat which when opened revealed a low-cut vest adorned with a watch chain largely composed of gold nuggets, cleverly arranged and held together.

Nor was this all. When he drew his bow and told his tale of hardships undergone, especially when he emphasized his remarks with his hands, it was noticed that a diamond glittered on one of his fingers. In a

short time every Desdemona of the neighborhood was listening to this white Othello—William Love of Steeleville. He talked well and looked well, while his vest shone with the gold of California which was quite as alluring in his day as the gold of Ophir in the times of Solomon.

After the curiosity and excitement incidental to his arrival had somewhat abated and his stories by repetition had become a little flat he still continued to be an object of interest in consequence of his excavations.





To William's eye the hills about Steeleville were the exact counterparts of those he had seen in California where gold had been found. Might not one of these streams be a Sutler's Run? Had not a mistake been made in looking for copper? Should the search not have been for gold? Quartz abounded, talc also; why not the most precious of minerals?

So he began to dig pockets in various portions of the hill containing the copper pit and to run drifts from many points. Some of his excavations may be seen today, but the gold he hoped to find never showed itself and his dreams dissolved into air.

He felt, however, that he ought to be remembered and fearful that the neighborhood might forget him he scratched his name with his diamond on a window pane of the house once occupied by General Steele.

## COVERED WOODEN BRIDGES

*"Onward, like the stream of life."*

LONGFELLOW—*To the River Charles*

AT THE common law the term "bridge" as used in indictments meant a structure erected *super flumen vel cursum aquae*. In modern usage, the term has a more enlarged signification and the structure need not be over a water course.

And now, having recognized my obligation to the common law, let us look at the construction of covered wooden bridges through the glasses of an expert.

In 1920, Harry K. Ellis, professional engineer, was appointed to look after the bridges of Chester County.

He remained in office for eight years and during all that period demonstrated his efficiency.

Efficiency is not always united with courtesy, but Ellis while in office had both qualities and I am pleased to say still possesses them or he would not be sitting down by this covered bridge at Steeleville answering my questions.

"When the first settlers arrived in Chester County," says Ellis, "they found it necessary to ford many streams, some of them of considerable size. In good weather few of these streams offered any great obstacle to a man on horseback, for good fords were nu-

merous. In bad weather, the situation was quite different as floods and ice frequently made the crossing of even the smaller streams impossible. It is not surprising, therefore, to find among the early records of Chester County many references to ferries, horse bridges and wagon bridges.

"As good an illustration as occurs to me of the evolution of Chester County bridges is the one at Chads's Ford.

"In 1737, John Chads petitioned the County Commissioners for aid in establishing a ferry over the Brandywine. Later on, he asked for additional aid to establish a public house as the income from the ferry alone was not self supporting. This aid was granted and the hotel at Chads's Ford is still in use.

"In 1828, a covered wooden bridge of the 'Burr' type was built at this location, and it in turn was replaced in 1920 by a two-span, reinforced concrete, arch bridge. Wallace Nutting, in his "Pennsylvania Beautiful" has a very fine view of this bridge.

"While the difficulties with which the early builders were faced were many, Chester County was fortunate in having a plentiful supply of excellent building materials—timber, stone and limestone from which to make lime.

"It must also have numbered among its inhabitants many who were accustomed to the proper use of these materials as is shown by the numerous creditable bridges which they left behind them. One of

these builders, Lewis Wernwag, long a resident of Phoenixville, built in 1812 the largest all wooden bridge ever erected in the United States. This was the so-called 'Colossus Bridge' at Philadelphia, which had a clear span of 340 feet.

"At the time Chester County was settled, the truss type of bridge had not been invented. Bridges were of the stone arch type with an occasional timber viaduct or causeway where conditions were favorable. For short spans a few logs thrown across a stream and covered with planks formed an easily constructed and sufficient bridge. None of these, however, was suitable to long spans, yet long spans were desirable because of the difficulty of building piers in deep water. Good pumps were not available and lime mortar—the only kind obtainable—would not set under water. Portland cement which will set under water was not made in America until 1874. Consequently the early builders had to adopt some means of building their foundations in the dry if possible and were hampered in this by the lack of good pumps.

"They usually overcame this difficulty in deep water by making a crib work of timber and floating it to the point desired. It was then sunk by loading it with stone. Generally this crib work was so constructed that the highest part of the timber was just below water. Since timber that is always wet will never rot, it made an excellent and permanent foundation and its cost was not great. Any stone masonry



laid on the crib below water was laid 'dry'—that is without mortar. Above low water mark ordinary lime mortar was used.

"Where the water was shallow, it was often possible temporarily to divert the courses of the streams so that the foundation could be laid in the dry. I believe this was done at Downingtown on the Lincoln Highway, and probably at most bridges on the Upper Brandywine. The crib work method mentioned above was used at Madisonville—now Kenilworth, at Black Rock for the Reading Railroad Bridge, and for the covered bridge at Pawlings.

"In 1804, Theodore Burr invented the truss known by his name. It was essentially a wooden arch bridge with timber stiffening trusses similar to the type later known as the 'Howe Truss'. The structure was roofed over and the sides boarded up as a protection against the weather. It first made possible the use of spans over sixty feet which I believe to be about the limit for stone arch spans in this county.

"The news of Burr's invention evidently reached Chester County almost at once, for in 1807 we find such a bridge petitioned for at Marshall's over the West Branch of Brandywine Creek. This bridge is still standing in good condition and must be one of the oldest structures of its kind in the world.

"A private bridge at this point was built in 1767. The heavy hauling of grain from the head of the Elk to Washington's army at Valley Forge so weakened

it that it could not be used thereafter except for foot traffic. It was repaired in 1791, but was washed away in the freshet of 1795.

"In 1805, this bridge was again destroyed by ice and flood and two years later was replaced by the present structure.

"It is interesting to note that the political leaders were as interested in public opinion then as now, for in the words of the petition 'the County Commissioners fear the public clamor and feeling a weakness of power, have declined to rebuild the same.'

"From 1812 to 1885, the 'Burr Truss' was about the only type of timber bridge built. It is true that the 'Towne Lattice Truss,' invented in 1820, and the 'Howe Truss,' invented in 1840, were used in a few bridges, the most important of which that I recall being the three-span 'Towne Lattice Truss' bridge over the Schuylkill at Lawrenceville, now Parker's Ford.

"There was a similar bridge at Pawlings. The spans of the Parker's Ford Bridge were 147 feet long. The longest spans of this kind ever built were 220 feet.

"About 1865, iron bridges began to be constructed and became increasingly common, especially after steel took the place of iron in the early '90s."

"From 1900 to 1920, the stone arch bridge was once more built extensively as were also bridges of steel encased in concrete. In 1920, the use of reinforced concrete replaced them to a large extent.

"In New England, the 'Burr Truss' is much used,

but the arches are built by laying thin boards upon each other and spiking or bolting them together.

“In Chester County the arches invariably have been hewn or sawed from solid timber and spliced several times in their length.

“Most of the early truss bridges were built by ‘rule of thumb’ as no method of calculating stresses had been developed, but when railroads began to be built this rule was abandoned. The heavy loads that had to be carried by railroad bridges, many of them of the Burr type, led to the development of scientific methods of design.



## FROM STEELEVILLE TO ANDREWS' BRIDGE

*"'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat,  
To peep at such a world."*

COWPER—*The Winter Evening.*

**H**ALF a mile south of Steeleville on the Lancaster County side of the Octorara, not far from the mouth of Annan's Run, is an old stone house that sits back from the public road two or three hundred feet.

Few travellers stop to inspect this house for it has fallen from its high estate and is now become a roosting place for chickens and a storage chamber for potatoes.

What is its history?

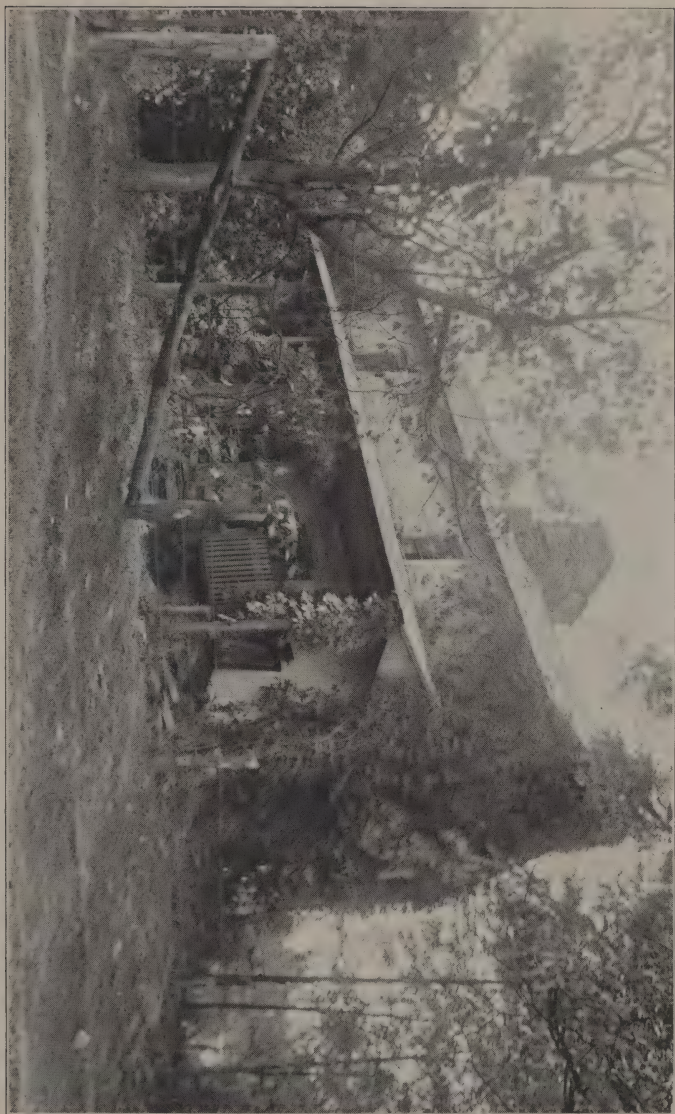
In 1740, James Taylor bought a tract of land on the Octorara from John DeVor and three years later built this house upon it.

For three generations it has been in the possession of a family by the name of Jones.

If Dr. Huston is correct, neither sand nor lime entered into its composition—only clay properly tempered was used to cement the stones required in building it.

The house looks much like it did when Dr. Huston saw it in 1890. With its thick walls, it impressed him then as it impresses others now, as "a building intend-





ed to subserve the double purpose of a dwelling and a fortification, within which the inmates would be safe during Indian excursions."

The windows or embrasures originally were limited to two lights of eight by ten inches, one above the other. Some of these loop holes have given place to a more modern style of window, yet I think every one will agree with this venerable physician's statement that enough of the portholes remain to vindicate the date in the western gable—"1743."

A feeling of sadness comes over you as you leave this old building; it deserves a better fate. Some of its rooms ought to be converted into a library. Its shelves should contain a complete set of Cooper bound in leather, while its walls should be decorated with an arrangement of Indian darts and a print of "Custer's Last Stand."

Looking over an old draught, I noticed a point on the Octorara bearing the unusually significant words: "Love's Ford."

Confessedly, this sounded like a fitting name for a ford on this stream and one highly poetical. Immediately I investigated it and discovered that it referred to a former fording on the road that crosses the Octorara at Ross's Bridge and leads eastwardly to Cochranville. Later, when I actually saw the spot half hidden by trees I was forced to exclaim: "What an ideal trysting place."

Alas for romance. It took its name from the fact



ROSS'S BRIDGE, BUILT IN 1885



that the Supreme Executive Council of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, November 7, 1786, granted and conveyed a tract of land here to Thomas Love. When Love's descendants transferred it to James Ross, Love's Ford changed to Ross's Ford and so it remained until 1885 when a little iron intercounty bridge was built at this place.

Six or seven hundred feet below Ross's Bridge on the Lancaster side of the Octorara is a projecting mass of rock. In it is one cavity of sufficient size to accommodate a wild beast. It was here that the last wolf on the Octorara had his den and the ledge has long been known as "Wolf's Rock."

At the northern end of the Jones property a pretty stream called Annan's Run flows into the Octorara.

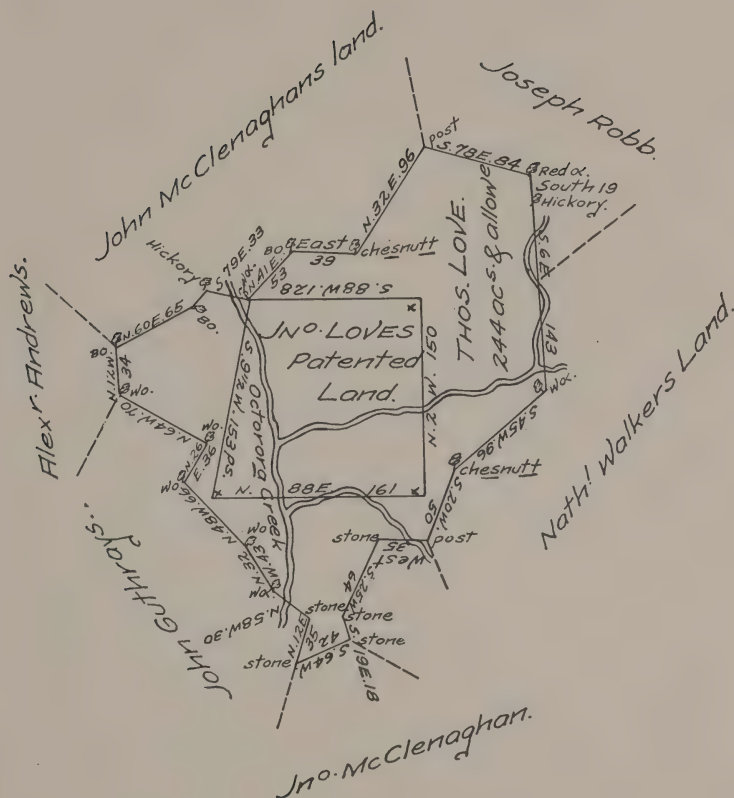
The name of this stream suggests a character worthy at least of a passing notice.

Rev. Robert Annan was a minister of the United Presbyterian Church who in his later years had the oversight of a congregation at Baltimore.

When he resigned from that field of activity he removed in 1813 to a farm on the Octorara south of Steeleville and made it his place of residence until death. While there he supplied some vacancies in Middle Octorara Church, of which the Rev. Ebenezer Dickey was pastor.

Mr. Annan was exceedingly stern in his condemnation of those who without a divine warrant used Watts' paraphrase of the Psalms, believing it to be a





By Virtue of a warrant to Thomas Love for 200 acs. of Land dated the 13<sup>th</sup> day of October 1785. was surveyed unto him the above described Tract of Land containing Two hundred & forty four acres <sup>with allowe of six act. for roads &c.</sup> part thereof situate in the townships of West Fallowfield <sup>Chester County</sup> and part thereof in the Township of of Colerain Lancaster County.

Charles Dilworth. D.S

March 1786.

sin for a congregation to sing hymns of human composition in the worship of God.

When censured for his narrowness, he declared that he did not pretend to be more merciful than the God of Mercy, "nor am I," said he, "one of those charitable professors who would bless the devil."

One day when Mr. Annan was dining with Dr. Mason, in company with several of the younger brethren, the question was asked whether he had not been in the ministry for half a century.

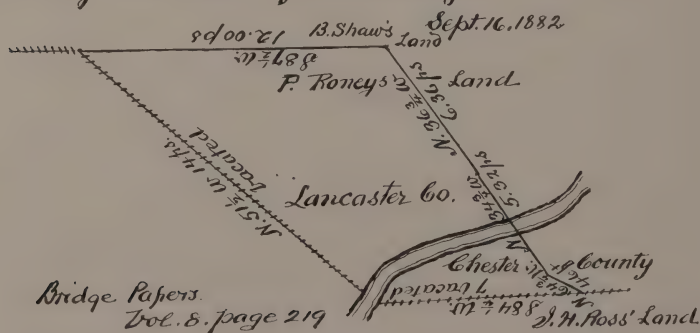
He replied, "Thereabouts," and added with great gravity, "when I had been in the ministry forty years a portion of Scripture came forcibly to my mind."

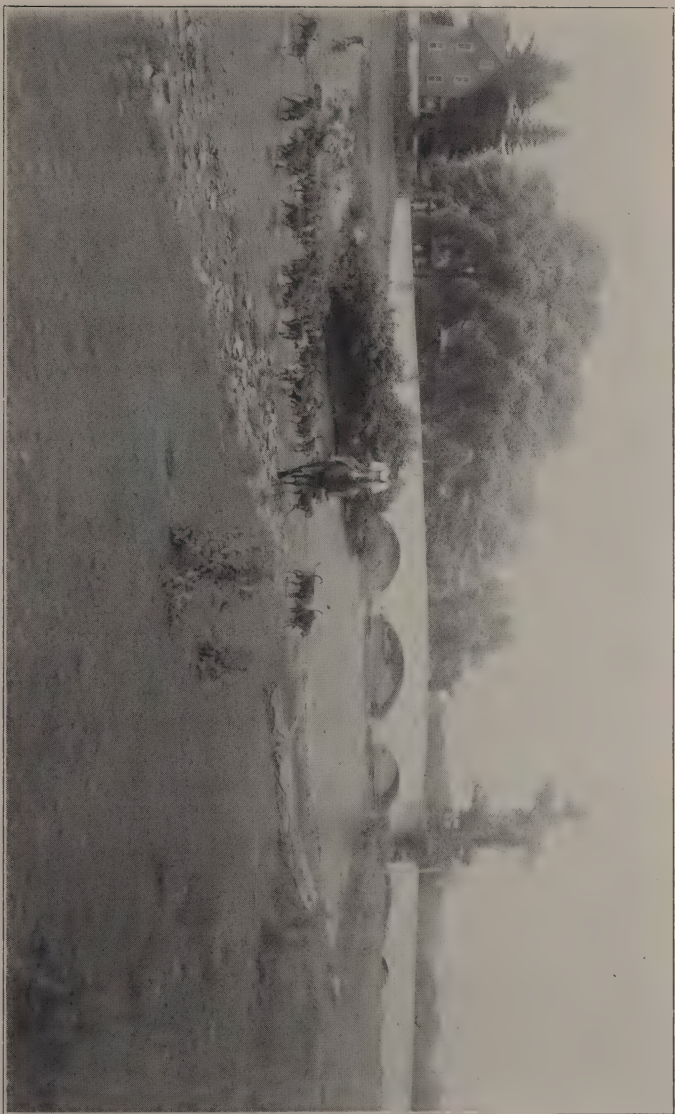
"What portion, Mr. Annan?"

"Forty years was I grieved with this generation," came the reply.

Dr. Mason, who was remarkable for repartee, immediately remarked, "I know not how that may be, but I believe you have grieved some of this generation forty years."

*Survey at Ross' Ford for Road & Bridge*





ANDREWS' BRIDGE, BUILT IN 1813

## ANDREWS' BRIDGE AND HUNTING FOREST

*"This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide,  
And tho' wi' crazy eld I'm fair forfairn,  
I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn!"*

BURNS—*The Brigs of Ayr.*

ANDREWS' BRIDGE was once regarded as the finest specimen of a stone bridge in Chester County, Cope's Bridge over the Eastern Brandywine and Mortonville Bridge over the Western Brandywine being relegated to secondary positions. Even yet, with its four arches and great length of 450 feet, it is a striking object in the landscape and "looks good", as Magee declared a decade ago, "for a hundred more years of wear."

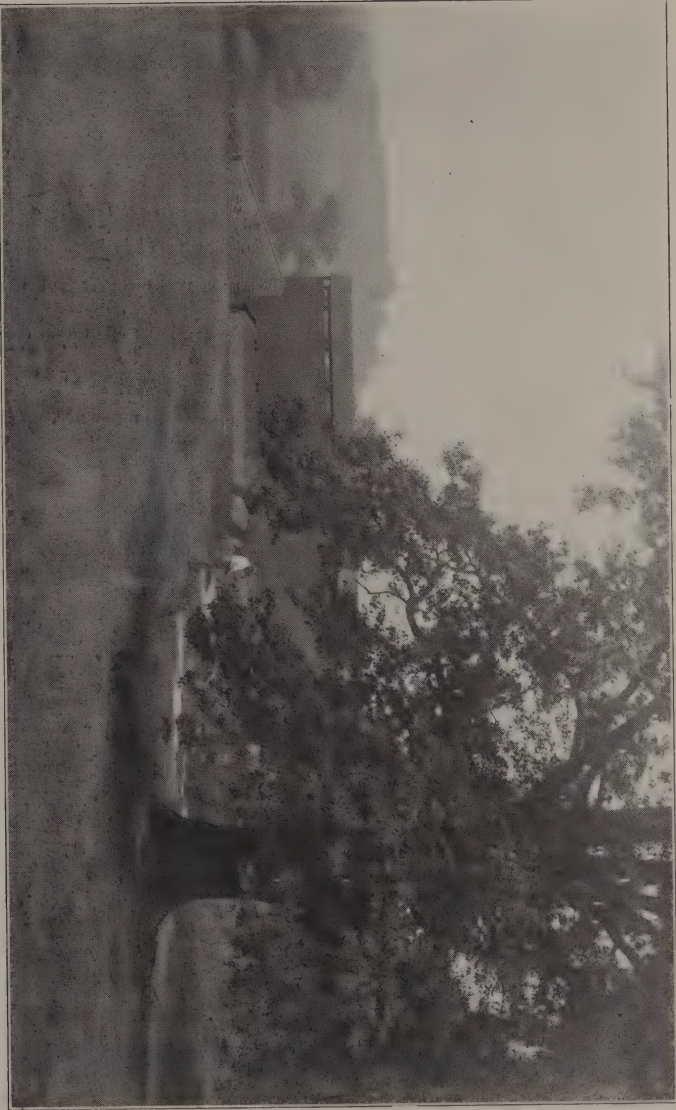
Yet no one can view it today without a feeling of sadness. In 1927, the Commissioners of Chester County aided and abetted by the authorities of Lancaster County plastered its face on both sides, undoubtedly adding to its longevity, but thereby greatly reducing the attractiveness of its appearance.

A stone bridge speaks of skilled labor, nice adjustments, skillful pointing and pride in work; a plastered bridge hides every pleasing feature beneath a veil of mortar or cement.

Andrews' fine old lineaments can no longer be seen,



NEWCOMER'S BRIDGE, BUILT IN 1888



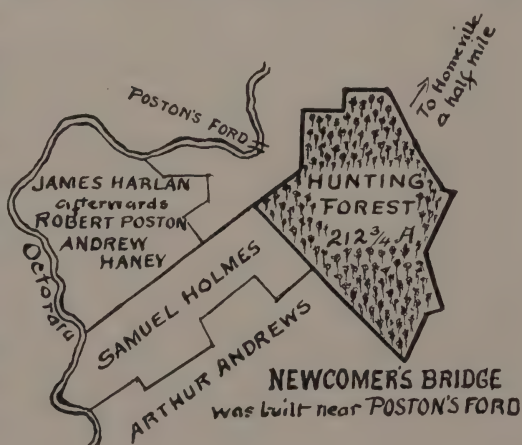
but they will linger long in the memory of all that ever saw them, particularly in the memory of those who saw them just before their complete obliteration.

If you cannot rejoice in the present appearance of this bridge you can at least find some pleasure in standing on the roadway and casting your eyes over the meadows that stretch along both sides of the stream far away to the south.

The former race track to the left has been converted into a baseball ground, but to the right, half hidden by trees, the house still stands that was once the home of William Sproul, who later became Governor of Pennsylvania.

The present owner of these fertile meadows is Walter Jeffords.

Not far from the bridge to the westward is his kennel of well-trained and well-groomed hounds. Along this stream and over the hills to the east of it they have followed some of the neighboring foxes for miles and now as the huntsmen lead them down to



the water, they show their readiness and fitness for a chase.

There is a kind of ominous music made by a pack of hounds that stirs the blood—a death knell to the fox that hears it.

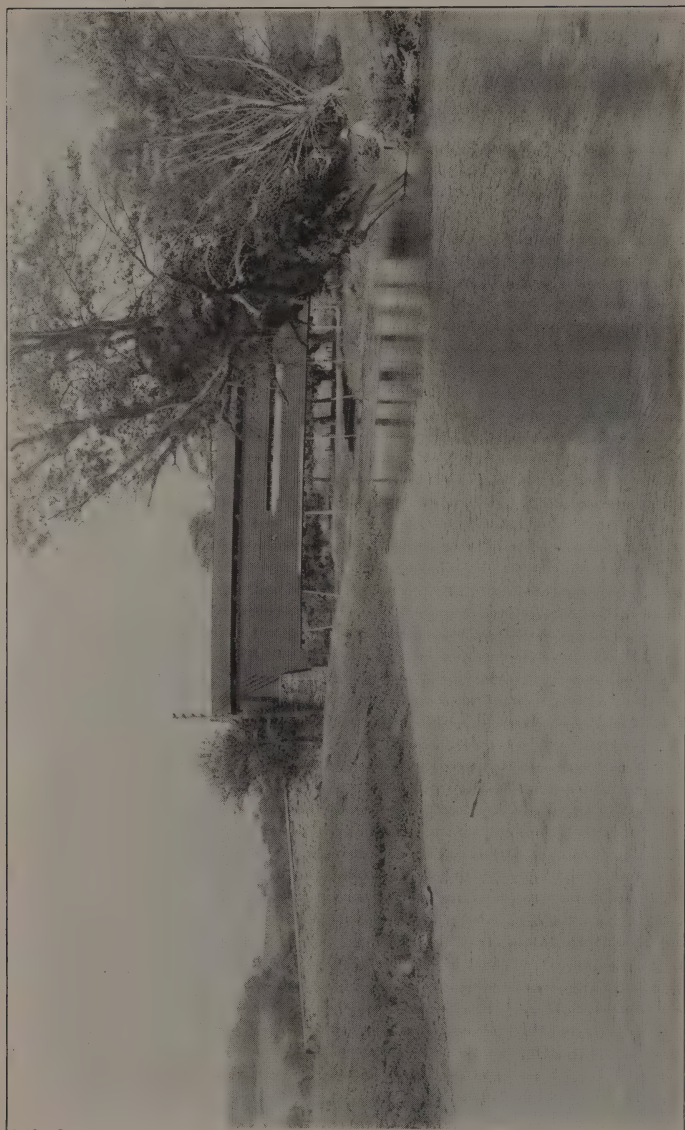
Follow these hounds half a mile or so below the Homeville Road and you will find yourself on the borders of the "Hunting Forest."

Such was the name that was given to a tract of more than two hundred acres acquired by William Cooper in the year 1773. It was a part of two tracts, one called "Hurry" and the other "Moor's Addition to 'Hurry'" that were granted to James Cooper in 1772 by Richard Penn, Lieutenant Governor.

According to tradition there was an Indian Village nearby these tracts on the eastern bank of the Octorara.

A walk to the "Hunting Forest" is an interesting experience even if the big white oaks have been cut down. You will find it east of the farm that once belonged to Lewis Newcomer, a straight line from Newcomer's Bridge leading you into the very heart of it.

Newcomer's Bridge is neither an old bridge nor a long one. It was built in 1888 and has one wooden arch. In length it is about one hundred feet and stands on an unfrequented road that must be followed a quarter of a mile or more before you come to



BELLEBANK BRIDGE, BUILT IN 1861 TO REPLACE ONE BUILT IN 1850



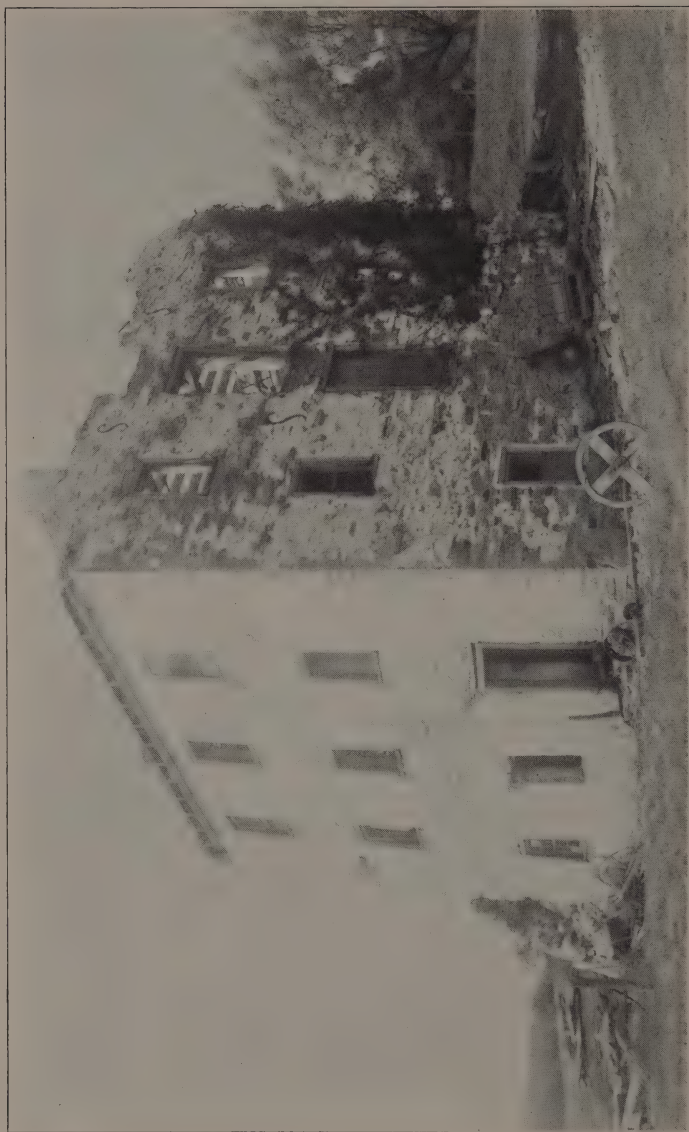
the land you seek. Alas!! The old forest has disappeared. The woods that are to be found in this locality today are by no means so extensive as those of Wolf's Hollow, nor so wild nor so inviting.

And yet the name itself, in the duskiness of evening, makes of this locality a place for mournful reflection on the red race that has passed away. The wail of a solitary whippoorwill sounds like a voice from the dead:

“Each note hollow as a knell  
Mournful as the last farewell—  
As a sad and last farewell.”

A little north of the bridge, the house is still standing where Marriott Brosius, the eloquent Congressman from Lancaster County, was born.

After Marriott had achieved some reputation as a speaker he was assigned by the state committee to make an address at Oxford. At the time appointed he was joined by several lawyers from West Chester who in deference to his congressional office courteously inquired what place he would like on the program. “Those who are sent out by the state committee always speak last,” he replied with a little asperity and pride. Piqued by his attitude and words, they agreed among themselves to put their ablest talker first and appointed an elderly man who was known as a “scatterer” to speak immediately before Brosius and to consume some time. The plan was carried out. During the address of this speaker, who was as uninter-



"I ONCE BELONGED TO COLONEL BELL"

esting as a column of figures, the audience slowly filtered out. When he ended, Marriot had the pleasure of speaking last to the sexton and a few political patriots who while still in their seats were oblivious of their surroundings.

In descending a hill on the Chester County side of the Octorara, toward Bellbank Bridge, the most striking object that presents itself to your eye in Lancaster County is an old mill that has been a landmark for many a day.

Seen at a distance it shows little signs of decay, but close at hand it is apparent that its usefulness is over and its end is near.

Already its roof has fallen in, the zigzag cracks in its sides are daily longer and wider, while its wheel is completely hidden under a huge heap of stones.

Notwithstanding all this, it still stands erect, like Ajax defying the lightning. For years, the rain has deluged its floors and the lightning glared through its sashless windows; for years, the winds have struggled to dismantle it and hurl it from its foundations, but it has stood its ground without prop or assistance. It was built by honest workmen who intended it to endure.

Like an old white-haired slave, it boasts of its long service and its former distinguished owner. It announces to every visitor proudly but in a broken and asthmatic voice, "I once belonged to Colonel James Patterson Bell."

Who was James Patterson Bell? He was the son of John and Mary Bell, of West Fallowfield Township. In 1774, at the age of twenty-seven, he was appointed a member of the "Committee of Observation" for Chester County. Two years later he joined the company of Captain Dunn, the 5th Company of the 8th Battalion of Militia of Chester County, recruited in the townships of Londonderry and West Fallowfield.

On September 6, 1777, he was commissioned Colonel of this battalion which served under General Sullivan at the Battle of Brandywine. Tradition says the Colonel was on General Washington's staff at this battle.

In 1778, he married Mary Boyle, the widow of Dorrinton Boyle, who owned a large tract of 376 acres along the Octorara, which was known as the "Big Meadow."

Dorrinton Boyle had died seven years before and had left his widow all his personal property, and a third interest in the home plantation.

About the time of his marriage, Colonel Bell purchased 200 acres on the west side of the Octorara adjoining his wife's inheritance, and afterwards took out, under patents, other tracts to the north and west of this so as to secure control of the water of the stream joining the Octorara on the west called Bell's Run. This plantation of 400 acres, on which he built



a mansion house and a paper mill, received the name of Bell's Bank.

The paper mill in the course of time was converted into a grist mill and finally became a saw mill. It remained a saw mill until it ceased to be operated.

On the death of his elder brother, Zachariah, without issue, Colonel Bell inherited 425 acres, later known as the Burnt Store Corner. Upon acquiring this he became the largest land owner in this section of Chester and Lancaster Counties, his holdings embracing more than 1200 acres.

LOOPING THE LOOP  
WALTER HOOD'S TAVERN  
SQUIRE HUDSON

*"For every why he had a wherefore"*

BUTLER—*Hudibras*

Muddy Run, where it empties into the Octorara, is about eight feet in width. It deserves to be noticed, however, not on account of its width, but because it is a part of the dividing line between two townships bearing the common surname of Oxford.

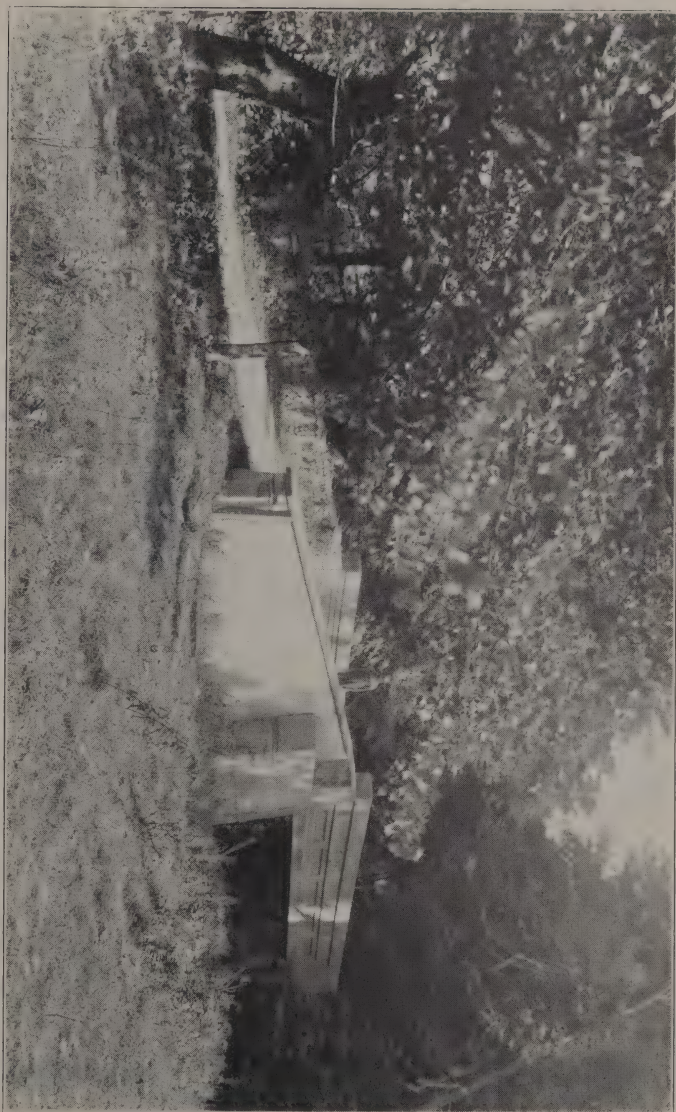
On March 19, 1796, a town meeting was held in the township of Oxford, at which it was unanimously resolved that the township be divided into two parts.

Samuel Hood was selected to make the survey, and Major Robert Armstrong and Captain Arthur Andrews were appointed to superintend it.

About seven weeks later they reported that it had been run not only "with accuracy," but "to the satisfaction of the inhabitants."

The western end of the line of division ran down Muddy Run to the Octorara.

From a point a little east of Homeville to the Octorara, the map of 1884 shows five dams and as many mills along the course of this stream.



HOLMES' BRIDGE—FIRST BUILT IN 1876; REBUILT IN 1918

Above the fifth dam the name changes to Rattlesnake Run.

About a quarter of a mile south of Muddy Run at a point on the Octorara known as "The Long Fording," a reinforced concrete bridge was built in the year 1876 and was christened "Holmes."

Before the construction of the State Road, about two miles south, that crosses the Octorara at Mt. Vernon, the road passing over "The Long Fording" was a much used highway from Oxford to various parts of Lancaster County. Since then its travel has greatly decreased.

The bridge took its name from the Holmes family, Captain Holmes at one time owning a large tract of land on both sides of the Octorara. When the bridge was built the ownership of the adjacent land was still in the Holmes name.

Leaning against a wingwall of this bridge, it needs but a strain from "The Pilgrim's Chorus," whistled by my companion to stimulate my fancy and show me a group of devotees walking in unison toward me. One of them stops before a wild rose-bush to pluck a thorn, while her sister walks a few steps further to the bank of the Octorara, where she watches the reflection of a pretty face in its placid waters.

Turn back the clock of time a hundred years or more and you will see such a group on many a Sabbath morning.

"It was quite common," says Rev. William Easton,



“for the members of Oxford Congregation to go up to Octorara to worship.

“Rising early on Sabbath morning attending to necessary domestic duties they would then walk ten or twelve miles—some of them more—in time for the public services, listen patiently, and walk home again.

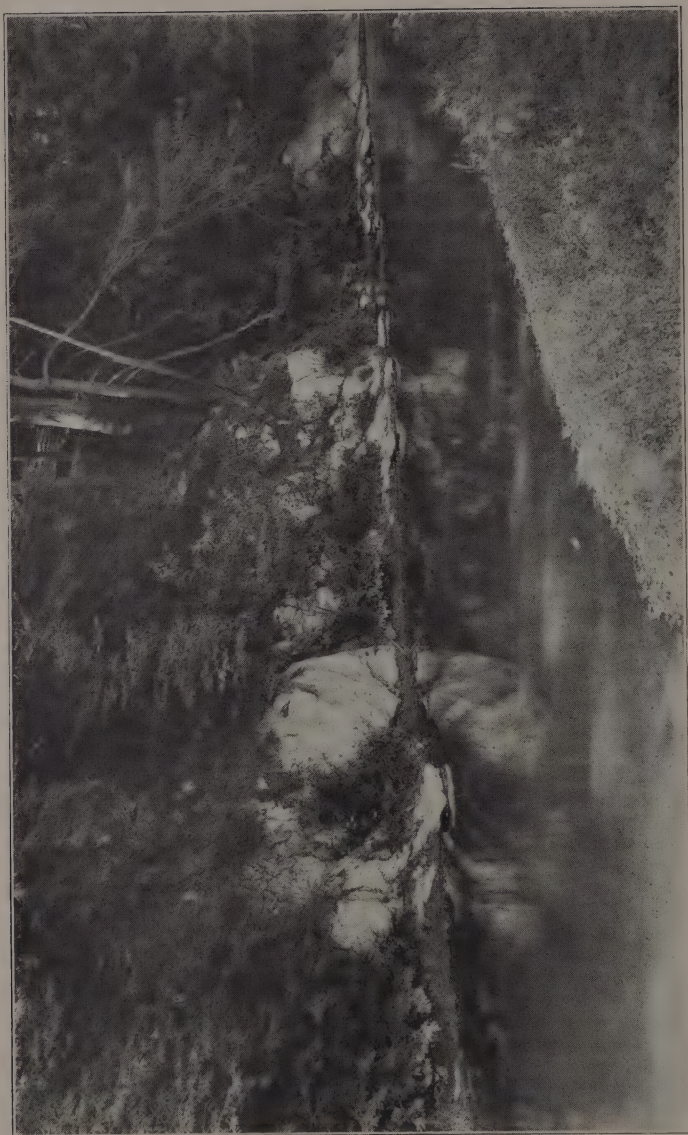
“True, the old men would sometimes sarcastically intimate that there were not so many breastpins, ribbons and furbelows then to arrange. The aged Mr. Fulton assured us it was a fact that the active lasses of those days used and were thankful for the pins they found on the thorn bushes; while on the way, the bright waters of the Octorara were their looking glasses and cologne. They did not, like some of their degenerate descendants, measure the distance of their farms from the different churches around them to ascertain what church was handiest.”

Mr. Easton became the pastor of the East Nottingham Associate Reformed Church, in Chester County, and of Octorara Church, in Lancaster County, of the same faith and order in 1827, and resigned about a quarter of a century later.

Besides Holmes' Bridge, there are four others that span the Octorara whose approaches are in Lower Oxford Township: Worth's, Mt. Vernon, Pine Grove and Jackson's or Harkness'.

Before viewing these bridges let us look at the figure that the winding Octorara makes of this township.

As it is presented in the atlas of Chester County,



ON THE LOOP

the western side of Lower Oxford looks like an amoeba magnified by several million diameters.

If you can find no resemblance between this town-ship and the microscopic animalcule often found adhering to weeds and other submerged objects in stagnant waters, consider the two projections around which the Octorara loops itself, one of them starting at Worth's Bridge; the other a mile and a half above Pine Grove Dam, and see if you can give them any more appropriate name than pseudopods.

Would you acquire some conception of the sinuosity of this stream? Walk around each of these projections.

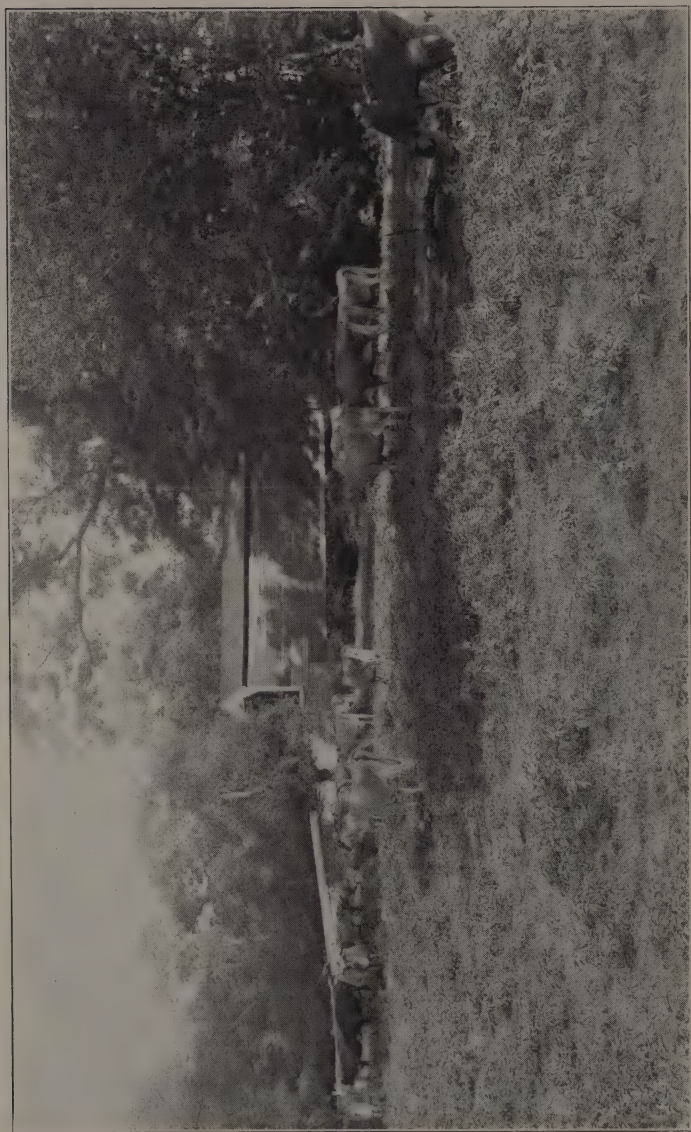
Long, long ago, the lower one was called "The Loop." In 1851, when Clement Buckley conveyed 37 acres of this peninsula to John Twaddell, he first recited how James McKee had acquired it, and more, by a warrant dated November 30, 1754, and concluded with these words: "Said messuage tract and parcel of land being called and better known as 'The Loop.'"

I cannot find this term applied to the portion of the stream encircling the upper projection, although it would seem to be as much entitled to that distinction as the other.

Worth's Bridge that marks the beginning of the first loop is a short bridge, only sixty-four feet in length and was built in 1857.

The fording that was used before the bridge was





WORTH'S BRIDGE, BUILT IN 1857



built was sometimes referred to as "Bunting's Old Ford." The fording at Mt. Vernon, two miles down the stream, also bore among other names that of "Bunting's."

When Washington Bunting was elected to the office of coroner in 1920, some considerate wag remarked that for the first time in the history of Chester County the corpses at the inquests would be decorated with Bunting.

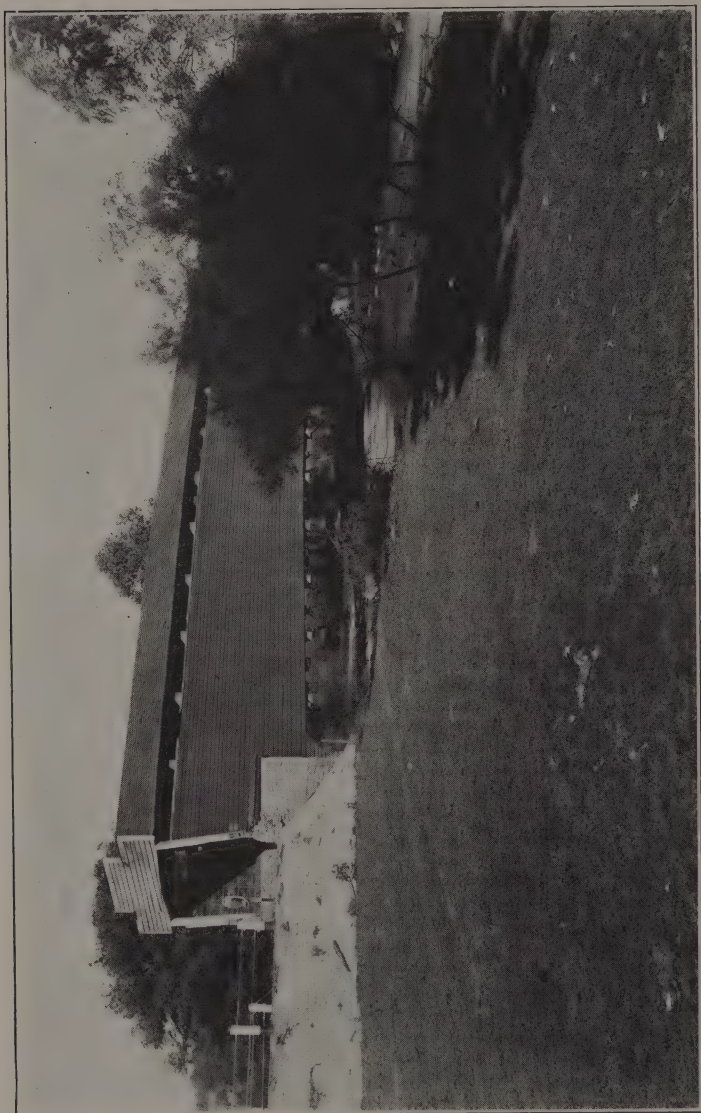
Had that punster viewed the plantations along the Octorara a hundred and fifty years ago, he would have found that the eastern bank of that beautiful stream from "The Long Fording," almost to the "Loop," was covered with Bunting.

William Bunting, as early as 1747, owned a large tract east of what is now Mt. Vernon Bridge and gave his name to the ford at that point. It was also known as Purtel's Ford, James Purtel being Bunting's immediate predecessor in title.

The bridge at Mt. Vernon was built originally in 1865, and is 109 feet long.

Many persons strolling along the Octorara, upon reaching Mt. Vernon, turn eastward over the State Road for Oxford. A short walk of two and one-half miles or so through a rolling country to the largest borough in southern Chester County with the assurance of a palatable dinner at the end of the stretch is alluring.

I hold no brief for either hostelry of Oxford. I



Mt. VERNON BRIDGE

make the trip to meet some friends at the Octorara House or to sit in one of the easy chairs of the Oxford Hotel and try to visualize conditions as they were when Walter Hood was the landlord in 1792 by the favor of the Governor.

Little is known of Hood's history beyond what is revealed in his petitions for license. In one of them I find him begging the court's pardon for endeavoring to get rid of his surplus stock of liquor without renewing his license.

In an earlier one filed in 1773, he informs the justices that his house is situated in a great road leading from the Head of Elk to Lancaster and that there is no public house on the one side for seventeen miles and on the other for nine. In view of these facts and the endorsement of William Bunting and other equally prominent citizens of the neighborhood, he prays the justices to recommend him to the Governor.

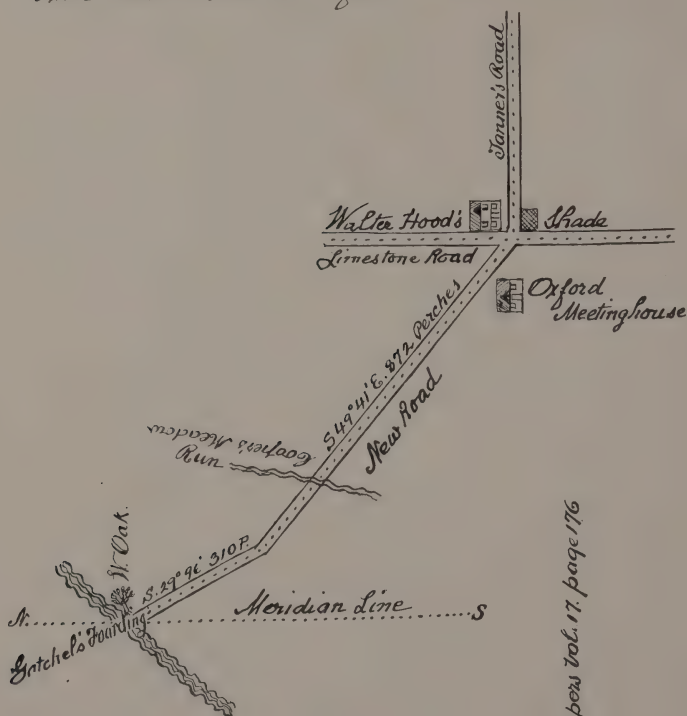
Twenty years later Walter Hood's house was well known. In fact it was like the golden milestone in the forum of ancient Rome, from which all roads radiated.

In 1792, a road was laid out from the Long Fording known as Gatchel's (Holmes' Bridge) to Hood's Tavern. The courses given in the return of the viewers leaves one in doubt as to which ford was intended, but as the starting point is between the plantations of

James Henry and Robert Andrews there can be no question as to where it began.

In the same year, a road was granted from "Foul's Ford" (Harkness' Bridge) to Hood's Tavern a distance of four miles. The first course ran through

*The following is a Map of the new Road laid out from Gatchels Ford on the Octorara Creek to Walter Hood's Tavern in Oxford which exhibits also the other roads into which it falls.*



*Road Papers vol. 17. page 176*



A Map of the new Road laid out from Longs Farming on the  
 Ottonara Creek to Walker Woods in Oxford, which extends as well  
 the Buildings by which it passes, as the other Roads into which  
 it falls.



Andrew Walker's wheat field, whose land for the most part lay south of the road.

Three years later, an effort was made to have another road that indirectly would connect Hood's Tavern with a point on the Octorara directly opposite the mouth of the western branch. This effort apparently failed.

Returning to the Octorara from Oxford I take the road that passes through what was once the Borough of Hopewell.

This borough was created in 1853 and expired in 1914. The chief mourner at its funeral was Thompson Hudson, justice of the peace.

Squire Hudson was a strange compound of shrewdness, assurance, rapacity and humor. In his examination of witnesses he adopted the methods of a French *juge d' instruction*.

When his inquiries were ended he considered all the facts that had been elicited with a view to determining how many transcripts could be returned to court.

As an analyst, Hudson was unexcelled by any squire in the county.

Every case was submitted to rigid juridical inspection and its possibilities calculated with the same care that a botanist shows in counting the petals of a flower.

A blow struck in anger, how prolific in transcripts: assault, assault and battery, aggravated assault and

battery, assault with intent to kill, and at times for good measure he threw in another, charging a breach of the peace.

A defendant who was frightened by this avalanche of charges partially recovered his composure when informed by the squire that it was possible for him in turn to become a prosecutor and have his complainant returned for an affray.

"An affray," said he, "is an act in which two persons figure; now, if two had not figured in this, both of you would not be here."

What more could be asked? What more could be given? If both had the disgrace of being held as defendants, both had the honor of being prosecutors and both left fairly well satisfied, which after all is the only degree of satisfaction that litigants ought to expect.

In the course of time his court acquired a reputation that extended far beyond the boundaries of Chester County. Maryland law, Delaware law and Pennsylvania law were alike easy for him to interpret and those who sought his interpretation valued it. For them he was a court of last resort. When Hudson spoke, the final word had been said.



PINE GROVE BRIDGE, FIRST BUILT IN 1816  
*Swept away twice by floods. Rebuilt in 1846.*



## FROM PINE GROVE TO HARKNESS BRIDGE

*"Whoso walketh in solitude  
And inhabiteth the wood,  
Choosing light, wave, rock, and bird,  
Before the money-loving herd,  
Into that forester shall pass  
From these companions, power and grace."*

EMERSON—WOOD NOTES

PINE GROVE on the Octorara lies between Mt. Vernon and Harkness or Jackson's Bridge, formerly Foul's Ford.

The Inter-County Bridge, the Dam and the Junction of the West Octorara at the neck of the dam make this a most interesting place.

The bridge is two hundred and four feet in length, and was first built about 1816 on a public road that was at that time a national highway for stage coaches between New York and Washington. It was rebuilt in 1846 and stands close to the site of the old Pine Grove Forge and Rolling Mill. The bridge has two arches and is one of the largest, oldest and best-known of any on the Octorara.

The dam at Pine Grove seems to be filling up and yet it has attractions alike for the artist, the geographer, the historian and the common traveller.

An invitation to take a boat ride on this beautiful



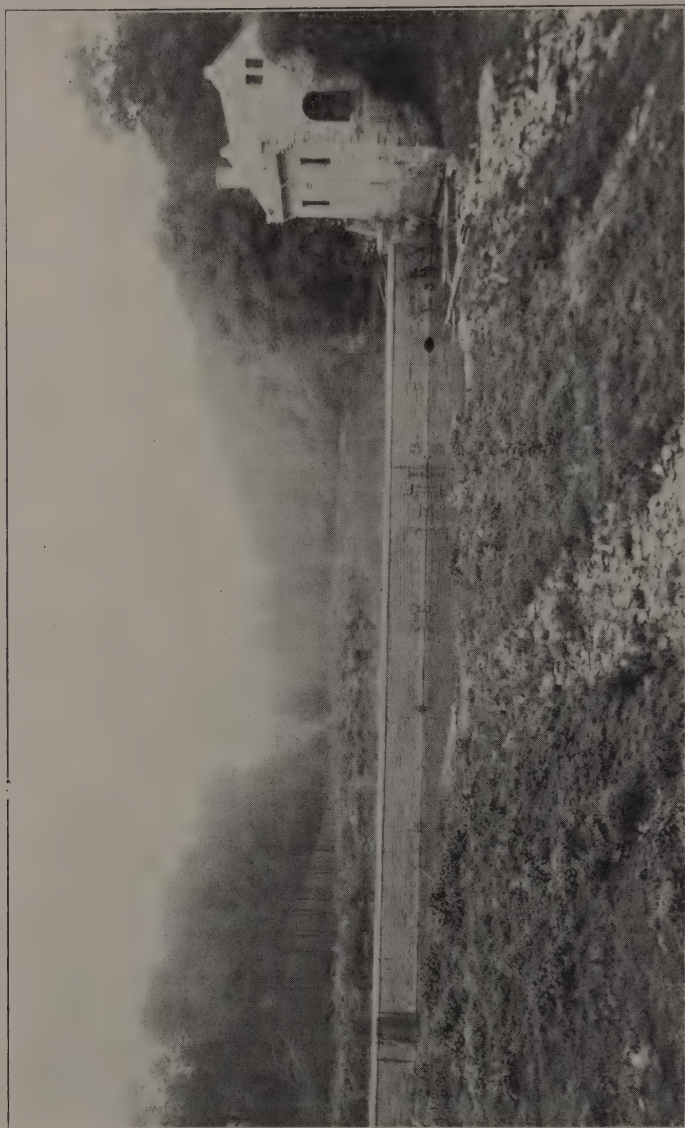
THE MEETING OF THE BRANCHES

sheet of water, hemmed in near the breast by great rocks and bordered on either side by tall trees is irresistible. I accept it at once.

Three-quarters of a mile up the dam I find myself opposite the mouth of the Western Branch which has journeyed twenty miles to greet its Eastern Brother and tell the story of its wanderings. And what a story. Ancient things and modern things, it knows them all—old mills, no longer grinding, broken down water wheels, swimming holes and happy children, fertile meadows with herds of cows, finding rest and coolness in the water under the trees along its banks.

Yet I confess to some disappointment here. A large part of a large mass of rock that once most proudly marked the union of these streams is gone. Greed, or shall we call it utility, has robbed this place of a very important element of beauty. Might it not have obtained stone elsewhere and left Point Lookout untouched?

I never visit this dam without feeling that a bath in its waters at midnight would be a most enjoyable experience. To those who think it savors too much of sentimentality, let me say that swimming in the moonshine often made a strong appeal even to "blood and iron" Bismarck. "There is something strangely dreamy," said he, "lying in the tepid water on a quiet warm night, swept along slowly by the current, gazing at the starry sky, the wooded hill-tops and



PINE GROVE DAM



ruined castles and hearing nothing but the slight plashing caused by your own movements.”

It is true that the Octorara is not the Rhine; there is no castellated grandeur along its banks, no seductive Lorelei sitting high above the waters, no Bingen flooded with moonlight; but the same moon shines on Pine Grove Dam, and midnight fancies can easily create a figure of a gigantic Indian on the very top of the rocky prominence of Point Lookout, such as Captain Smith saw three hundred years ago, near the mouth of the Susquehanna.

Did you ever stop by a beech tree to read the initials etched upon its bark and wonder whose hands guided the knife? Under the shade of such a tree I turn over a few pages in the history of the Pennock family and find that one Christopher Pennock was an officer in the service of King William and figured at the Battle of the Boyne. He died in Philadelphia in 1701, leaving three children. One of these by the name of Joseph, in passing to this country in a letter-of-marque, was captured by a French ship of war and confined in France as a prisoner upwards of a year where he endured much hardship.

In 1702, he settled in Philadelphia and engaged in mercantile business. About 1714 he removed to a large tract of land in West Marlborough Township, Chester County, of which he became proprietor by virtue of a grant from William Penn to George Collet,



PENNOCK'S OLD MANSION

his grandfather. There he erected a large mansion called "Primitive Hall," in which he died in 1771.

But it is not "Primitive Hall" twelve miles from here that excites my interest, it is the old mansion on the west side of the Octorara directly opposite the power plant of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. It is old, very old, and with the bleared eyes of age it looks down in a friendly way upon everything around it.

It was here, before a yoke had been thrown across the Octorara, while it was as yet unfettered and free. It was here, when the rolling mill was erected and heard the hammering in the forge that nestled itself almost beneath it on ground nearer the stream. It was here, when the great flood of 1844 swept wildly through this valley carrying bridge and mill in its mad rush toward the Susquehanna. It looks stable today and will probably be here when the writer of these lines is only a memory.

Harkness' Bridge over the Octorara, on the road from Glen Roy, in Chester County, to Ashville, in Lancaster County, was built in 1893.

To appreciate the stream, one must step out on the stones above the bridge and let his eye run down the current.

Few persons in Chester County are familiar with this locality and to many the name of "Harkness" represents only a large clothing store in the Borough of West Chester or its genial proprietor. This pro-





JACKSON'S OR HARKNESS' BRIDGE, BUILT IN 1853



prietor informs me that when a boy living on the Octorara he had a singular experience not far from the site of the present bridge.

Squire Oldfield was a justice of the peace residing in Little Britain, Lancaster County, who was widely known for his magisterial airs and his inebriety.

Frequently in visiting an inn on the Chester County side he forded the stream at this point.

One day when the Harkness boys were fishing below the fording they noticed a large white object floating on the water. Approaching nearer it took the form of a huge shirt without a body; head, arms and feet alike were missing. Rushing into the stream to see what it contained they found to their amazement the bulky form of Squire Oldfield. Combinedly they towed him to the shore, where after much effort they finally brought him to.

The Oxford Press of that date reported him as the largest catch ever made in the Octorara.

Upon returning home Squire Oldfield vowed never to drink again and kept his vow.

The moral is obvious; let all intemperately inclined either voluntarily or by compulsion take a bath in the purifying waters of the Octorara.

## KIRK'S BRIDGE—BLACKBURN'S BRIDGE BLACK RUN

*"Now turn we to our former Chroniclers"*

ENDYMION—KEATS

**A** TURN IN THE road from Glen Roy reveals Kirk's Bridge high above the Octorara, one hundred seventy feet in length.

In 1728, the inhabitants of West Nottingham complained because their township had "no Sett bounds on the West Sid."

They also complained about the rudeness of Octorara Creek.

"The inhabitants of late are settled so far to the westward, That tis very hard for the Constables to Do their office in Divors Respects and Great Hardship Lieth in taking account of the Taxabuls. It Being at such a time of the year that many times tis almost impossabul to Gett over Acterarero Creek by Reason of the frost and at many other times not passabul by Resen of the Fluds, It being a *Large and Rud Creek*."

"Now if it seem good with You we Desire that we may not Extend any further than the above said Acktararo Creek and that it may be our Bounds on the West Side."

Their wish was quickly gratified, for in less than a year Lancaster County was formed and Octorara

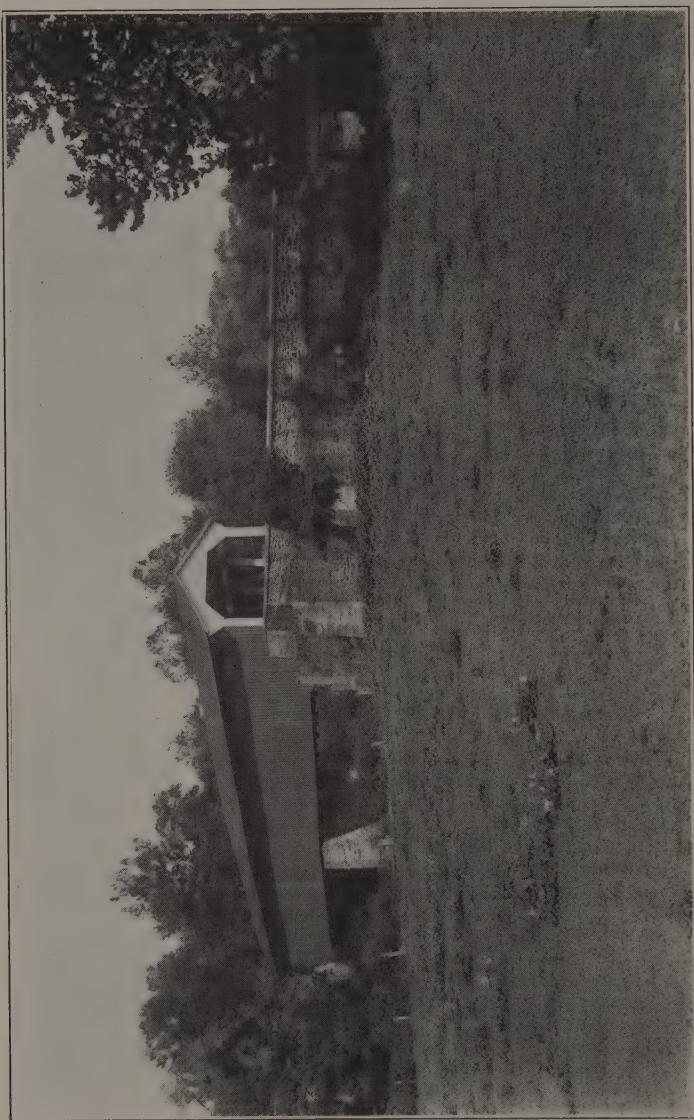
Creek became West Nottingham's western boundary line.

About fifty years later in 1773 another complaint from "sundry inhabitants" of this section of Chester County found forceful expression in a petition for a bridge.

"Whereas the Great Road leading out of Lancaster County into this County (into which the Roads from Different Ferries on Susquehanna River do come) is now become a very Public Road & is much used for transporting Flour and other Commodities out of Lancaster & York Counties to the Christian Bridge for the Market and for the back Carriages of Goods and Merchandise to those Counties passing through West and East Nottingham Townships by the Mill and Public House now belonging to Timothy Kirk."

"And whereas the Benefit thereof is much obstructed & frequently many Inhabitants put to much hardship, difficulties and Danger especially in Winter by reason of the Rapid Stream of Octorara Creek which is often Impassible."

"Therefore as a remedy to that obstruction, we apprehend a Bridge over the Creek would be of singular and extensive Use to the Public, as it is on the line of the Counties we have good grounds to expect that the Court and Commissioners of Lancaster County will be willing to unite in erecting such a bridge."



KIRK'S BRIDGE—FIRST BUILT IN 1828; REBUILT IN 1884



The premises of the petition were good, but the conclusions that seemed so obvious to them were not equally patent to the county authorities and the Octorara remained without a public yoke at this point for more than half a century.

It was not until 1821 that a favorable ear was given to their request. At that time Jonathan Kirk and others based their plea of necessity not only on the old fact that "the roads from Peach Bottom and Mc-Calls Farrys on the Susquehannah to Christiana Bridge, Newport and Elkton" crossed the Octorara at Jonathan Kirk's Mills, but also on the new fact that "the road lately located and now opening near West Chester toward Baltimore by way of Conewango Bridge" crossed at the same point.

Was West Chester even then a name to conjure with? I cannot answer for the records are silent. They only inform me that the plea prevailed and that James Alexander, David Dickey and Robert Hodgson reported to the Court in 1828 that Jacob Kirk had built Kirk's Bridge in a very substantial manner.

It was fitting for a Kirk to build it since this section of the country at that time was the land of the Kirks. Some of them early crossed the Octorara and settled on the richer soil to the west of that stream, but many of them remained on the eastern side and pitched their tents among the scrubby pines of Nottingham.

In looking at the Kirk genealogical trees one is sur-



BLACKBURN'S BRIDGE, BUILT 1876

prised at the number of Biblical names to be found among them. Ecclesiastics, patriarchs, major and minor prophets, kings and bishops are all represented in the names assigned to the various members of this family. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; Joseph and Levi, Elisha and Samuel, Jeremiah and Jonah may be discovered on the hills and in the ravines of Nottingham. Jonathan too is here but David is missing. The reason is obvious. The setting is not appropriate for some of the songs of the sweet singer of Israel. While the rugged hills furnish commanding seats for shepherds, the pastures of Nottingham are by no means the greenest nor are her waters the stillest. Accordingly we find no David.

Most of the Kirk names are supplied by the Old Testament but not all. In the latter part of the 18th Century we have Timothy I and Timothy II. In 1776, Timothy Sr., conveyed to Timothy, Jr., 65 acres of land at the intersection of the Christine and Limestone roads at the present village of Chrome. Immediately upon receiving this gift from his father the younger Timothy asked the Court to grant him a license. In 1782, he describes the place as "the old accustomed House known by the name of 'Three Tuns'." Almost a hundred years later, Jesse B. Kirk kept the "Octoraro" at the crossroads of Glen Roy. These places are sometimes confused when Kirk's Hotel in Nottingham is referred to.

In the inventories of some of the early Kirks you

will note among other items silver watches and silver knee-buckles showing a degree of luxury you would hardly have looked for.

But to return to the bridge that Jacob built. When this structure had stood for fifty years and more, the "rud creek" washed it away and in 1884 the two counties were compelled to rebuild it at a cost of \$3,375.

In 1931, it in turn gave way to an iron bridge, which affords a better view of the stream, but to my mind the old covered wooden bridge standing high above the water with dense foliage on its lower western side thereby imparting a heavy and somber look, was more in harmony with the country of Nottingham.

A quarter of a mile up the hill from Kirk's Bridge on the Lancaster County side, an old sign-board in the fork of the Great Road proclaims Peach Bottom to the right, Conowingo to the left.

As Black Run is my objective point, I return to Kirk's Bridge. My course is south, but which side of the road shall I take? A teamster says, "The Lancaster County side." My prejudice inclines me otherwise, but the teamster was wiser, for the cart road on which I start soon narrows to a path and closes with briars. It is a mild day toward the end of November and yet the ferns are almost as fresh as in early summer, the spruce trees as green and the briars as tenacious. Where the path ends the briars are nu-



merous. In a few minutes I find myself surrounded by them. A dash lands me in a marshy place covered with dead grass.

Advancing a few hundred yards I catch a glimpse of the iron work of Blackburn's Bridge and, drawing closer, I discover Black Run emptying itself into the Octorara, a stone's throw north of the bridge.

Black Run! How often have I followed your windings in old records and now I stand on your bank looking out on the meadows through which you pass.

In early days these meadows gave this stream the name Long Meadow Run.

As far back as 1788, this run for more than a quarter of a mile was the division line between the properties of Ephraim Blackburn and John Brown. At that time the present public road was laid out paralleling the run and connecting Blackburn's Fording with the Great Road from Lancaster to Christiana Bridge.

In 1876, an inter-county bridge was built at Blackburn's Fording at a cost of \$3,306.68.

The Octorara—for the last seven miles of its course around the boundary of Chester County—is very winding and elusive. Between the rugged and wooded hills of Nottingham and Little Britain Townships, the stream plays hide and seek in wild abandon, appearing and disappearing as it pleases. Some unreflecting persons complain of their inability to find it and of the number of wrong roads they are

induced to take in searching for it. These difficulties, to any but prosaic minds, give a charm to both the stream and its surroundings.

Newman tells us that once on a hot summer day he walked on a dull road that was new to him and it seemed quite touchingly beautiful because every object that met him was unknown and full of mystery. "A tree or lane in the distance assumed the beginning of a great wood or park stretching endlessly; a hill implied a vale beyond, with that vale's history; the bye-lanes, with their green hedges, wound on and vanished, yet were not lost to the imagination." When he had gone it several times "the mind refused to act, the scene ceased to enchant, stern reality alone remained; and we thought it one of the most tiresome odious roads we ever had occasion to traverse."

Bagehot quotes this passage to show that novelty and gay confusion are elements of the poetical. These elements will be found along the Octorara. "The more I travel this part of the country," says one, "the less I seem to know where any but the main roads lead or which of them will take me to the Octorara. All is confusion." How delightful!

## GRIEST'S BRIDGE AND LEE'S BRIDGE

*"Here lived a miller; silent and at rest  
His mill-stones now. In old companionship  
Still do they stand as on the day he went,  
Each ready for his office, but he comes not."*

ROGERS—ITALY

IN THE first quarter of the 19th century, Samuel Carter operated a mill on the Octorara along the post road leading from Elk to Lancaster.

Near to the fording place known as Carter's Ford was a horse and foot bridge built by Carter with the assistance of his neighbors, the amount of their contribution being twenty-five dollars and thirty-eight cents.

In 1812, a Jury of View informed the Court that the foot and horse bridge erected close to the "foarding" was made of good materials, finished in a workmanlike manner and cost a hundred and fifty dollars and sixty-one cents.

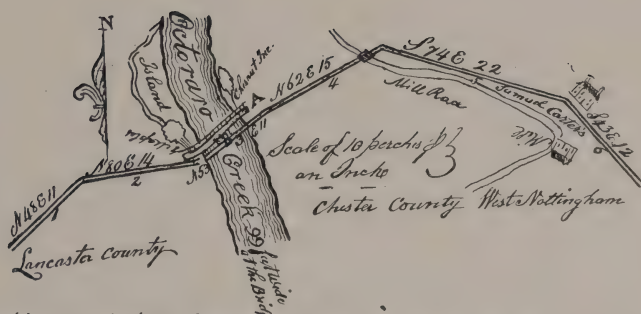
In view of these facts the Jury recommended that the County reimburse Carter for the just and reasonable sum of sixty dollars and that his structure be then considered a public bridge.

Carter received the amount suggested by the Viewers, but the application for a public bridge of larger



GRIEST'S BRIDGE, BUILT IN 1905





Explanatory Notes. A Represents a Bridge over Octoraro Creek raised on four piers nine feet above the level of low water, said Bridge is 141 feet long laid down with eight inch boarding of Chesnut well bolted together with iron. Said Bridge is three feet wide at Bottom and 3 1/2 feet wide at the top of the railing which is about three feet high. B Represents two halberd piers made after the form of a wedge pointed up the Creek substantially boarded up the sides and sufficiently large to hold fifteen tons of stones each the bottom ends of which lie on the beds of the Creek and extend downwards within five feet of the upper side of the boarding. The South or Lancaster County end of said Bridge turn a little westward to keep clear of the road and within five feet of it resting against three blocks to which it is connected by a large piece of timber.

The North or Chester County end of the Bridge is six feet above the road and rests against a large Chesnut tree to which the hand railing is fastened.

Chester County Is.

The above Draught exhibits a Bridge over Octoraro Creek at a fording on said Creek near Samuel Carters Mill in West Nottingham Chester County Pennsylvania. The Road as above laid down is part in Lancaster and part in Chester County. Certified this fourteenth day of April 1812 by

Hugh Beard.

dimensions than Carter's horse and foot bridge was rejected.

In 1833, when a strenuous effort was made to secure a bridge at this point it appeared that the Carter Bridge had been entirely swept away by the "rapidity of the stream" and that afterwards the Octorara was bridged for foot passengers by the adjoining townships. These bridges, however, were of short duration owing to the frequent and sudden rise of the water which made them burdensome for the townships to maintain.

At that time the bridges over the Octorara were few. Carter's Ford was about three miles below the "Upper Bridge" and five miles above the "Lower Bridge" and, according to the petitioners, it had been for a great number of years the "most extensive crossing place between these two bridges."

The reason given by the signers of this petition ought to have moved the heart of the Court:

"We have ever been free to contribute our mites to similar erections in other parts of the counties and laboring under many disadvantages in this section of both counties, having to improve a very thin and rough soil, yet from the most persevering industry have made rapid movements and are still hoping for the protection and necessary accommodations that may assist us raising to a level with our fellow-citizens in the more fertile parts of the counties."

Unfortunately there was a contention among the

inhabitants of West Nottingham as to the location of the bridge. Should it be at Pipler's (Griest's) or at Carter's Fording?

Those who were favorable to having it erected at Pipler's Fording asserted that the ground about would make it easier of access on both sides of the stream and that its construction there would shorten the distance on the most travelled roads.

When the contest became warmer the Griest forces brought reinforcements from Cecil County, Maryland, who emphasized the steep acclivities around Carter's Fording and incidentally advertised the virtues of Barr's lime.

"Although not disposed to interfere in the slightest degree with the local concerns of the citizens of Pennsylvania or to pretend to any right to ask any favors of your constituted authorities they have large intercourse with the southern part of Chester and Lancaster Counties and have no small interest in the location of a bridge over the said creek; that Cecil County has recently built two bridges over the Octorara between the State Line and the Susquehanna, one at Porter's and the other at Rowlandville which are a great accommodation to many of the inhabitants of Pennsylvania though of very little advantage to the people living in the neighborhood of your petitioners, that a bridge at Griest's Ford would be a matter of great importance to them, that their lands are poor, having been worn down by their predecessors

and the only means to which they can resort for the purpose of resuscitating their natural vigour and improving the quality of the soil is the use of lime as a manure which they are in the way of procuring at Barr's Lime Stone Quarries in Lancaster County as the nearest point."

They also set forth "that the best most level and most direct route to those quarries is by Griest's Ford, that there is no other road they can travel that has no few steep acclivities or by which they can draw such large loads as by that designated, and that they verily believe that there is no place on the Octorara between Kirk's Bridge and the Maryland line where a bridge could be erected that would accommodate so many of the citizens of Chester, Lancaster and Cecil Counties nor so well the public at large as at Griest's Ford."

The Chester County authorities were not convinced by these Cecil County pleas so happily expressed and it was not until 1905 that the dwellers in that section of West Nottingham saw a bridge erected at Griest's.

In its course from what was once Pipler's Ford to Carter's the Octorara describes the arc of a circle. Measured by the stream, the distance between the two points is about a mile. Ellwood Greist, in his tale of John and Mary or The Fugitive Slaves describes this locality as it was about 1830. The physical features are the same now as then with the exception of the dense woods which everywhere



abounded. He tells us that along the southern bank of the creek, for four fifths of the distance between these fords there stretched a continuous forest with an undergrowth of laurel so thick as to be almost impenetrable except where it was crossed by a few foot-paths known only to hunters and fishermen.

On the northern bank below Pipler's Ford for some distance the land was cleared and under cultivation. Adjoining this tract there rose abruptly from the stream a forest-covered hill along whose steep and rugged side a traveler could only clamber by following a narrow and torturous path clinging the while to such bushes and trees as came within his reach; then another open spot of cleared land showed itself, three sides of which were enclosed by a forest. On its front, separated by a wilderness of bushes and briars ran the Octorara, so deep, in consequence of the mill-dam as not to be fordable for a long distance up or down.

On the western slope of this clearing near the edge of the woods and facing the stream stood a little log house deserted and woe-begone. A patch once used for a garden was overgrown with weeds and around the old stone chimney and on the ends of the logs which stood out at the corners were many abandoned birds' nests. The house still boasted of a roof but some of the long slabs of which the roof was made already loosened by the wind hung listlessly awaiting another gale to hurl them to the ground. "Not a

human dwelling was in sight, not a cultivated field, not a sign of civilization." An isolated spot, lonely, wild and desolate—such is Greist's picture of one of the stations on the Underground Railroad.

As Greist's preface informs us that his characters are all real, let us look at them for a moment as they gather around this fording-place. There is Samuel Carter, the old miller, stalwart and erect despite his seventy-three years, a prosperous and influential member of the Society of Friends. Close beside him listening intently, is William Brown of Brown's Ford, whose ancestors came over from England with William Penn. Brown's "curly black hair which falls in glossy ringlets over the straight stiff collar of his Quaker coat is a reminder that nature has not designed him to live in a world whose color is drab."

There too is Margaret Lincoln, the daughter of some Scotch Presbyterians who had emigrated to America at the close of the Revolutionary War and settled near Elkton. Upon her marriage to Brown, Margaret united with the Friends and in her modest Quaker dress is a "perfect picture of matured womanly beauty."

The most picturesque figure of the group, however, is Peggy Keys "the peerless corn husker." Greist presents her seated in an oxcart with a close fitting bonnet, a heavy tow apron, and a long smooth husking peg made of the best and hardest of hickory fastened to her hand by a strap of eel skin.

John and Mary are the Fugitive Slaves. John with his peculiarly stolid look is less interesting than Mary who is highly emotional and absolutely devoted to her little homeless helpless child.

I will not mar his story by undertaking to tell it. His scenes are undoubtedly more nearly accurate than are required by the laws that govern fiction but Greist assures us that it is reality and not fiction that he is presenting to his readers.

I know of no approach to any bridge on the Octorara so delightful on a summer day as that at Griest's. The perfect curve in the roadway, the tall cedar trees that line its sides for two hundred yards or more, and the neighboring brook that really purls, are a few of its charms which are increased by a sensation of refreshing coolness.

The petitioners for a bridge at Carter's Ford won their fight in 1848. Later on, Carter's Bridge was called Lee's.

As I look southward from Lee's Bridge toward a bend five hundred yards distant, the Octorara with its even banks and its quiet and almost imperceptible flow has the appearance of a canal. To the left, in the meadow through which the stream passes a broken wall not far from a group of weather-beaten houses informs me of the site of Samuel Carter's mill. This scenery is restful but commonplace. Above the bridge, however, almost in a line with a heap of stones which is all that remains of a flint mill, the

Octorara widens and the shallow water below the old dam assumes three different colors. This side of a little green island a slatish blue prevails; beyond it, a light transparent green, while nearer the bank on the opposite side a lustrous brown appears. After exhibiting these various colors the water breaks into ripples and rushes over its stony bed in sportive mood rejoicing that Spring has come. I linger here for an hour and catch the spirit of the stream. Even in this year of depression, I feel unspeakably rich. Grass and flowers, meadow and stream and fleckless sky are all mine:

*"O blessed nature "O rus! O rus!"  
Who cannot sigh for the country thus,  
Absorbed in a worldly torpor,  
Who does not yearn for the meadow sweet breath  
Untainted by care and crime and death,  
And to stand sometimes upon grass or heath  
That soul spite of gold is a pauper."*

It seems but yesterday that I met Tom Lee on this very bridge and listened to his stories. What a unique character he was. A man with a round belly, ruddy face, and perennial smile; English by descent; Irish in wit who knew something about milling, little about farming and much about politics.

Upon one occasion when a candidate for a County office found himself in West Nottingham Township, he started to look up Tom Lee. Stopping at a creamery he inquired generally if anyone could tell him where Tom Lee lived. "Follow me," said a countryman in a brake-cart, "and I'll show you."



LEE'S BRIDGE, BUILT IN 1848



"I turned in behind him," said the candidate, "with my horse and buggy and we started down the road. I don't know the size of West Nottingham Township, but I think we travelled over every part of it; up hills that seemed like mountains, through woods on narrow cart roads where the overhanging branches struck my face, and the ruts and stones rattled the spokes and threatened to break the springs of my buggy, but there was no stopping; over the Octorara we went and back again until my black horse was so covered with foam that he really looked gray, which was not surprising, zigzagging as we had been from the borders of Oxford Township to somewhere near the Maryland line; at length the countryman halted and, jumping from his road cart, pointed to a house and said, 'There's where Tom Lee lives.' I wiped the sweat off my face, pondered a moment and inquired, 'I wonder if he's home?' "

" 'I'm sure he is,' he answered.

" 'What makes you so sure?' said I.

" 'Because, stranger, I'm Tom Lee.' "

What did the candidate do? He told me what he felt like doing, but instead of letting his feeling control his actions he used his head, bit his lip, swallowed his chagrin, gave Lee a card and carried the township.

Wood's Bridge, the last on the Octorara, is located on a road that is but little travelled and in poor repair leading from Wrightsville into Cecil County, Maryland. Magee says it was called after the lead-

Wood's Bridge, Built in 1890





ing Quaker family of that section that has long been prominent in Lancaster County history.

The bridge was built in 1890 at a point near the middle of a big bend of the stream north of the "Horseshoe."

This bend was formerly called "Priest's Neck," When I first visited the place it smacked of mystery and I found myself repeating some lines from an old play.

"Down the hill a friar slim,  
At his waist a conch-shell,  
See his hands the beads tell!  
Shall I ask across the fence?  
Whither, friar, and from whence,  
Prythee, priest so prim?"

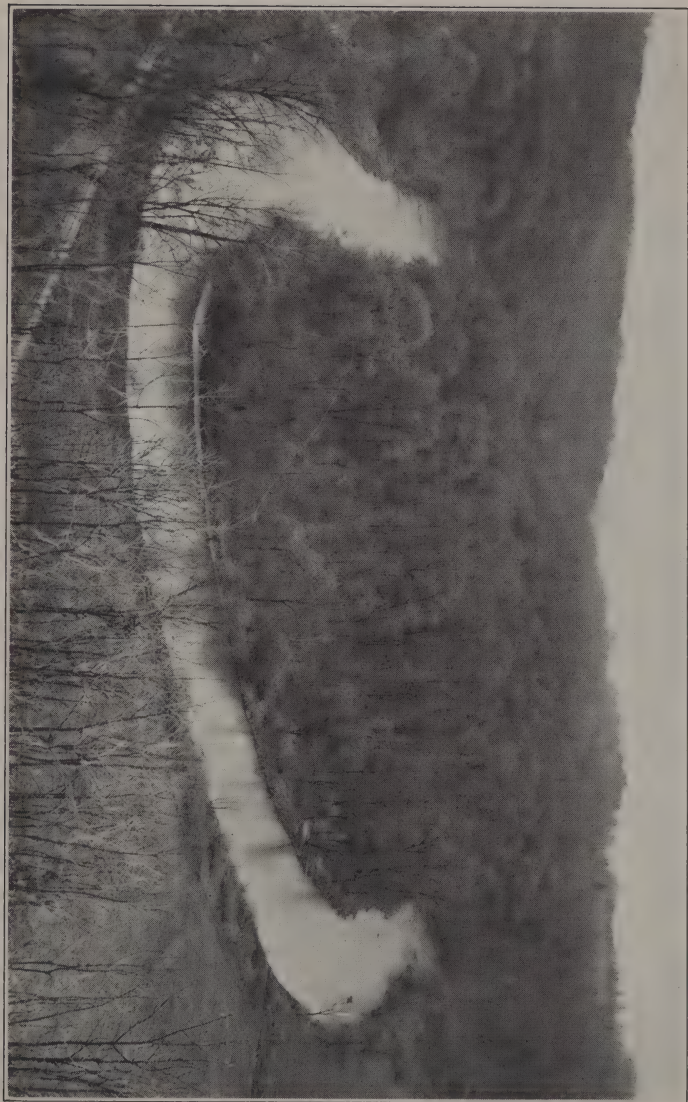
No, for no priest appears and I soon discover that the name was given to the bend not for ecclesiastical reasons, but in consequence of two common facts.

Edward Pleadwell in the first quarter of the 18th century was the owner of seven hundred acres of land on both sides of the Octorara. Later, this tract became the property of his daughter, Sarah, who married John Priest.

As the land was situated on a bend of the creek, both bend and land were given the name of "Priest's Neck."



A PART OF HORSE-SHOE BEND



## HORSE-SHOE BEND

*"By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking;  
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking."*

—CAMPBELL.

**B**ELOW Wood's Bridge the Octorara meanders around the southwestern corner of West Nottingham Township and flows into Maryland; then loath to leave the state that gave it birth it turns northward once again and lingers long enough to murmur its farewell and having done so hastens on in its quest for the Susquehanna.

Who first gave the name of "Horse-Shoe" to this portion of the Octorara or when it was given is alike unknown.

In 1807 John Frey, an iron master, applied that appellation to a fording when he asked for a road to form a link with two roads already constructed; one of them leading from Criswell's Ferry in Maryland to the Pennsylvania line, and the other from the Borough of Lancaster to the Horse-Shoe Fording on Octorara Creek.

His petition prays that the road may be laid out "in the best and nearest direction to Octorara Forge, the property of the petitioner."

The draught attached to the return of the Viewers shows the course of the road as laid out by them and the location of the fording.



Frey's forge lay along the Octorara a little below the grounds originally acquired for the Scouts Camp at a point where an old mill stands.

Perhaps it may not be altogether uninteresting briefly to give a history of the land embraced in this bend.

"On the 7th Day of the 8th Month (old stile) 1751" a survey was made by George Churchman for Robert Mitchel of "two small Pieces of land Situate in a Loop of Octoraro Creek called the Horse-Shoe ford—containing in both 70 Acres & the usual allowance."

Some years later, Mitchel abandoned the land and in 1786 John Churchman surveyed the entire tract for himself and labelled it Crook Hill. One naturally asks why such a name was given to these acres in this beautiful turn of the Octorara. In recent years, before the Scout Camp was organized the number of illicit distilleries that were operated within its watery boundaries might well make such a designation appropriate, but my question relates to conditions in 1786. Was it at that time a place to which

fugitives from justice betook themselves in their search for a safe retreat or did it have its origin in the crook of the stream? This question is apparently answered in Churchman's patent of July 14, 1786, in which the name is changed to Crooked Hill.

In 1822, the land was sold for taxes to Charles Miner the scholarly editor of the Village Record. The consideration named in the deed is four dollars and thirty-three cents. Two years later he disposed of the property to William Work for the sum of two hundred dollars.

In 1826, it passed into the Reynolds family where it remained until the early part of the Twentieth Century.

More than fifteen years have passed since I first looked at the draught of Frey's Road. As soon as I saw it I fixed upon a day to visit the Bend. An intermittent rain had fallen on the two preceding days, but the afternoon I selected greeted me with a sunny smile. Clouds, however, began to gather before I reached the Borough of Oxford and by the time I came to the Gray Horse Church, past which the road leads in its descent to the Octorara, the clouds had grown darker and were closing in.

A storm was imminent. Hardly was I half way down Goat Hill when it broke. A moment later an avalanche of water was pouring down the ditches on both sides of the road.

The wind had risen, too, and was blowing hard, so



hard in fact that the trees were bending close to the breaking point. To go back was impossible, to go forward was dangerous, for the darkness was concealing the turns in the road. Safety lay in the sure-footedness of my horse and his ability to see through the rain and the blackness that enveloped us.

From the depths below came the booming of swollen waters, while the echoing thunder sounded as if it were blasting every rock along the banks. River, wind and thunder were holding a high carnival in the chasm whither the storm was driving me. But my horse proved true and at last the stony and abrupt descent was over and the ground about me gave me a feeling of levelness.

I stopped, for the water seemed to be rushing in every direction. As I did so a flash of lightning gave an instantaneous view of my surroundings—a light from Heaven illumining Hell.

How long I stayed I cannot say. I waited till the storm was over and the clouds began to break, then a tired horse climbed the hill down which I had come and finally brought a bedrenched and bedraggled man over the muddy roads of Nottingham to the Borough of Oxford.

Was the experience worth while? Yes, for it showed me the Octorara in its wildest mood. In fact, my experience almost justified the remark of a Maryland negro whom I had asked to point out the nearest way to Horse-Shoe Bend. "Down the Gray H-Horse

Road," he stutteringly answered, "but I nebber goes dere—for de ole h-hole am h-haunted."

In this year of grace, 1933, I revisit Horse-Shoe Bend and find many changes.

The entrance from the Gray Horse Road is closed. The rock and stone that formed the lower part of the hill have been utilized in improving the driveway along the stream, while the bushes and tangled vines that encumbered the ground then have been cut down and burned.

Five hundred acres embracing not only Horse-Shoe Bend, but the hills encircling it, have passed into the control of the State of Pennsylvania and the Encamping Association of Boy Scouts. What was once a wilderness has become a park.

Would you enter the grounds today? If so you must travel two miles below Rising Sun, where a sign-board on the northern side of the highway that leads to Conowingo will direct you what course to take. After following the indicated road a mile or two, you will find the hills becoming larger and more abrupt until at last, on your left, you look down upon the waters of the Octorara.

To view the Bend and Camp you must go at least a half mile further and pass through a gate. Going up the stream from the gate until the lower side of the Horse-Shoe is reached, you will see the Octorara at its best. It is serenely beautiful. What remains to be seen? Many things—the old Fordings, the



Seven Cabin Spring, the Buzzard's Nest Rock Shelter, the Devil's Lane, and the various Camps.

Looking southward from the main building, the land that lies before you is not unlike many a meadow; elsewhere, for the most part, it is wild and rugged. The hill north of the building declines gradually toward the west till it touches the stream. The declension toward the north is much sharper with many gullies. For almost half a mile westward from the eastern fording, the bank is precipitous and rocky. When the rough and stony road that leads from this fording leaves the stream, the land near the water becomes level with a plenteous growth of bushes and wild-briar, but on the Lancaster County side a sharp hill starting almost from the water's edge continues unbroken by ravines until another fording appears west of a small run. This is Horse-Shoe Fording that is shown on the draught of Frey's Road. It also appears on Churchman's survey of John Stone's tract in 1757.

Is the site of Old Shawana Town within Horse-Shoe Bend? Those who think so say that the high land of the enclosure would have been an ideal spot for a Shawnee town and claim that an Indian trail crossed at Horse-Shoe Fording. They also point to the great quantity of Indian relics—arrow heads, lasts, axes, and other tools that have been found upon this ground. An Indian trail did cross the Octorara at a fording above the Horse-Shoe on Kirkpatrick's



Bend. The grandfather of Granville Reynolds frequently spoke of this trail and fording and of the deer that came there to feed upon the wild vines and also of the herons that fished around an island in the center of the stream.

But did an Indian trail cross the Octorara at Horse-Shoe Fording? If so, was it the fording referred to in a road proceeding of 1719? The road returned by the viewers started "on ye west side of Jonas Arskins Land at a poplar Marked to Six Notches thence East & be North by u Course of Marked Trees Until it Comes to ye fording Place att Octtararo att ye old Shawana Town. Thence over Octoraro allong ye Indian Path to a Birch Tree by ye Side of ye hill along ye path Side Marked by Six Notches". From this point the course is mainly easterly until it passes by the south side of the Brick Meeting-house.

It is clear that a good part of this road ran through that portion of "Nottingham Lotts" that lay south of Mason and Dixon's Line.

Where was Jonas Arskins' land? Arskins was a resident of New Castle who owned land on White Clay Creek and also land "north of Octorara three or four miles from its mouth". This description while elastic is not sufficiently so as to warrant locating his Octorara property as high up the stream as Horse-Shoe Bend. In 1713, he asked the Pennsylvania authorities to have the Octorara tract surveyed. His request

was granted but I can find no patent, survey or warrant and the poplar tree with its six notches has long ago fallen. I am satisfied that the Arskins road on the western side of the Octorara ran south of the Pennsylvania line but I can not locate its course definitely. After much investigation and plotting I leave the question of the site of Old Shawana Town unsolved and wait like Lessing's Sultan for a wiser man.

In the first half of the Eighteenth Century there were several industries northwest of Horse-Shoe Bend. The remembrance of these industries is preserved in a couplet which the old men of this neighborhood often heard their fathers repeat:

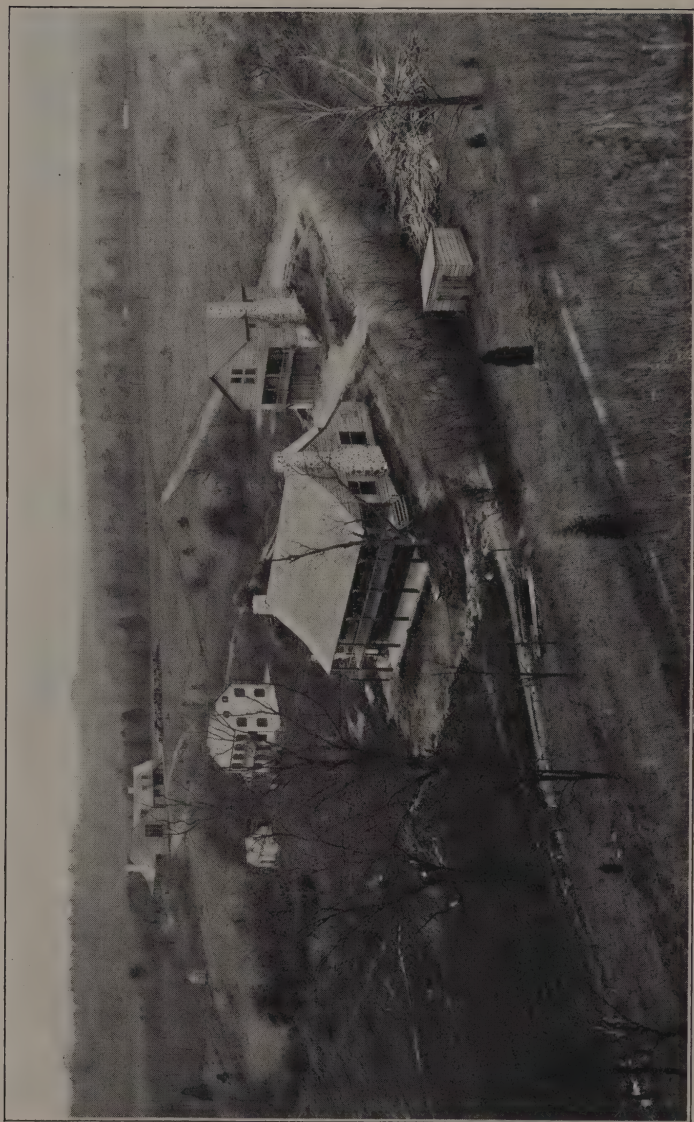
“Masonry, fullery, pottery, hattery;  
Over the hills to Hog Hollow Battery.”

But enough of the past. Today you will find five camps in Horse-Shoe Bend bearing the names of Kit Carson, Boonesboro, Fire Circle, Sherwood Forest and Bayard Taylor. These camps form a crescent and are reached by various trails. One of them is called Alamo; another, Sante Fe; while the third has the sinister but alluring designation of Pirates' Trail. What scout when following this path for the first time, could fail to experience the thrill of his life.

No better place in Chester County could have been selected for a Scout camping ground than this unique combination of land and water. Other places offer

large level tracts and rocky hills but their streams lack the charms of the winding Octorara.

Besides these features the site of Old Shawana Town can not be far away. With such a stimulant to fancy it would not surprise me if a youthful scout of imaginative vision were to see in the dusk of evening some flitting wraiths of Shawnee warriors among the rocks and the trees of this long, wild, wooded ravine.



THE CENTRAL OFFICE OF THE SCOUT CAMP



## ROCK SPRING

*"To thee, perchance, a tedious road  
Or soon forgotten picture."*

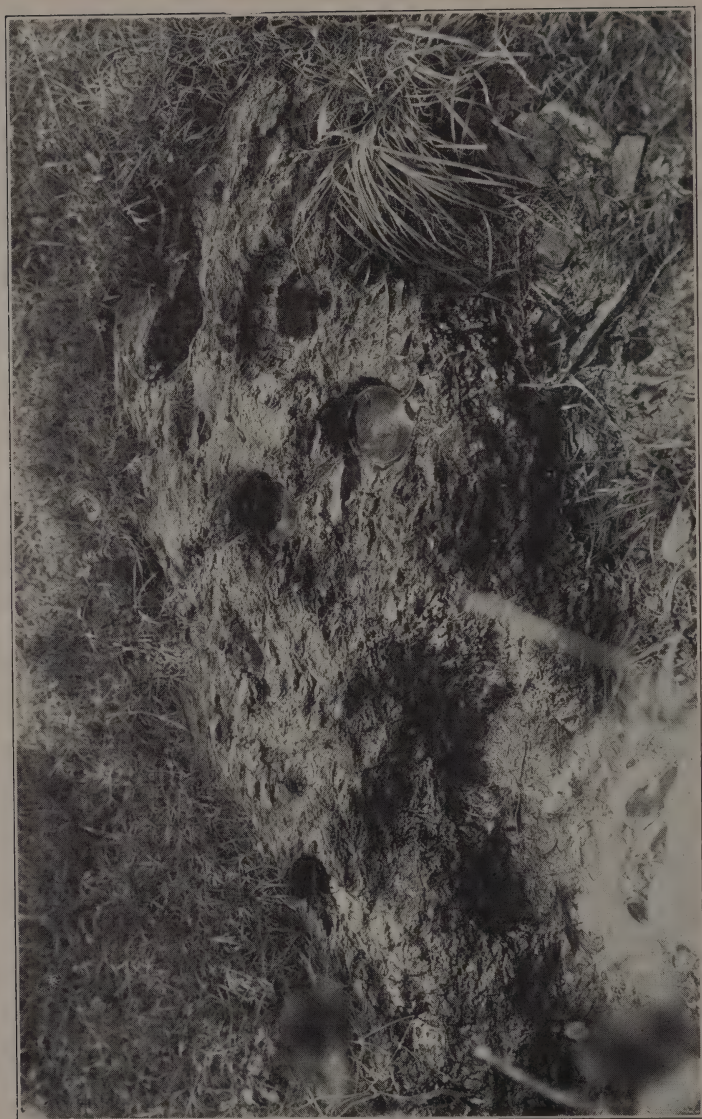
EMERSON—MUSKETAQUID

**O**VER in the waste land beyond the Octorara, two miles or so to the west of Horse-Shoe Bend and less than half that distance north of the Maryland Line, you will find—if you search diligently—a natural curiosity, known as Rock Spring. It lies in a slightly upland valley in the southeastern part of Fulton Township, Lancaster County.

To get an understanding of the region about this spring, it is necessary to tramp over a number of abandoned fields, littered with stunted growths of bushes, briars, and juniper trees, among age-worn out-cropping rocks. After you have done so you will be better able to appreciate the quality of the water and to formulate some explanation of this freak of nature with its seven cups.

Rock Spring has attracted many persons and fascinates me. How were these cups made? By whom and when?

The second Geological Survey of Pennsylvania will inform you that "the rock out of which the Rock Spring flows is very rotten, stained with iron rust and comparatively soft. It is not easy to determine cer-



ROCK SPRING

tainly its original lithological character. It seems to be a soft, rotten, sandy slate resembling a conglomerate in those places where the basins have been excavated. Six or seven large hemispheres of the average diameter of nearly eight inches have been scooped out in prehistoric times. Holes bored in the bottom of these basins seem to connect together and with the cavity whence flows the water supply."

Fifty years ago the water had neither taste nor odor and the flow was very uncertain in Spring and Summer. Its temperature on July 10, 1887, was 62 degrees Fahrenheit, showing that it was diluted by surface water.

Since the survey of 1880 was made, vandals have broken some of the cups carried off pieces of the rock. In fifty years more little will probably remain.

I have seen this spring twice. Harry Wilson, who is geologically inclined, and has visited it several times, says that the whole region about Rock Spring is underlaid by a solid mass of serpentine and associated rocks with but a thin layer of accumulated soil overlying it.

What has happened here? The surface water, after a fall of rain or snow, has filtered through this soil to the bed rock and has slowly found its way through cracks and crevices in a definite channel or communicating fissures to the thinly covered or lower portions of the bed rock; then the accumulating waters coming to the exterior openings have burst forth and

gradually floated away the soil on the top and sides of this particular rock until it now seems to be resting in the usual soil basin of a normal spring of water.

But the water is still flowing out of the rock fissures, not out of the soil about it, because the original channels still exist in the bed rock.

Some day an earth's tremor will disrupt these water channels—the water will follow other crevices and have other outlets and Rock Spring will be a thing of the past and its waterless cups will be a mystery.

How long the water has been flowing out of the crevices in this rock no man knows. Many centuries may have passed. Certainly, two hundred years ago the red man, hunting through this waste land for his game food, saw this rock giving forth its waters. Probably he paused and cried, "A mystery stone."

Perchance, a metew, thinking the water would be good medicine, ground out the first cup to catch the precious liquid, or possibly an Indian squaw sought to make it a convenient drinking place for her man. Five other cups were ground out afterwards and two or more of them were connected by grooves made in the rock's surface, but certainly not by holes drilled in the rock's bottom.

The water of this spring is not especially cool, but it is always clear, odorless and tasteless. These qualities and its unusual source made it a resort for the Indian. His camp sites were all around it, but chiefly to the south side and across a little run to the west-



ward. Hither doubtless came the trader, for the old trail from the Susquehanna by Black Baron Springs to the trading posts of the Swedes at New Castle passed but a short distance to the southward. When the settler followed, he found the Indians camped about this spring. Did they use his habitation for shelter? Probably, for the ruins of a home about fifty yards from the spring is still called "Indian House."

The white man built his houses on the sites of the red man's campfires and when he cleared these fields he found the red man's stone implements of camp and chase embedded in the thin soil. This soil lacked depth and phosphorus—would not grow food enough—and so the white man, too, passed on. Today it is the haunt of the wild.

Time glides by quickly as one sits and ponders. The afternoon has passed into twilight and night life is abroad. If you listen you can hear the scurrying deer-foot mouse; a few minutes later, the soft rush of the cedar owl's wings and the death squeak of the upland vole—its prey. Afar off comes the weird cry of the whip-poor-will and close at hand the whooping whirl of the wings of the night hawk as it rushes downward in its flight to seize a luna moth. It is time to move on. One drink from the cups of Rock Spring, and rested and refreshed, I turn my face toward Oxford.

## NOTTINGHAM LOTS

*"P'raps there ain't no such location  
in the Great U-nited States."*

DICKENS—MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT

As Chester County has no moors to show her Scottish visitors, she offers them instead the barrens of West Nottingham Township—waste lands studded with cedar trees which half conceal abandoned chrome pits—abodes of copperheads; a country of hills increasing in ruggedness as one nears the Octorara.

Some residents of West Nottingham insist that this descriptive word should be "Barron's" from the fact that in 1792 a patent was issued to John Barron and John Churchman for 234 acres and 60 perches on Octorara Creek, under the attractive name of Mt. Pleasant. When this tract was divided the eastern moiety fell to John Barron, the western to John Churchman.

Were it not for the character of the soil and the aptness of the term that has been used for so many years to describe it, a change in the spelling of the word by some future geographer might possibly be hoped for, but at the present time the conditions do not justify an alteration.

Nottingham Barrens begin about a mile south of Lee's Bridge and extend to the Horse-Shoe Bend on that stream. Some detractors say, in the language of Sterne, "'Tis all barren."

John Churchman, the distinguished mathematician of Nottingham, purchased large quantities of barren land in Chester and Lancaster Counties, and also in Cecil County, Maryland, on account of the mineral deposits supposed to be contained therein. He entered into a partnership with Samuel Hughes for the purpose of erecting a furnace for the manufacture of iron. The tract selected was to embrace the Horse-Shoe Bend in the Octorara. A forge was built just below this bend about 1794, and was purchased in 1804 by John Frey and Matthew Irwin. For some time thereafter, it was known as Frey's Forge.

Did John Churchman know of the chrome deposits on his barren land? Johnstone thinks he did, but says the value of sand chrome was not fully recognized until about 1830 in which year Isaac Tyson, of Baltimore, leased hundreds of acres of chrome land and started to mine.

Owing to the insignificant royalties paid by Tyson and his successor, the Tyson Mining Company, the mines, though a source of inexhaustible wealth to the lessees, were of but trifling value to the owners.

At the time that Tyson acquired his land there were thousands of acres in Nottingham mostly grown up with pine and scrub oak or black face. In summer this acreage was used as pasture land for the cattle of many small farmers who lived near by. "At that season of the year," says Griest, "the barrens would be dotted over with small herds of cattle one in each

herd wearing a bell, the sound of which was well known to the owner or his boys. At evening time these herds, each led by the bell cow, could be seen moving slowly and quietly toward their homes.

"In Autumn the people who lived in the vicinity of the barrens appropriated a day or two in hunting up and hauling home pine knots for winter use. These knots were the hearts of pine trees that had fallen. They were very inflammable and burned for a long time producing a fine light."

It is interesting to visit the old mines on the Black Barren Hills near the Maryland line. Even now some elderly inhabitant may be heard declaring that there is more Chrome in the green-stone lands of East Nottingham than in any other part of the world while a nearby village still exults in bearing the name of that whitish, brittle, infusible metal.

But to return to the settlement of Nottingham which is not without interest. In the summer of 1701 two brothers—so the story goes—James and William Brown—left New Castle on pack horses to ride through the wilderness in search of a fit place for homes. Stopping at a large spring on the north side of the road that now leads from the Brick Meeting-house to the Rising Sun, near a favorite camping ground of the Indians, they unloaded their weary horses and went to work felling the forest trees and converting them into timber. When their provisions were exhausted they returned to New Castle for fresh



supplies and having obtained them, started again for the Nottingham wilderness, taking with them other Friends by whose assistance accommodations were provided for sheltering several families. Such is the tale that tradition has handed down.

In the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, three-fourths of the southern line of Chester County ran along Nottingham. From Octorara to Big Elk Creek all was Nottingham.

The Commissioners of Property early felt that a grant and settlement of lands in the lower part of Nottingham would be advantageous to the Proprietary's interest in "rendering the adjacent Barren Lands more valuable and in encouraging settlements on the Susquehanna."

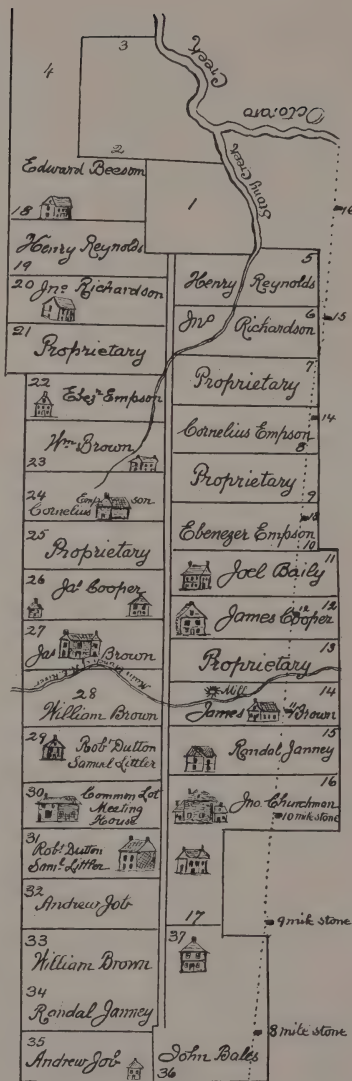
The descendants of the first settlers believed that their ancestors had endured much hardship by "taking their families into what was then accounted a great Distance back in the wilderness remote from supplies of necessary provisions, having themselves a Road to clear for forty miles where no Road was before."

Notwithstanding these facts they were fearful lest their title to this land reclaimed from the wilderness should prove defective, so in 1787, they addressed a letter to the Board of Property in Philadelphia.

Among other things this letter sets forth that in 1701 a warrant was granted for laying out about 18,000 acres of land "situate towards Octorara Creek," and that within six months after the survey had been

Nottingham laid out for 18,000 acres  
abt. 11,108 acres in Pennsylvania  
the remainder 6,812 falls in Maryland  
as computed 1779.

A Draught of the Township of Nottingham  
according to a survey made thereof in the 3rd  
Year of the 1st of King George the 3rd  
in the 17th of King George the 3rd  
Draught of each lot on sheet being in the  
Surveyor General's Office by which said Draught  
one was originally drawn by J. Walker Esq.  
exactly answering those Numbers and Positions  
copied from the Original 6th May 1777  
p. More. Churchman



made it was divided into "upwards of 30 Lotts called Nottingham" and was quickly settled.

These lots were near the boundary between the Provinces of Maryland and Pennsylvania. As this boundary remained unsettled for many years the purchase money was not received from the settlers nor were patents issued to confirm the land.

When the boundary line was finally determined, twenty of the lots of 490 acres each, besides two double lots of 980 acres each at the west end, fell entirely into Maryland, together with the major part of the remaining nine lots and two double lots, leaving of the whole only the quantity of 1200 acres and the usual allowance in Pennsylvania.

Unfortunately these 1200 acres were the northern portion of the lots and in the main "the thinnest part of the land."

The possessors of the "Nottingham Lotts" submitted their case to the "wisdom and prudence" of the Board who ordered a resurvey of the north end of the lots preparatory to granting patents.

As a result of this resurvey, Isaac Haines received a Triangle; John Churchman, an Oblong; George Churchman, a Trapezium, while Jeremiah Brown was allowed to roam in Brown's Forest and John Harvey to exercise his fancy on Harvey's Hope. Fair Hill was granted to William Churchman, Rockland to John Lewden, Mount Rocky to Eli Kirk, and Carpenter Hall to Jacob Brown, Jr.

The resurvey to these persons and to others was made by George Churchman and on the "20th of 9th mo. 1791, was certified by him."

Prior to this survey Maryland passed an act confirming the lands under certain conditions.

Measured by the boundary line, the length of these lots on the north was about nine miles.

The south line was nearly straight, but there were offsets in the north line which Futhey thinks were probably made to include good land and leave out some of the "barrens."

In the widest part, as he points out, the tract extended about three miles from north to south. Through the middle a road was laid out running parallel with the south line, then the tract was again divided by lines extending north and south from the road. There were thirty-seven of these divisions, so that they contained on an average somewhat less than five hundred acres each.

On Number 30 of the Nottingham Lots a meeting-house was erected. This meeting-house with material additions is still standing and is visited by many tourists.

It has long been known as the Brick Meeting-house, although more than half of it is stone, with what looks like a wooden appendix possibly containing some logs of the original building. On it is crudely printed

**BRICK MEETING-HOUSE**

**Built 1701-1735-1810-1901**





BRICK MEETING-HOUSE

The first meeting-house was built of hewn chestnut and yellow poplar; the brick building, according to most authorities was erected in 1735. Were the bricks brought from England or made in the neighborhood? Let him answer who can. Johnstone mentions what he calls a "well-authenticated fact" that the first building was roofed with slate obtained somewhere along the Octorara Creek, but where no person now living knows.

Except to historians, I can conceive of few things more uninteresting than a plot of lands such as Nottingham Lots, and nothing more prosaic than a description of it.

Mary E. Ireland, however, has given a touch of romance to Lot 35, conveyed to Andrew Job. She tells us that Elizabeth Maxwell, a niece of Daniel Defoe, the great English novelist, in consequence of a matrimonial engagement which was permanently broken off by her mother, privately left her home and embarked for America, and being without funds, bargained with the captain of the ship to be sold on her arrival to reimburse him for her passage.

Accordingly, in the autumn of that year, she, with a number of others was offered for sale in Philadelphia. Andrew Job, of Nottingham, happening to be in the city at that time bought her for a term of years and brought her to his home where in 1725, she became the wife of Thomas Job, his son.

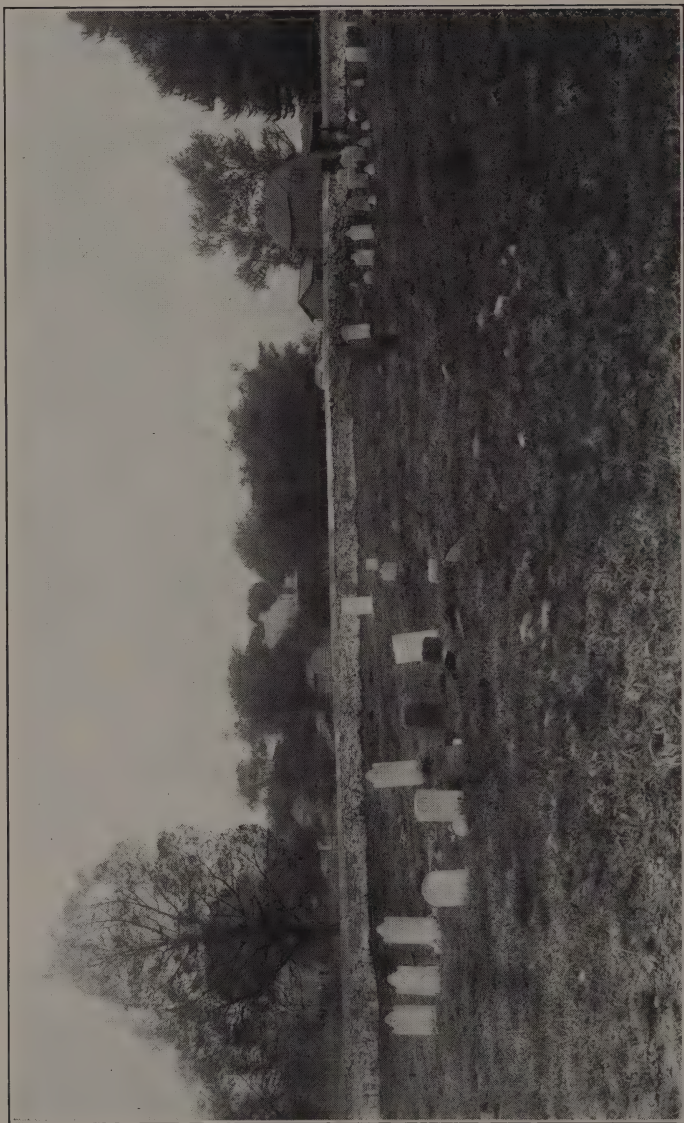
Not long afterwards, in reply to a letter to her

uncle, she was advised by him that her mother had died and that in addition to her mother's furniture, a large property had been left her by will in case she should ever be found alive. An inventory of goods accompanied her uncle's letter, especial attention was solicited for the preservation of articles he had used in his private study, "as they had descended to the family from their French ancestors who sought refuge under the banner of Queen Elizabeth from the tyranny of Phillippe."

Elizabeth Job died in 1782, at the age of eighty-two. A little, old, yellow-looking woman, passionately fond of flowers, who delighted in relating her recollections of early days. Gleefully would she tell how she used to bother her uncle, meddling with his papers until he would drive her from his study. Such is the picture drawn by her grandson Daniel Defoe Job.

In the 18th Century, Nottingham's pride was in Nottingham Academy. It took her name and shed rays of enlightenment over all the country around it.

Benjamin West, a student at the Academy, regarded its principal Dr. Samuel Finley as "one of the wisest and best of men." Princeton College took the same view and in 1761 called him to its Presidency. For losing Dr. Finley the Academy lost much of its prestige—its organization was soon disrupted and the glory that once was Nottingham's paled. Today, even the site of the Academy is in doubt.



GRAVEYARD AT LEWISVILLE



## HIEROGLYPHICS

*"The lion, eagle, fox, and boar  
Were heroes' titles heretofore,  
Bestowed as hieroglyphics fit  
To show their valor, strength, or wit."*

SWIFT

BACK of the school-house on the outskirts of the village of Lewisville lies an old and neglected graveyard.

I say neglected, notwithstanding the fact that a caretaker visits it once a year to see that the grave stones are not carried away.

To prevent it from being converted into a common, a stone fence has been built on two sides of the lot, but save for a few strands of wire the east and south sides are open. The wire, however, is sufficient to suggest to intruders the advisability of entering in by the gate which opens toward the public road.

When one has entered, it needs but a glance to see that many years have passed since this graveyard was first laid out. Common stones are numerous here and most of them have become so dark that it is hard to read either the name of the departed or the year of his interment.

For the most part, what slabs there are, rest upon

the ground. Many of them are cracked or broken and in some instances the graves themselves have fallen in.

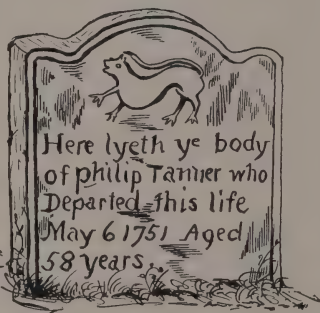
The first stone before which I stop to read informs me that it covers the spot where the body of Philip Tanner rests.

Philip Tanner, the miller! Frequently in my examinations of old records I have come across his name, but never did I think that I should stand beside his grave.

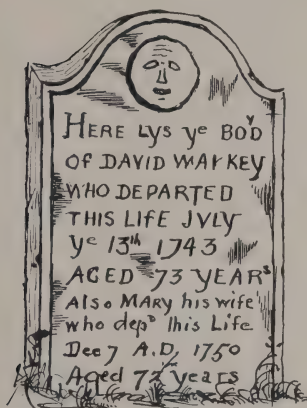
"1751." Almost two hundred years.

But neither the name nor the year of his death interests me quite so much as the crude cutting near the top of his grave stone, representing as it does, some kind of animal. A lamb? No. Its tail is raised above its back indicative of fierceness and activity. Indeed, if the head were larger, it might be taken for a lion rampant.

What does this hieroglyphic signify? I turn this question over in my mind but dismiss it unsolved and view a number of other graves. As I approach a stone about the same in quality and size as Tanner's, I find above the name a chiselled face. Was this designed to represent the departed? To show succeed-



ing generations what kind of man David Makkey was, who died in "1743, 73 years of age?"



Perhaps it is an Indian face. If so, why sculpture it upon a white man's grave?

I pass on to another part of the yard trying, in vain, to read either name or date on many of the stones that catch my eye.

At last I reach the southern portion of the lot and look—look twice before I can believe what my senses tell me. I wipe my glasses. It is true. Upon this stone I find an open hand and a playing card—the four of diamonds.

I was mystified before, I am amazed now. What purpose was intended here? Was it a protest against life? Did the woman—for the stone covers a woman—wish the world to understand that the only remaining card she had left to play was a little one like this? And yet as a punster who stands beside me says: "Why should she have complained of Fortune so long as she held diamonds?"

But seriously what is the significance of these three carvings?

Where shall I find a Daniel to interpret them? While debating these questions I am told by a householder close by that an old man by the name of Gil-

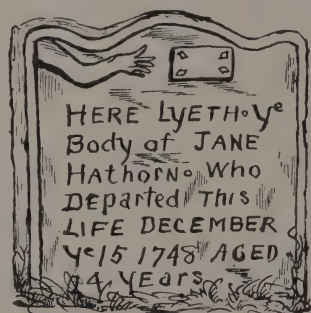
bert Scott is the possessor of the lore and traditions of the neighborhood. Mr. Scott proves to be a kindly man, eighty-two years of age, who has lived in Lewisville all his life.

I propound my questions and he answers them.

The animal above Philip Tanner's name, he declares, is a panther. "You see," says he, "Tanner was attacked by that kind of beast in what is now known as Betty's Patch on Big Elk, and died as the result of its bites."

"The head on David Makkey's stone is that of an Indian. Makkey was killed by one of that race and the carving hands down the fact."

"The hand and card were put upon the marker over Jane Hathorn's grave to show that the woman died while playing a game of cards. She was struck by a bolt of lightning just as she was reaching for the four of diamonds."



"Over toward the south side of this graveyard," he adds, "they dug up, many years ago, the body of a girl, completely petrified."

Such are the traditions of this place. My readers can verify them at their leisure. For myself, I am interested in discovering a little of the history of the church with which this graveyard was connected.



At the time of its organization it was known as Elk River, and was located close by.

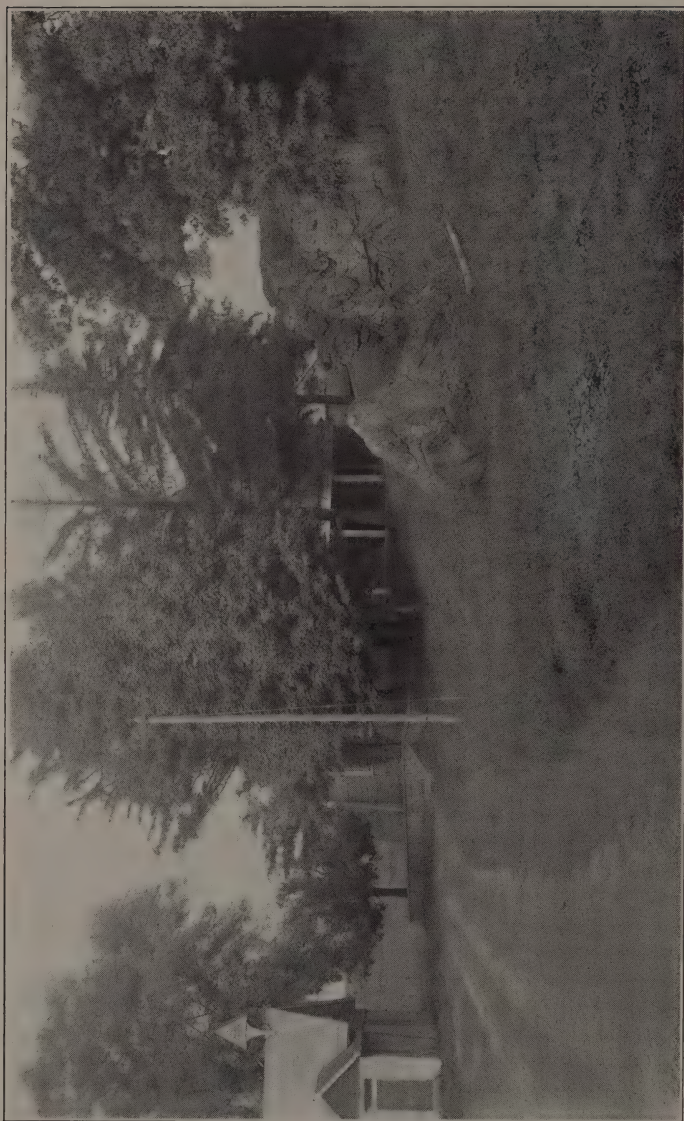
It seems to have been the practice of the Presbyterians to call their churches by the names of the neighboring streams—Octorara, Doe Run, Forks of Brandywine, are familiar illustrations.

About the middle of the 18th Century the New Side erected a house of worship near Sharp's graveyard in Maryland, a very attractive location on the road to Fairhill.

In 1787, the name Elk River was changed to Rock.

The appropriateness of this name is apparent to every one who has seen the building.

Nestling close to the side of a hill near the turn of a public road with Little Elk in full view and masses of rock close to its entrance, it is to my mind the most picturesque church along the border line.



ROCK CHURCH

ELK  
ELISHA GATCHEL'S MILLS  
LESE MAJESTE

*"Arise and let us wander forth  
To yon old mill across the Wolds."*

TENNYSON—THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

ELK TOWNSHIP is a triangular tract of land with its base of six miles resting on the northern boundary of Maryland.

It was taken from East Nottingham in 1857, and is separated from Franklin Township (formerly New London) by Big Elk Creek. The inhabitants of this township have been likened to the Belgians, "*propterea quod a cultu atque humanitate Provinciae longissime absunt*," but so far as I know, no candidate for office has ever been heard to quote Caesar's words when interviewing voters on the hills of Elk.

Big Elk Creek gave a portion of its name to the township as soon as the township was created, and Pidgeon Creek renounced its ancient appellation and modestly took the name of Little Elk.

Big Elk boasts of Ellis Passmore, who built a forge upon its banks, and of Robert Hodgson, who located his Pleasant Garden near its waters; while Little Elk even yet feels itself the equal of the Monongahela or the Alleghany when it remembers that a tract of

land by the name of Pittsburgh at one time stretched itself along its course for more than half a mile.

Big Elk, by no means disconcerted, babbles forth its story of Abraham Emmit's Mill built in 1724, and Little Elk retorts with Henry Hollingsworth's Mill of as early a date.

Big Elk can tell its tale about the settlers' vain efforts to bridge it, but Little Elk can relate the interestingly sad experience of Elisha Gatchel, who owned a mill and 260 acres of land about a quarter of a mile north of the Maryland line.

The early inhabitants of the southwestern part of Chester County, through whose lands these two streams ran, seemed to feel that their needs in the matter of bridges were somewhat ignored. In 1779, they complained that while they had been at the expense of divers bridges in other parts of the county, they had not received the advantage of such useful improvements anywhere on the west side of the Brandywine, "except a bridge over Elk some years ago built for a small sum, which soon became a ruin by the flood."

The bridge to which they referred was, doubtless, one constructed in 1773 at a cost of fifty-six pounds, where the plans, as reported to the court, were: "stone abutments six feet thick at the bottom, good white oak sleepers well fastened down with iron dowel pins and braces too on each side."

The old road papers tell many a story of hardships



experienced by the settlers of New London and Nottingham.

In 1734, Elisha Gatchel received a patent for his tract of land on Little Elk, and shortly afterwards built a mill upon it. Three years later, he transferred the property to his son, Elisha, Jr., excepting the mill and one acre on each side of it.

On a summer afternoon in 1737, Elisha, Sr., who bore his Majesty's Commission of the Peace for the County of Chester, left his home and in company with Robert Blundell, went to Thomas Hughes' Tavern, some two miles distant.

About sunset, Captain Charton, of the Maryland garrison, with four men all on horseback armed with guns, hangers and swords, stopped at this tavern and called for beer. Recognizing these roustabouts and knowing their hostility to the inhabitants of Pennsylvania, Landlord Hughes told them frankly they did not stand in need of drink and urged them to ride on about their business.

As such advice was contrary to their desires, the riders discarded it, dismounted, strode into the bar-room, demanded beer and received it.

While they were drinking, one of the soldiers asked Gatchel, how he did; another laid hold of him by the breast and swore he had a great mind to carry him into Maryland as a prisoner.

When Gatchel inquired how they dared to treat him so and charged them to keep the King's Peace,

he was threatened with a gun, the threatener exclaiming: "Damn you, your Peace, and your Master."

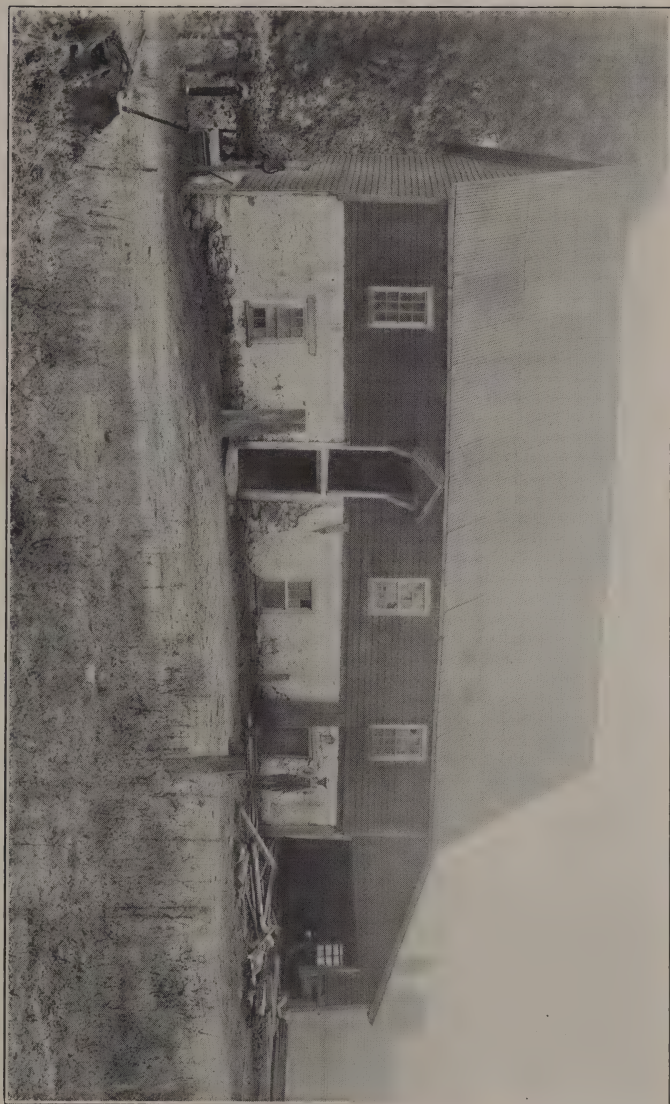
"The King is your Master too," said Gatchel, "such language deserves punishment."

The soldiers waited to hear no more but rode off a gunshot from the house where they drew together and held a consultation. A few minutes afterwards, they rushed back demanding more beer and when it was refused them, laid violent hands on Gatchel, beat all who interposed in his behalf, and declared they would kill anyone who attempted to deliver him.

Gatchel made what defence he could but it was ineffectual, the odds being too great. They pulled him out of the house by his hair and taking a horse from the tavern door commanded him to mount it. When he refused, they beat him on the head with their fists. Not content with this, they struck him on his sides with their hangers and carried their violence so far that Gatchel cried out in agony: "If you intend to kill me do it outright."

At last they forced him to mount, one soldier getting behind him to secure him while two others, one on each side, rode with drawn swords or hangers.

In this manner, Gatchel was carried ten miles or more, to John William's Ferry on the Susquehanna River, where they crossed, pulling up for the night at the house of Nicholas Savor. On the way thither they insulted Gatchel grossly, telling him: "We will make you a Maryland Justice. You shall live at Con-



nejohelah (an Indian town on the west side of the Susquehanna) and keep the Peace there."

On the following morning Gatchel was brought to a public house kept by one Hickeson. Soon after his arrival, John Copson, Esq., one of the Provincial Judges of Maryland, appeared and demanded of Gatchel's captors by what authority they had taken him. They answered: "By Governor Ogle's verbal orders, the prisoner having expressed himself disrespectfully of His Excellency."

Gatchel vehemently denied having made any such remarks and Justice Copson was about to discharge him and bind over his attackers, when Nathaniel Rigby, a Justice of the Peace of Baltimore County, came into the tavern and informed the Magistrate that an information had been taken before him in the presence of Governor Ogle, charging Gatchel with several disrespectful expressions of Lord Baltimore, one of them being: "His Lordship was gone to France and would not answer the Bill exhibited against him in chancery by the Proprietors of Pennsylvania."

Upon this, Gatchel was held to bail in the sum of one hundred pounds and got home the next day with much difficulty and in great pain.

After reading this story in Colonial Records, I stopped one day in front of a mill at or near the site of Gatchel's and seeing a tall man with a long beard, who looked like a miller, I inquired how old the building was.



Stroking his beard for a few minutes, he wittily replied, "Old enough to be pensioned."

"Revolutionary, 1812, Mexican, Civil, Spanish, or World?" I asked.

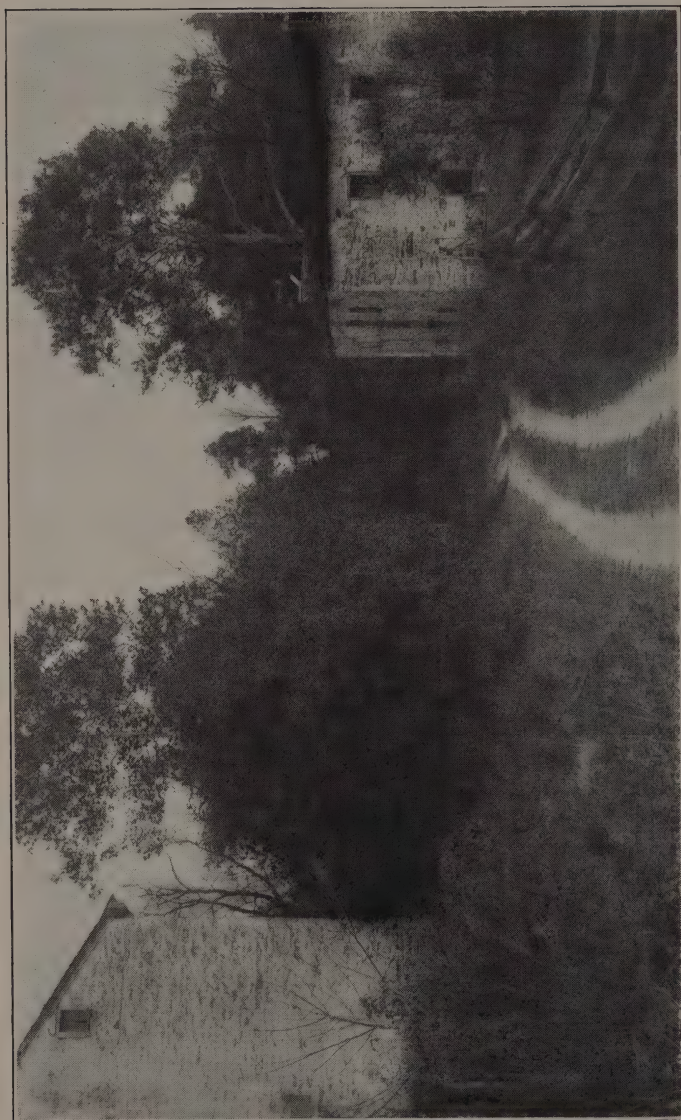
"All, I guess," said he, "but wait a minute, till I get a lantern, then we can look at the date stone in the wall."

He left me for the house but soon returned, bringing with him a lantern and a broom, the latter as necessary as the former, and we trudged down the steps. He swept the cobwebs and dust from the wall but for a while could find no inscription. "I saw it once," he declared, resuming his sweeping, "it must be here and here it is."

I started to read it. *Mirabile dictu*, it was upside down. The chiselling showed "W. M. 1785."

I could not deny that the initials were good, but nobody in the line of title at that time had such initials and as my miller had been in Elk only ten years, he could offer little in the way of information. Tradition places the site of Gatchel's mill in a field close by through which the race runs.

When Gatchel built his mill, there was no road to any landing, so he asked for a road beginning "at Octoraro Crick At ye Plantation of John Crague" to meet a road "all Ready Granted your Peticioner by ye County of Lankester thence to your Peticioner's Mill and from thence into ye Road yt Goas by Hugh Me-haffee's Dore that leads toward Christiana Bridge."



ISOLATION

Gatchel's request was supported by his neighbors, who declared that such a road would be much shorter for them to take what they had to sell to Christiana Bridge, which was their nearest landing to Philadelphia.

As originally laid out it crossed eight or nine bad swamps and "mirey water courses." The route was slightly changed and when finally opened it took the name of "Gatchel's Road."

Few spots in Chester County show primitive conditions more vividly than those lying along an old road that runs through the southern part of the township of Elk. A tenantless house, and an abandoned mill, partly concealed by trees with its surrounding fields covered with rank weeds and brambles, present a picture of complete desolation; perhaps isolation would be better,—separated from everything and everybody. The only sound that strikes the ear, and that infrequently, is made by the water of Little Elk dashing against some rock along its bank.

## NEW MONSTER

*"The great wild boar that had its den,  
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,  
And wasted fields and slaughtered men  
Along Albinea's shore."*

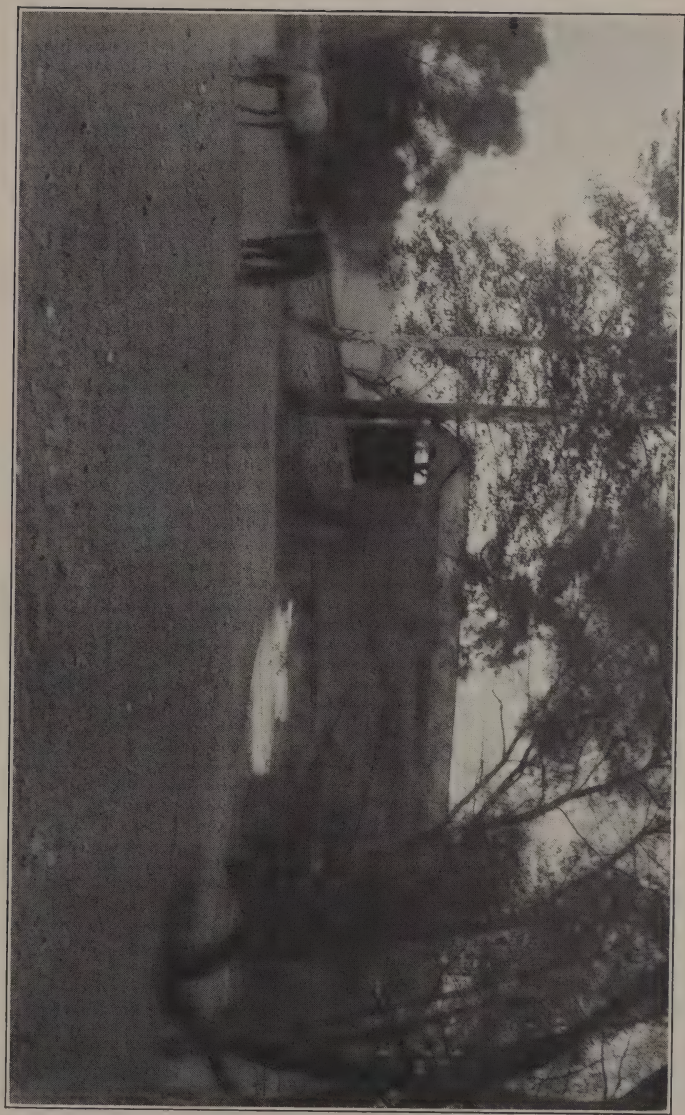
MACAULAY—LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME

**B**IG ELK, in a time of flood amply justifies those who call it a river.

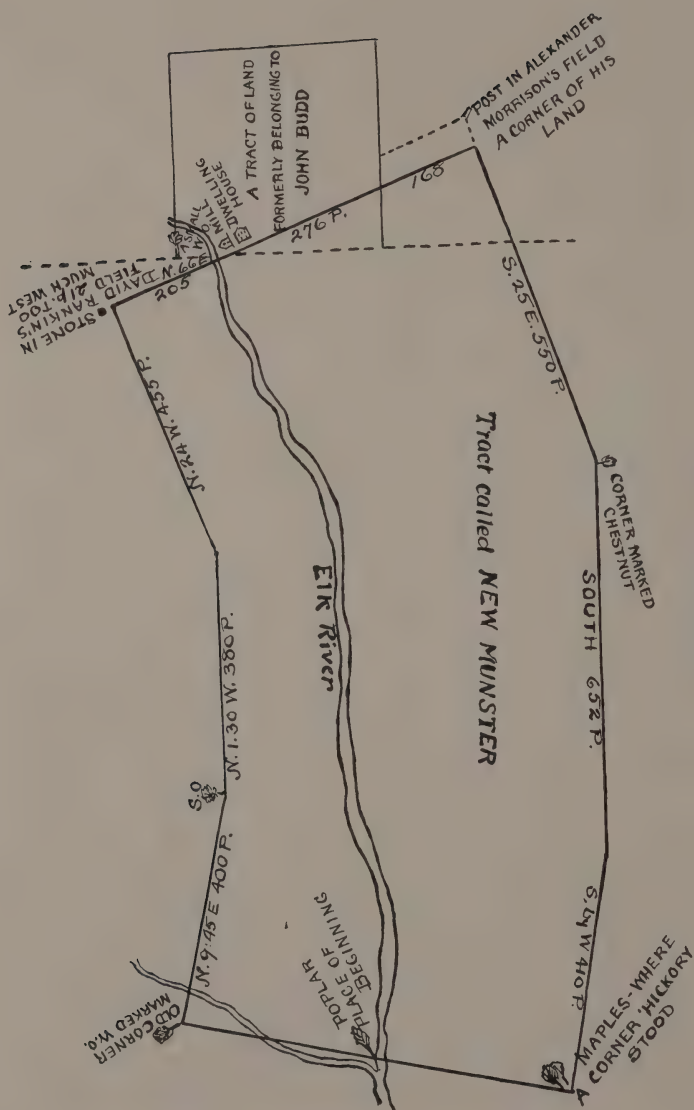
When you cross over this river, on the first county bridge above the Maryland line, you will stop as a matter of course, to look at the mill on the north side of the road, and having done so, if you are interested in the history of this locality, you will turn over the records of the years that are gone until you reach 1724, when Abraham Emmit built his corn-mill at this point. It was New London Township then, it is Franklin now and has been since 1852.

In 1729, Abraham Emmit deeded his mill property to his son Abraham, and died the following year. He was a man of prominence in southern Chester County and a large land owner. Death found him in possession not only of a grist-mill and a fulling-mill together with a plantation in Pennsylvania along the Elk, but also of a large tract of land in Maryland between the





Big Elk



NEW MONSTER TRACT

branches of the Elk. To his grandson Josias, he devised 500 acres known as "Seaman's Delight" on the east branch of the Potomac and bequeathed him in addition the proverbial silver spoon, in this case, "guilt with gold."

An inspection of his inventory shows him to have been the owner of "a broad cloath coat" with "money in his pockets."

The character of the country at that time can be pictured by considering the objections offered to the purposed opening of a road laid out over the northeastern side of Thunder Hill, a few miles north, to Emmitt's Mill in 1735. "If it is opened," the objectors say, "it will lead them over fifteen swamps, very broad and deep."

Some years later, when the road from Emmitt's Mill to Nottingham was fenced up and obstructed with felled trees by Dr. Thomas Reed, "who had not one foot of land in the place nor anywhere else," other complainants declare they are obliged to "climb over mountains."

Thunder Hill, dark mountains, deep sloughs and Pilgrims Land. Verily this portion of our county could have furnished Bunyan, had he lived a few years later, with much of the scenery needed in the progress of Christian through this world to the next. Jordan, it is true, would have been behind him in the western part of Elk Township, but Pilgrims Land

along Elk River could have offered him at least a few of the delightful features of the country of Beulah.

The air is sweet and pleasant; in their seasons you may see the flowers appear, and at times may even hear the voice of the turtle in the land; however, it must be admitted that neither in the Eighteenth nor in the Twentieth Century could the most interested inhabitant declare: "It lies upon the borders of Heaven."

Indeed years ago, while looking up some matter in this vicinity I came across the words "New Monster" and wondered what uncategorized wild beast this might have been that had had its habitat along the boundary line of Maryland and Pennsylvania. Was it an effort on the part of the early settlers to individuate the panther whose ferocity we have already seen rudely delineated on the tombstone in the cemetery at Lewisville, or was it an attempt of some timid soul to describe a gaunt "razorback" that had strayed northward from the wilds of Virginia and been converted by his vivid imagination into a beast of prey.

It was neither, nor was it a "big, bad wolf" that had escaped the traps of William Brown Jr., of Nottingham, who not infrequently received from Jushee Gatchel an order for such money as "ye Law Directs," for killing wolves; it was a misspelled word, the change of a single letter transformed the beast into a tract of land, while dens and fens resolved themselves into courses and distances.



Nottingham 7<sup>th</sup> of 2<sup>nd</sup> 1819  
 Their Execut<sup>rs</sup> of William Browne In one Wolfs Head  
 Catch With in one Mile of his Dwelling House also in a  
 fourth Day of 2<sup>nd</sup> 1822. Then rescued of 4 a couple of  
 William & two Old Wolfs Heads of said William Jackson  
 & 4 18 Wolfs Head and Catch<sup>d</sup> at one 24 same Place  
 of two last there Catch one of 29 of 2<sup>nd</sup> 1822 & other  
 of 2 of 2 1822.  
 To Henry Large Preser<sup>ve</sup> for County of  
 Chester Day to Care to Catch to George Jack William  
 in Order for a Couple of Wolfs Heads as a Law Courts  
 W<sup>m</sup> Gibson Gathbell

In 1683, Edwin O'Dwire and fifteen other Irish-  
 men had a large tract of land surveyed to them in  
 this locality. The tract was known as New Munster.  
 According to the Certificate of Survey it lay "in Cecil  
 County, on the main fresh of Elk River, on both

sides of said fresh, beginning at a marked poplar on a high bank over the west side of the said main fresh and about a *pistole shott* to the *mouth* of a *rivellett* called the Shure and running west—containing and now laid out for six thousand acres more or less, to be held of the Manor of Coecill.

“The Shure (Fulling Mill Run) was no doubt called by that name,” says Johnston in his History of Cecil County, “because it was not easily affected by drouth. It is a pretty little stream that rises near Fair Hill and flows in a south-east direction through a section of country most of which until quite recently (1881) was thickly covered with forest trees which prevented the evaporation of the water. It still sustains its ancient reputation as a Shure and reliable stream.

“The poplar tree that marked the place of the beginning of the survey has disappeared, but the water of the babbling stream still dances down its rocky channel.”

Johnston thought the northern line of the New Munster tract crossed Big Elk a short distance *above* Mackey’s or Tweed’s Mill (formerly Emmit’s), but the early property lines in the neighborhood indicate otherwise.

It is said that during the greater part of the second quarter of the 19th Century, this Mill was successfully operated by a blind miller named John Duncan.

The loss of sight had very acutely developed Duncan's other senses. Hands, nose and ears were nicely adjusted to his work. He was able to tell by his fingers when the grade of grinding was right and his nostrils informed him accurately of the condition of the sub-substance that was ground.

In the conduct of his mill he needed little assistance. He drew the gate on the water-wheel and determined by his ear when the machinery had its proper speed. As for the customers' bags—he knew them all and had no difficulty in filling them with their individual grists or in setting them in proper piles for delivery. In fact, Duncan even went into the wheel-pit and threw the different wheels in and out of gear and—what is most remarkable—never had an accident.

Anyone inclined to regard himself as being hopelessly handicapped in the race of life would do well to remember the blind miller of East Nottingham.



## MASON AND DIXON'S LINE

*"What weight of ancient witness can prevail  
If private reason hold the public scale."*

DRYDEN—HIND AND PANTHER.

OFF again with New Munster behind me and my face toward the rising sun, or to speak with punctilious truthfulness, toward the sun already risen, I am starting in search of the northeastern corner of Maryland and find myself accompanied by two spectral beings of English lineaments who point out the way. Willingly would they speak to me, but I am not sufficiently sublimated to receive their story. Mason and Dixon, I salute you! Your tale has been told a thousand times by others and has become in consequence a little "stale" and "flat" though not altogether "unprofitable."

At various periods, the northeastern corner stone of Maryland has been so completely hidden under an accumulation of petitions, answers, recriminations, chancery proceedings, learned dissertations on "hactenus inculta," portraits of the Penns, Lords Baltimore and Chancellor Hardwicke, treatises on logarithmic functions, explanatory drawings and books, that few persons have ever seen its face, while many have grown weary in their efforts to remove the mass of documents that hides it.



The dispute between the Penns and the Lords Baltimore over their boundaries began early and developed into a long and bitter struggle, which, descending from father to son, covered almost a century in tedious and expensive litigation.

Scaife does not exaggerate when he remarks: "It was the cause of endless troubles between individuals, occupied the attention not only of the proprietors of the respective provinces but of the Lords of Trade and Plantations, of the High Court of Chancery and of the Privy Councils of at least three monarchs; it greatly retarded the settlement and development of a beautiful and fertile country and brought about numerous tumults which sometimes ended in bloodshed."

Like many other writers, he finds the ultimate causes of the difficulty in the lack of exact information on the part of Europeans generally in respect to the topography of America, and in the reckless extravagance of European monarchs in parcelling out a continent to their subjects.

"Immediate survey and complete possession of their immense tracts were alike impossible, so that the fixing of definite, certainly known boundary lines was impracticable. The consequence was that the grants of different monarchs often conveyed a paper title to the same region while the same sovereign not infrequently granted to a later favorite a part of a former gift."

The basic facts are these: Lord Baltimore's Charter of 1632 extended to "that part of the Bay of Delaware on the north which lieth under the fortieth degree of north latitude." This, according to the maps of that time, was about the head of the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays. The maps were wrong, however, for the true parallel of forty degrees does not touch either of these bays but crosses the northern edge of Philadelphia.

Again, the preamble in Lord Baltimore's Charter specified the land granted to him as "*Hactenus inculta*" (hitherto unsettled or uncultivated). Now, there had been a settlement the year previous within the limits of his grant at Swaanendael, by the Dutch, who claimed both by purchase from the Indians and by virtue of Hudson's discoveries.

In 1655, the Dutch had also acquired by conquest the holdings of the Swedes who from 1638 had been extending their settlements along the Delaware shore.

The title of the Dutch to the western shores of the Delaware passed by conquest to the English under the Duke of York in 1664.

In 1681, Charles II granted William Penn a charter in the region lying north of Lord Baltimore's grant. By the language of Penn's charter the grant was bounded on the south by a "circle to be drawn at twelve miles distance from New Castle northward and

westward unto the beginning of the 40th degree and thence by a straight line westward."

Upon arriving in this country Penn was disappointed in discovering that his province lay so far from the sea, and entered into negotiations with the Duke of York for a transfer to him of his possessions on the West Shore of Delaware Bay. This transfer was made in 1682 by two deeds of feoffment; one conveying the town of New Castle and the region lying within twelve miles about the same; and the other, the land extending south of the circle to Cape Henlopen.

By these two deeds Penn succeeded to the "Three Lower Counties" as they were called, or the "Territories," now the State of Delaware.

Disputes immediately ensued between Lord Baltimore and Penn. After fruitless attempts to agree upon their boundaries had been made by them, Lord Baltimore petitioned the King and the controversy in 1685 was referred by the King's Council to the Committee of Trade and Plantations, who directed with Solomonic wisdom that the Peninsula "be divided into equal parts by a line from the latitude of Cape Henlopen to the 40th degree of north latitude."

Penn and Lord Baltimore died before any division was effected, but in 1732, Penn's sons and the son of the succeeding Lord Baltimore came to a compromise agreement, by the terms of which a line was to be run across the Peninsula westward from Cape

Henlopen (not the present cape but one further south) and from the middle point on this line the boundary was to run in a northerly direction until it should strike at a tangent, a circle having a twelve-mile radius from New Castle; thence to run due north until it reached the same latitude as fifteen miles south of the most southern part of Philadelphia. This point was to be the northeast corner of Maryland and the boundary was thence to be run due westward.

In 1738, King George II ordered that a temporary line be drawn  $15\frac{1}{4}$  miles south of Philadelphia on the east side of the Susquehanna River and  $14\frac{3}{4}$  miles south of Philadelphia on the west side and that these be the limits of the two provinces until their boundary line was finally fixed.

*This temporary line was run and became the accepted boundary between Maryland and Pennsylvania until the settlement of the controversy by Mason and Dixon in 1763-68.*

From 1735, a Chancery suit between the Penns and the Baltimores dragged its weary course to 1750, when Lord Hardwicke issued his decree as High Chancellor requiring the specific performance of the agreement of 1732.

"I directed this cause to stand over for judgment" said he, "not so much from any doubt of what was the justice of the case as by reason of the nature of it—it being for the determination of the right and



boundaries of two great provincial governments and three counties; of a nature worthy the judicature of a Roman senate rather than of a single judge; and my consolation is that if I should err in my judgment there is a judicature equal in dignity to a Roman senate that will correct it."

In determining the issues presented in this suit, the Lord Chancellor held that the twelve-mile radius from New Castle should be English statute miles and that the center of New Castle was the middle of the town.

The contention of the Baltimore party as stated by John Watson was subtle and ridiculous. "Having made an exact plan of the survey of the Town upon a piece of paper they carefully pared away the edges of the drought until no more than the drought was left, when sticking a pin through it they suspended it thereby in different places until they found a place where it might be suspended horizontally, which point or place they accepted as the center of gravity."

Commissioners were appointed under the decree issued by Lord Hardwicke in 1750, and the old question of 1739 arose as to whether statute miles should be measured horizontally or superficially—up and down hill. They finally agreed to meet at Cape Henlopen and mark the beginning of the trans-peninsula line, leaving this and other questions to be finally decided.

On July 4, 1760, another agreement between the

Penns and Lord Baltimore was executed in triplicate, one part of which is now in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Meanwhile the Lord High Chancellor had expressed his opinion in favor of horizontal lines and had fixed the Court House as the center of New Castle.

Everything was now in order for attempting once more the running of the line between the Provinces. Commissioners were appointed by the respective proprietors, who met at New Castle and started to ascertain the middle point of the trans-peninsula line, When this was established they made two attempts to run the meridian or north line and also endeavored to locate the tangent line. Upon hearing of the appointment of Mason and Dixon, however, they decided to delay making any report to the proprietors until they had had a conference with those eminent mathematicians.

If my readers happen to be qualified chirographists they may find some entertainment in examining the signatures of these distinguished surveyors with a view to determining their elements of character. Latrobe infers from his examination that "Mason was a cool deliberate painstaking man of quiet courage" and that "Dixon was a younger man, a more active man, of an impatient spirit and of a nervous temperament."

Shortly after their arrival here in the Fall of 1763, they caused an observatory to be erected on Cedar

Street (now South Street) the most southern part of the City of Philadelphia, and ascertained its latitude to be  $39^{\circ}, 56', 29''$ .

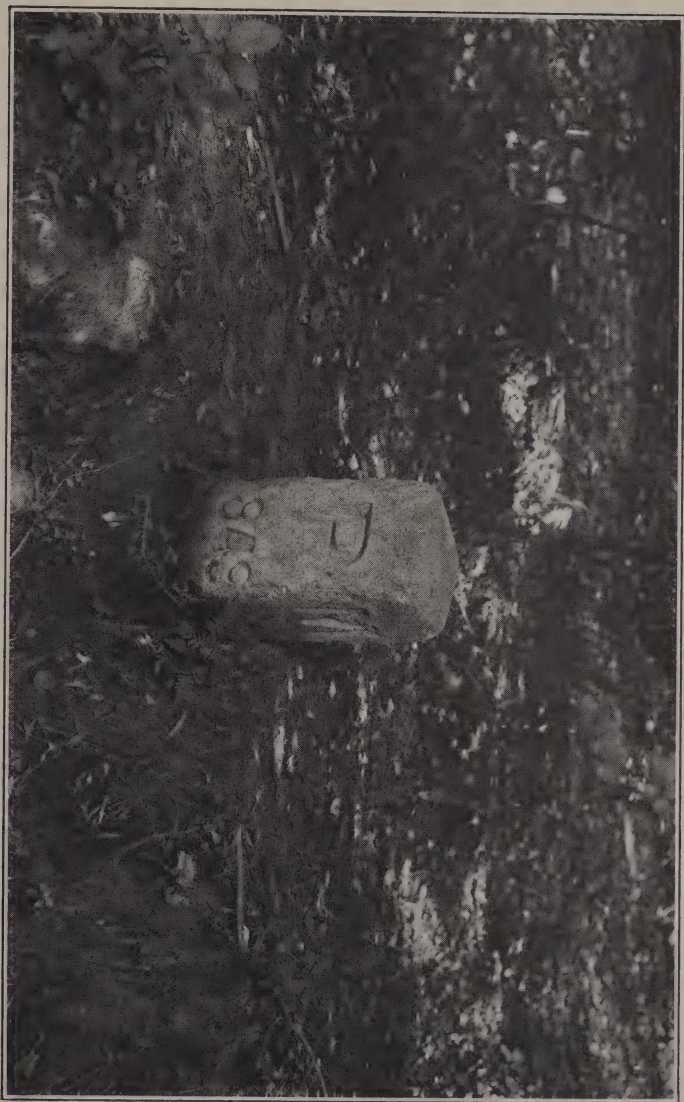
In January 1764, they left their observatory in Philadelphia and journeyed westward in wagons about thirty-one miles to John Harland's farm in Newlin Township where they set up their instruments and proceeded to determine the exact latitude of that point. Upon finding that they were about 357 yards south of the latitude of the starting point they planted a stone that distance north of their observatory in Harland's garden. Neighbors and on-lookers who watched their mysterious observations of the stars gave it the romantic name of Star Gazers' Stone.

About two months and a half later, they started to run a line due south through the forests for fifteen miles. When this was done, they laid off a parallel of latitude for several miles westward crossing over the Circular Line that had been run by Isaac Taler and Thomas Pierson in 1701. The agreement of July 4, 1760, between the Penns and Lord Baltimore provided that this parallel of latitude fifteen miles south of Philadelphia should form the northern boundary of Maryland.

In order to ascertain the northeast corner of that province the surveyors travelled southward, took the middle point of the base line that had been measured across the peninsula by former surveyors and ran a







N. E. CORNER STONE OF MARYLAND



1849-1764  
TANGENT STONE

tangent line from that point to the tangent point of a twelve-mile circle with Newcastle as its center. A north line was then laid off from the tangent point until it intersected with the parallel of latitude which they had already partially surveyed. At this point of intersection in a ravine near a spring they caused a stone to be planted fixing

the northeast corner of Maryland.

In running the north line from the tangent point Mason and Dixon necessarily left a small segment of the twelve-mile circle to the west. This segment which under the terms of the agreements between the Penns and Lord Baltimore belonged to the Penns was duly surveyed and marked. A granite stone of poor quality was placed at the tangent point and another at the north point where the arc cut the north line.

The top of these stones was rounded to show that

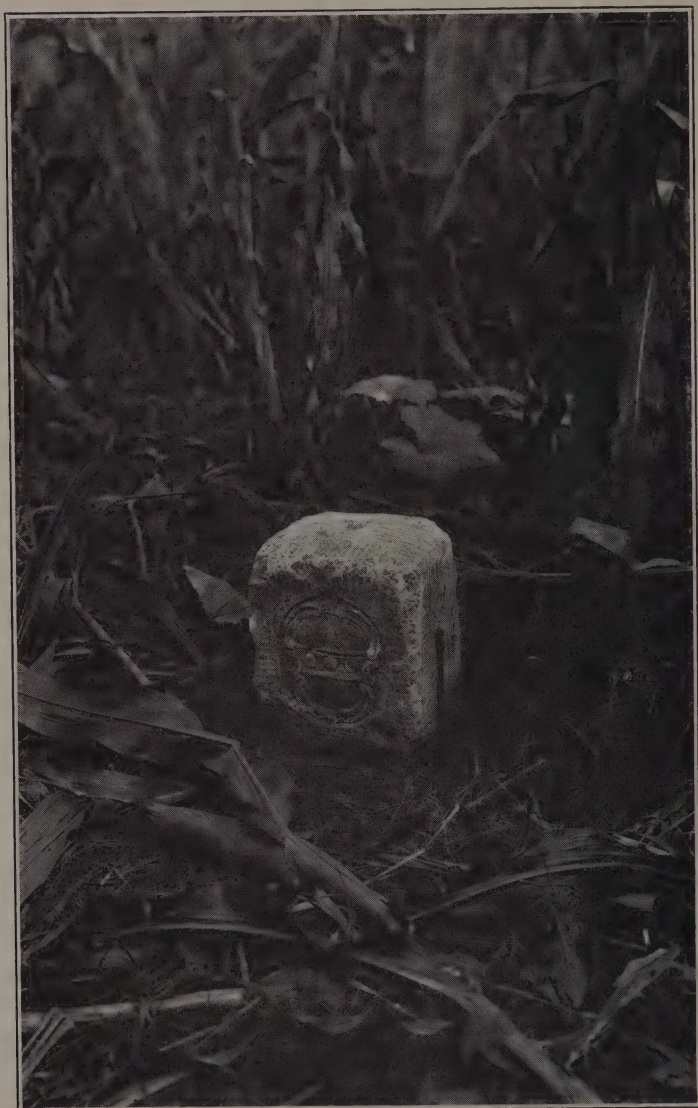
they were on the circle while the stone at the tangent point was marked with the arms of the Proprietors. This arc was the only part of the Circular Boundary that Mason and Dixon ran. Had they continued this arc northward it would have cut the prolongation of the Maryland Line eastward at a point about four-fifths of a mile east of the northeast corner of that State as fixed by them.

*The northeastern corner of Maryland has never been changed.* A stone monument with the respective arms of Lord Baltimore and the Penn family graven thereon was placed at the point of intersection and remained there undisturbed for years, but after a lapse of three-quarters of a century a rumor spread in the neighborhood that the monument had fallen as the result of the action of the stream and had been removed for a chimney piece.

An investigation showed that it had disappeared and that a stake had been driven in its place. Commissioners were appointed by the Governors of Delaware, Maryland and Pennsylvania, who in 1849, planted a new stone of cut granite about seven feet long, five feet of which was imbedded in the ground. The necessary surveys and other work were done under the supervision of Col. J. D. Graham, of the United States Corps of Topographical Engineers, detailed by the Secretary of War.

As the agreement between the Penns and Lord Baltimore provided that the route should be well



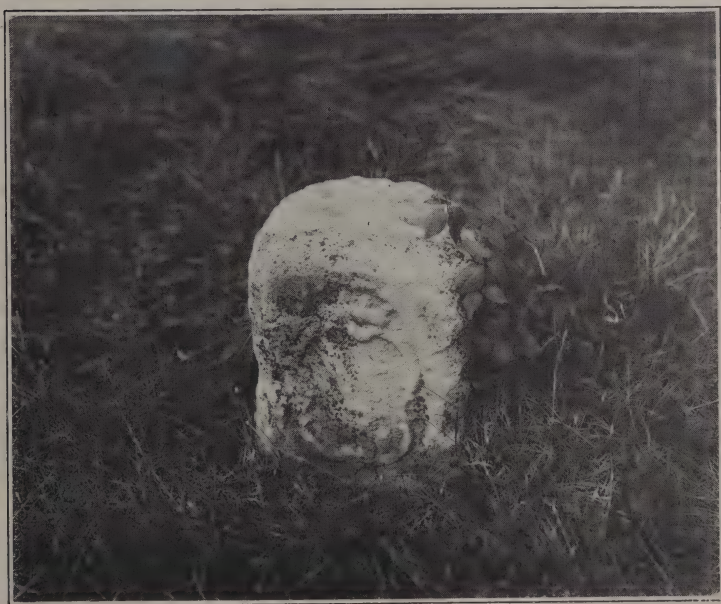


FIRST CROWN STONE



marked by trees and other natural objects and designated by stone pillars sculptured with the arms of the contracting parties, facing their respective possessions, stones of this character were placed at the end of every fifth mile, the intermediate miles being noted by stones having the letter M on one side and the letter P on the other. The greater part of these stones were brought from England and were erected along the middle of a pathway twenty feet wide that was cut through the forest by the surveyors.

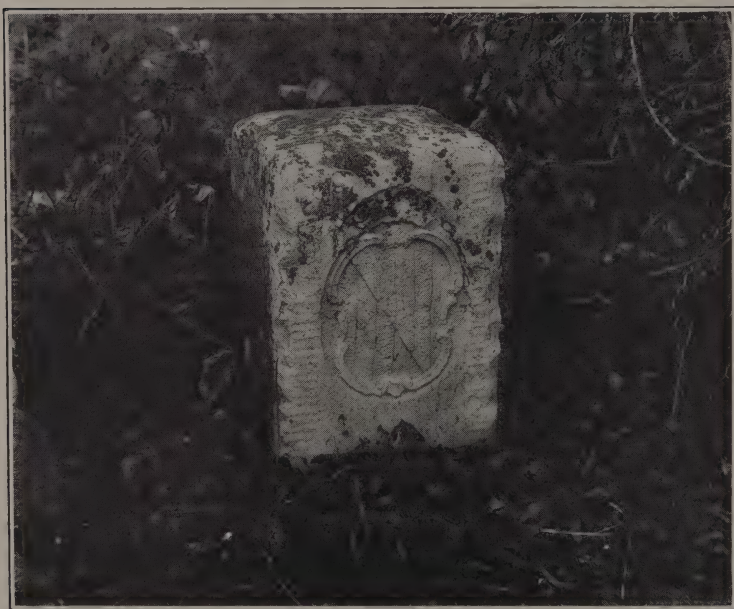
The first "Crown Stone" is located in a field about a half mile southwest of the village of Lewisville in



SECOND CROWN STONE

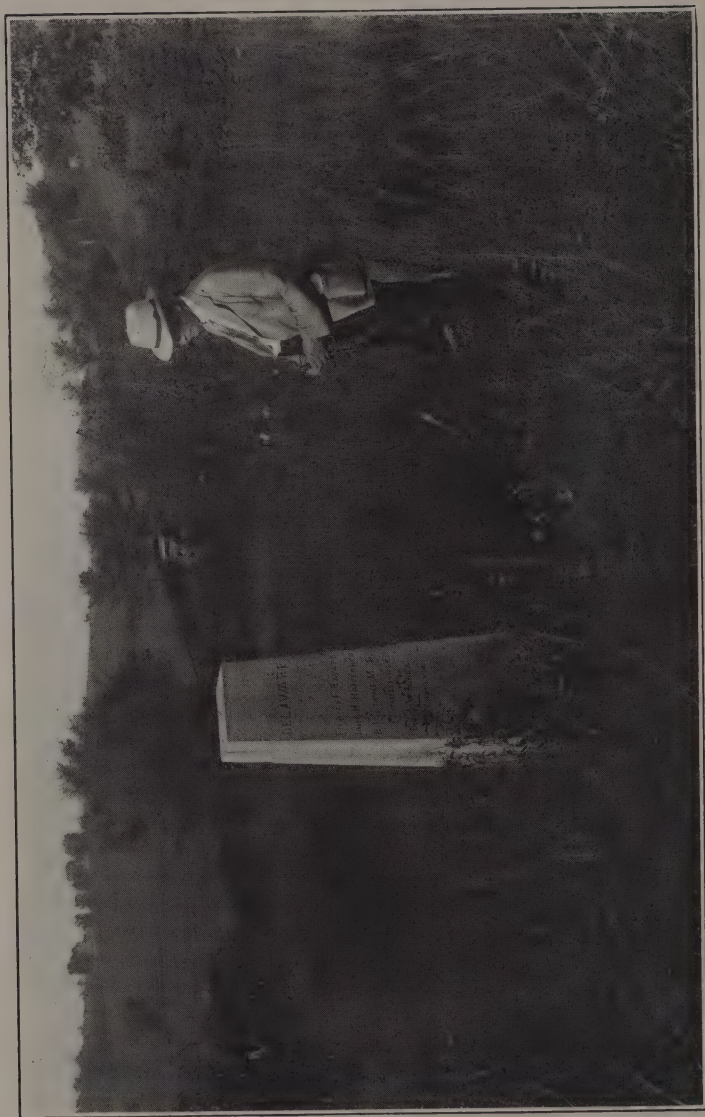
Elk Township. It projects a little more than a foot above the ground and has been mended with iron clamps. At the time I saw it, it was surrounded by growing corn.

The second "Crown Stone" stands near a line of fence about two hundred and fifty yards east of a road leading from Chrome, Pennsylvania, to Calvert, Maryland. It looks as if it had been badly chipped by relic hunters, but I understand that the part of the stone containing Penn's Arms that fell off some years ago has been carefully preserved.



THIRD CROWN STONE

The third "Crown Stone" is to be found in a hedge-row west of a road running north from Rising Sun to Lee's Bridge. It is in good condition and is the last "Crown Stone" east of the Octorara. Beyond it, the line continues westward, thrice crossing that stream and on its way passing through Gray Horse Church, leaving the pulpit in Pennsylvania and the pews in Maryland.



INITIAL MONUMENT



## THE CIRCULAR LINE AND THE WEDGE

*"Put the two fragments together and judge for yourself"*

DUMAS—EDMOND DANTES

FOR a few persons whom I have met, the story of the circular line between Pennsylvania and Delaware has all the fascination of romance. Personally, I prefer either Don Quixote or Monte Cristo. And yet, it must be confessed the story has many elements of interest and some right royal characters. William Penn is an attractive figure, Lord Baltimore is another, both too good to be associated with the infamous Duke of York.

In the limited space at my disposal, I can present little more than dates, names and surveys, referring my readers to the many volumes that contain the same facts invested with color and pulsating with life.

Sixty-two years before Mason and Dixon came to this country, the Circular Line was run by Isaac Taler, of Chester County, and Thomas Pierson, of New Castle County.

By warrant dated the 28th day of ye 8th month 1701, Penn directed them to "admeasure and survey from ye town of New Castle the distance of twelve miles on a right line by ye river Delaware upward and from the said distance to divide between the said

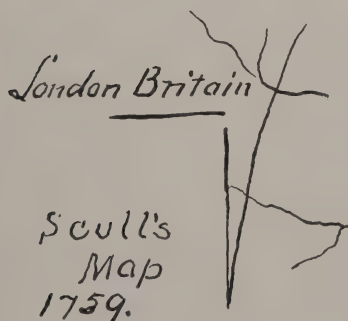
Counties by a circular line extending according to ye Kings' letters pattents and deeds of enfeoffment from the Duke, and ye said circular line to be well marked two thirds parts of ye semi-circle."

This survey was made in crude fashion with an ordinary chain and compass and took about ten days.

In their return the surveyors say that they began at the end of the Horse Dike next the town of New Castle and "Measured Due North twelve Miles to a White Oak Marked with twelve Notches Standing on ye West Side of Brandywine Creek in the land of Israel Helm and from the said White Oak Wee Ran Eastwardly Circularly changing our Course from the east Southward one degree at the End of Every Sixty Seven Perches which is the Chord of one Degree to a twelve Mile Radius, and at ye End of forty three Chords wee Came to Delaware River on ye upper side of Nathanel Lamplly's Old Hous at Chicester and then wee Returned to the said White Oak in Israel Helm's Land and from thence we Ran Westward changing our course one Degree from the West Southward at ye End of Every Sixty Seven Perches as before until we had extended Seventy Seven Chords, which being Added to forty three Chords make two third parts of the Semicircle to a twelve Mile Radius all which said Circular Line being well marked with three Notches on Each side the Trees to a Marked Hickory Standing Near ye Western Branch of Christina Creek."

At the time of this survey the settlements extended only along the eastern part of the Curve. Its western terminus near the western branch of the Christiana Creek was merely a hickory tree marked like others along the line by notches. In the course of years, the notches as well as the trees themselves disappeared and as there were no marks upon the ground to indicate its direction the boundary line became a traditional one.

In 1892 Lieut. Hodgkins engineer in charge of the work for the Joint Commission of Pennsylvania and Delaware thought the terminus was most likely located in the present state of Maryland and that the stream referred to in the return was what is now known as Persimmon Creek.

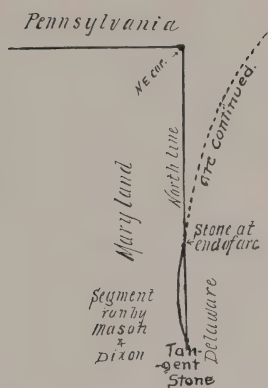


The location of the Circular Line with relation to the Eastern Boundary of Maryland is shown on Nicholas Scull's map of 1759. Five years later in 1764, Mason and Dixon started to run the lines between the provinces of Maryland and Pennsylv-

vania. While engaged on a true north line from the Tangent Point they laid out a small part of the twelve mile circle north of that point and marked with a stone its interception with the north line.





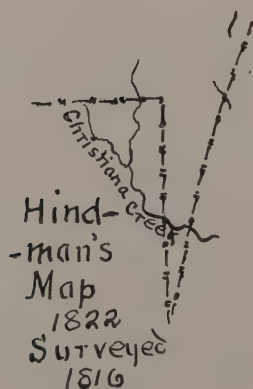


Had they continued that arc their survey would have shown what appears on Schull's Map—a small triangular piece of land afterwards known as the Wedge or Flat-iron.

Mason and Dixon, however, were not called upon to do this, they were concerned only with the boundary between Maryland and Pennsylvania.

A few years after the completion of their work the Revolution swept away the proprietary governments and "the three lower counties" became Delaware State. Thereupon the boundary between Pennsylvania and the new State of Delaware reverted to the old Circular Line between the Counties of Chester and New Castle. In 1701, when the curve was first run the region at its western end was unsettled. As the land at this western end many years later came to be gradually taken up, the settlers had no way of knowing on which side of the curve their farms lay; and when Mason and Dixon, in 1764, established the northeast corner of Maryland, the Delaware settlers doubtless supposed the curve to end at or near this corner. Accordingly they occupied the land up to the corner. Such is the plausible explanation for their mistake, offered by Futhey and Cope, historians of Chester County. Whatever

the reason, the assumption of the Maryland settlers was erroneous, Delaware and Maryland were not coterminous up to the northeast corner of the latter state. But Pennsylvania also erred in assuming that the true twelve mile circle which intercepted the prolongation of the Mason and Dixon Line about four fifths of a mile from the Maryland Corner corresponded throughout its course with the Tailer and Pierson Circular Line as laid out on the ground. In the absence of monuments the agreement of the two circles would be presumed, but in the light of subsequent developments the Tailer and Pierson Circular Line was found to be outside of the true twelve mile circle and, therefore, its point of intersection with the prolongation of the Mason and Dixon Line was farther west. How much farther? Hodgkins thought about two thousand feet. This point was important for it determined the width of the Wedge at its northern end.



So long as these differences remained unadjusted, Delaware adopted the views of its settlers and exercised jurisdiction over the entire Wedge, its inhabitants paying taxes and voting in that state. Meanwhile, on various maps the Wedge continued to appear as part of Pennsylvania. In his

map of 1822, James Hindman exhibits the Wedge as the southern tip of London Britain Township with the Christiana Creek passing through it.

In 1848, Col. J. D. Graham was secured by a Joint Commission of the three states, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Delaware, to replace the stone at the northeast corner of Maryland which had disappeared. After doing this work he proceeded to survey the line along the Wedge, and he found that a true twelve-mile radius from New Castle would bring the circular boundary some three-quarters of a mile eastward from the Maryland corner, which would result in giving the Wedge to Pennsylvania.

Col. Graham also placed new granite posts at the tangent point, at the middle point of the arc north of the tangent point, and at the point where this arc as laid out by Mason and Dixon cuts the due north line from the tangent point. The last stone was made in the shape of a triangular prism inscribed with the initials of the three states on the appropriate sides. The names of the Commissioners and the date 1849, were also entered on the north side under the initial P.

This point was agreed upon by the Commissioners of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware as "the junction of the three states," and their conclusions as to the proper location of the Circular Boundary were embodied in a map which on March 1, 1850, was signed by all of them.



THE JUNCTION OF THREE STATES

"This result," says Lieut. Hodgkins "was generally accepted on paper while ignored in fact. The maps showed Pennsylvania reaching a slender finger to the southward between Delaware and Maryland but Delaware continued to exercise jurisdiction over that area.

For a b o u t forty years nothing more was done. The increase in the value of lands along the boundary, however, led to a renewed agitation for a relocation of the old line.

Finally in 1889, Pennsylvania and Delaware appointed a Joint Commission for this long delayed purpose. This Commission discovered that "the authentic relics of the old survey could be counted upon the fingers of one hand." Only three points on the entire course could be identified: the site of Lamplugh's house on the Delaware, the great curve in the Brandywine near Cossart, and the stump of an old hickory tree at the south corner of Kennett and Pennsbury Townships.



All of these points were on the eastern half of the curve. Along the western half there was nothing remaining to guide the Commission but a few deeds dated long after the line of 1701 was run.

Accordingly; to "re-establish" the old boundary line *they adopted the three points which they had verified* and ran the new eastern half of the curve through them without disturbing any land owners, but they could not extend this curve to the westward without getting over into Maryland, which, of course, could not be done. This eastern half of the Taler Pierson Line from the Delaware River to the Kennett-Pennsbury Stump lay entirely outside the theoretical twelve mile circle. The difference at the river was 3137 feet; at the stump 1877 feet.

The eastern end of the new western arc had to be at the stump where the eastern arc ended. In order not to encroach on Maryland territory the radius of the western half of the curve had to be shortened. The Commission, in view of Col. Graham's findings, fixed the initial point of the western end of the new western arc exactly twelve miles from the New Castle court-house, at a point where the north line of Maryland if projected due eastward would intersect the true twelve mile circle. This was found to be 4169 feet east of the Maryland corner and there the Commission planted the Initial Stone of the new boundary line. Every point in the line of this new western arc lay outside of the true twelve mile circle.

The new circular boundary was a compound curve made up of two separate arcs having different centers; the radius of the western part being about 11.58 miles and that of the eastern about 12.81.

As Delaware had always occupied the Wedge, the Commission gave the Wedge absolutely to Delaware, while Pennsylvania received a narrow, curving horn-shaped strip of land north of the Wedge stretching along the circle for eleven miles and tapering to a point at the Kennett-Pennsbury Stump.

After adopting this line the Commission marked



LOCATION OF PENSBURY STUMP

it with 46 substantial stone monuments. Twenty-two were placed at intervals of a mile with the letters P and D on their respective sides and the date 1892. Twenty-two smaller stones were placed halfway between the milestones and were marked

simply  $\frac{1}{2}$ . You will find these on the course today. You will also find the initial monument at the west end of the curve and the terminal one at the east end near the Delaware River.

The work of the Commission was excellent but unfortunately it had exceeded its powers. It was authorized only to "re-establish" the old circular boundary, which it was unable to do. The Commission recognizing its inability to locate it, had run a new line at the western end, whereupon a land-owner by the name of Johnston who was thrown into Pennsylvania against his will, refused to pay a tax in Chester County and applied for an injunction. Judge Hemphill granted his prayer, but believing that a "fair and equitable exchange" had been made between Delaware and Pennsylvania, recommended that the defect be cured through the ratification by these States of the work of the Commission.

Pennsylvania ratified the work, by Act of June 22, 1897, Delaware by Act of March 28, 1921, and Congress by Act of June 30, 1921, and thus the new line became the legal boundary.

Notwithstanding such ratification some of the land-owners who were transferred to Pennsylvania without their consent, by the new line, continued to protest and called a public meeting at the village of Union, Delaware, close to the boundary line.

It was a spirited meeting. Strong language was used, threats of resistance were made and not a few





urged that an appeal be taken to the United States Supreme Court. J. Carroll Hayes Esq., who was present as a representative of the Chester County Historical Society, poured oil upon the troubled waters by suggesting that "all of us on each side of the line remember that our ancestors on both sides of the boundary were once in a single Province under the great broad-minded Penn. Let us therefore, in the broad spirit of Penn live side by side in mutual amity and respect."

The Wedge was not a large tract; it contained only eight hundred acres, but it was large enough to give a site to a village called Mechanicsville, which once sent to the Delaware Legislature a certain William Smith, by whose vote, it is said Delaware was prevented from freeing her slaves.

As a kind of No Man's Land, the Wedge also provided suitable and safe locations for prize fights with avenues of escape into three states, it produced a number of hard nuts for surveyors to crack and by reason of its unusual shape it invited investigation on the part of visitors to that section of country.

Fifty years ago many a schoolboy looked with incredulous eyes at his instructor when informed by him that it was possible to stand in one state, jump over Pennsylvania and land in another state without the use of seven league boots.

The Wedge was not noted for its fertility, but it did enjoy a reputation as a place where Indian



A FACE PICKED OUT

relics could be found. Of these the most unique specimen that I have ever seen was discovered by Harry Wilson, about half a mile from Mechanicsville, near an old Indian trail leading from New Castle to Andrew's Bridge. It was a face picked out in a lime stone about six by four inches in size. The appearance of the stone showed that it had once been used as a hammer.

Not a few antiquarians and historians in visiting Chester County inquire about the location of the Kennett-Pennsbury hickory tree which was such a notable mark in the old Circular Line. When Hodgkins made his report in 1893 on the line established by the Commission the tree had become a stump. "It was no doubt in existence" says he "at the time of William Penn. It is mentioned as a



1 HARRY WILSON, 2 SAMUEL BANE, 3 EVERETT HOLLINGSWORTH, 4 EDWARD PASSMORE, 5 J. CARROLL HAYES, 6 W. W. MACELREE

'small hickory' in a deed given in 1713, by George Harlan to his son James for two hundred acres of land a part of the Manor of Staning. The hickory is described 'in ye eastern line of ye said Manor'."

Today even the stump is gone. However, Edward Passmore, an old resident of Kennett Township, remembers the tree and in December, 1933, in the presence of J. Carroll Hayes Esq., Harry Wilson and a number of others, including the adjoining owners he pointed out the exact spot where it once stood. Its location was at the top of the south bank of the road running from Fairville westward, about 185 yards west of the 11th mile stone.



## WELSH BAPTISTS

*"How loved, how valued once, avails thee not,  
To whom related or by whom begot,  
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,  
'Tis all thou art and all the proud shall be."*

POPE—MISCELL.

LONDON BRITAIN is the land of the Evanses and Nivinses. When this township was sought to be organized in 1725 five members of the Evans clan signed the petition.

Genealogical studies have no special interest for me, but in view of the facts I have just mentioned it is fitting that I begin with some representative of the Evans family. Whom shall I select? John the first, John the second, or John the third?

John the first—sometimes called Colonel Evans—and his Manor, would be an interesting subject, but my choice falls on John the second, better known as John Evans, Jr., who died in 1738.

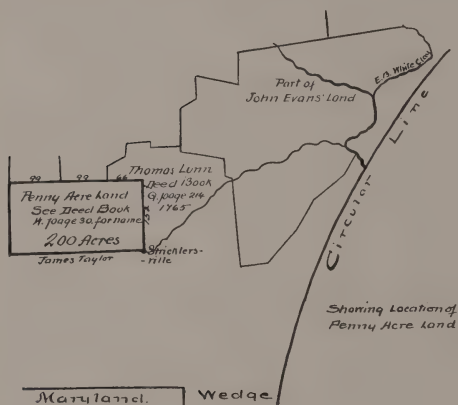
His inventory shows a variety of chattels—a watch, a clock, a riding horse, some rush-bottom chairs, three items of "trumpery," together with "1 negro ladd, 1 negro woman & two small children" valued at fifty-five dollars.

He also left 1500 acres of land in this locality. To his oldest son, John, he gave 500 acres, with the man-

sion house and grist mill; to George and Peter 600 acres, to be divided between them; to Evan 400 acres "with a fulling mill & houses, Tenters and Tenter-yards."

If John were living today and inspecting his plantation he would find many features of the scenery unchanged. Some of the great oaks are fallen, but one

along whose branches he watched the gray squirrels run is yet standing by the roadside, erect and stalwart as ever. The cattle still gather in the bend of the East Branch of White

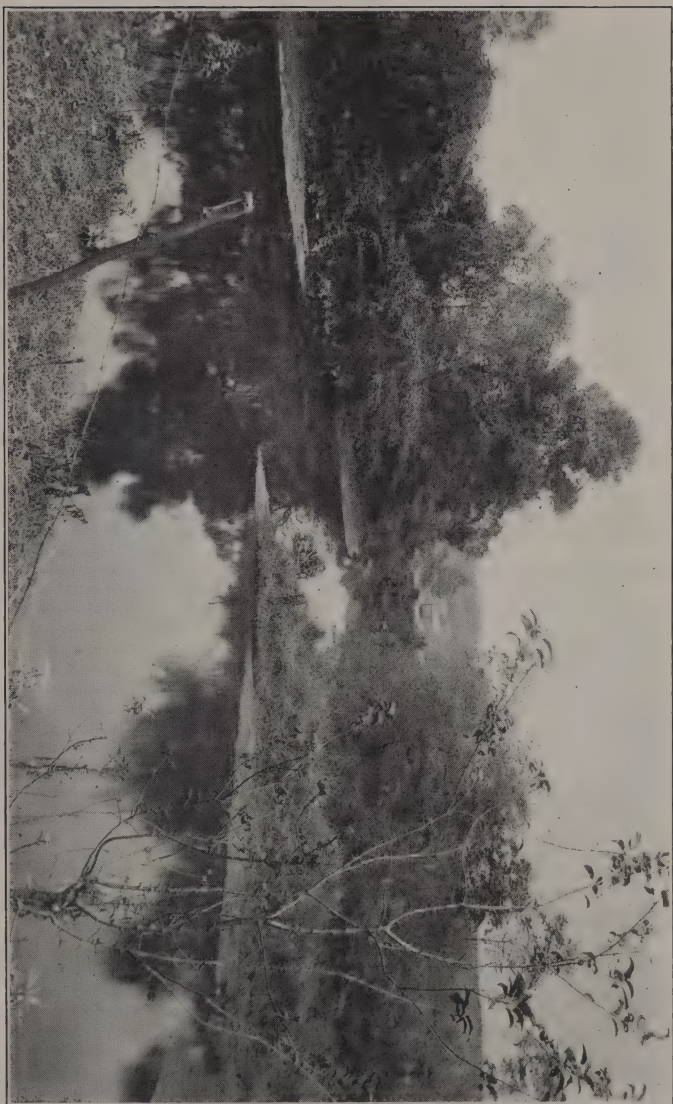


PENNY ACRE TRACT

the shade of the trees that line its banks and no buildings obstruct the view of the low-lying hills of Delaware.

A few changes he would discover, of course. To the west of his land at the bottom of the eastern line of the "Penny Acre Tract" he would see the village of Strickersville. If he looked closely enough he would find a railroad, and in the cemetery to the

CONFLUENCE OF THE EAST BRANCH AND THE MIDDLE BRANCH OF WHITE CLAY CREEK



rear of the little stone church he would bow in silence over additional graves.

Curiosity prompts me to stop at this "Penny Acre Tract" and make a few inquiries. My efforts are profitless, the surrounding hills echo my queries, no one replies. Those who could answer lie in the cemetery and to this I betake myself.

If I mistake not the Baptist church with which this cemetery is connected is one of the oldest in Chester County.

On the eighth day of September, 1701, the good ship James and Mary landed at Philadelphia, bringing with her sixteen Welsh Baptists from the Counties of Carnathen and Pembroke in Wales.

Shortly after landing they settled about Pennypack where they remained for eighteen months, after which they purchased land in New Castle County and gave it the name of "Welsh Tract."

In the Spring of 1703, they moved from Pennypack to this Welsh Tract and built a meeting-house. Some years afterwards a branch stretched out to London Britain. The time of such extension is uncertain. Futhey thought it was as early as 1729.

A few years later there was trouble about getting to either church or mill. The road papers for 1733 show a petition praying for a road to "goe along ye old way for it is our way to the Meeting and Mill and no other way to be had."





WELSH MEETING-HOUSE

"There is a way this sixteen years agoe, but as one says we shall Goe no more that way neither to the Meeting nor Mill for he has turned it already with a fence to a bad place and sayes further that he will cut down timber across the way, that he will leave no passage for us to pas nor repas."

The jury of view, moved with compassion, granted their request and the Court approved their report.

The present stone church is small and unpretentious. Two long benches are arranged on either side of the front door which is placed in the gable end. Just above the door is a stoop which breaks the line and forms a bit of ornamentation to an otherwise plain front.

Within the yard enclosed by walls of usual height are many slabs stained and darkened by rain and time.

Some of them can hardly be deciphered, but near the centre of the yard I find supported by bricks, the slab I seek, almost as clean and white as when it came from the stone-cutter's hands.

Its quaint lettering informs me:

"Here Lyeth the Body of JOHN EVANS Junior  
Who Departed this Life Aprile the 14th Inst  
Year 1738. Aged 38 years."

"A heap of dust," says Pope. "'Tis all thou art."  
Not so, my pessimistic poet, for this man's creed embodied in his "will" discloses a believer in Him, Who is the Resurrection and the Life.

A strolling lawyer cherishes the hope that he may one day meet some of these men whose faces he has never seen, but of whose history he knows enough to make their memory fragrant and lasting.

Of the numerous visitors to this graveyard a few are interested in the legend of the "ticking stone," others, in trying to find the resting places of some of the descendants of John Alden and Priscilla.

Before leaving this spot I look around to see if there are any remains of Minguannan Indian Town.

In 1731, Thomas Morris, of London Britain Township, bequeathed to Owen Thomas and Richard Whiting "ye sum of two pounds for the use of the meeting house that is in the Indian Town in London Britain."

This bequest definitely locates the Welsh Meeting House in an Indian Town. But in what Indian Town? Thomas Morris might have saved historians much trouble and research had he given us its name.

On October 18, 1924, the Pennsylvania Historical Commission and the Chester County Historical Society corroborated each other in declaring it to be Minguannan Indian Town of the Chief Machaloha or Owhala and his people of the Unami Group of the Lenni Lenape or Delawares who sold to William Penn the lands between Delaware River and Chesapeake Bay to the Falls of Susquehanna River October 16, 1683.

A huge boulder, brought from White Clay Creek and placed along the road in front of the churchyard, bears a bronze tablet proclaiming these facts.

At the time of its unveiling, the earth and sun were duly invoked by Chief Strong Wolf of the Ojibways, and as neither of the invoked bodies offered any objections or corrections the statement of facts on the tablet was regarded by the Commissioners and the Historical Society as properly attested.



[illegible]

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## STENNING MANOR

*"In Hilding's Manor broad and fair  
Two graceful plants were fostered there."*

TEGNER—FRITHEOF AND INGEBORG.

IN following the Circular Line there are several old manors that must be noticed. The application of "Stenning" to two of them has given rise to some confusion. It is well to remember that the eastern line of New Garden Township divided them.

The name is spelled in a variety of ways, such as Stanning, Stenning, Steyning, and Stening. It is undoubtedly misspelled in the patent where we find it Stansing.

Of the two Manors of Stenning, one masculine the other feminine, the feminine was the older and larger.

In 1701, Henry Hollingsworth made a survey of 30,000 acres, including all of the present Township of New Garden, the greater part of Kennett Township and several thousand acres in New Castle County. This survey was divided and the eastern part of 15,500 acres was confirmed to Letitia Penn by a patent dated October 23, 1701, by the name of the Manor of Stenning.

The remainder of the 30,000 acre tract, consisting of 14,500 acres was patented to William Penn, Jr.,

May 24, 1706, and also received the name of the Manor of Stenning.

These two manors were separated by the division line between Kennett and New Garden Townships. At an early date, the west line of New Garden extended southwardly to the Circular Line between Pennsylvania and Delaware. Later on, a portion was taken from this township and added to the Township of London Britain. Before this was done, New Garden embraced that part of William's Manor of Stenning which lay north of the Circular Line, containing about 8913 acres.

William's Manor began at a hickory tree on the west side of a branch of White Clay Creek, and extended 925 perches to Letitia's Manor. The East Branch of White Clay Creek ran along its western side and the West Branch of Red Clay Creek along its eastern side.

In 1715, William sold what remained of his manor (excepting 500 acres) to John Evans, in consequence of which the tract conveyed by him is sometimes called Colonel Evans' Manor.

"Lord of the Manor" it must be admitted is a sonorous appellation, and smacks of nobility, but in reality the grant of a manor conferred no title and related only to land.

In 1770, Kennett Township was divided and the eastern part of it, reaching to the West Branch of the

Brandywine, was formed into the Township of Pennsbury.

The draught returned to the Court at that time shows the settlements that had been made and the location of some of the public roads.

On the western edge of this draught the name of Joseph Musgrave appears. It was to this individual that William Dixon, of New Garden, in 1769, conveyed a lot of ground "near a place called Kennet Square" which is the first mention of Kennett Square that came under Futhey's notice.

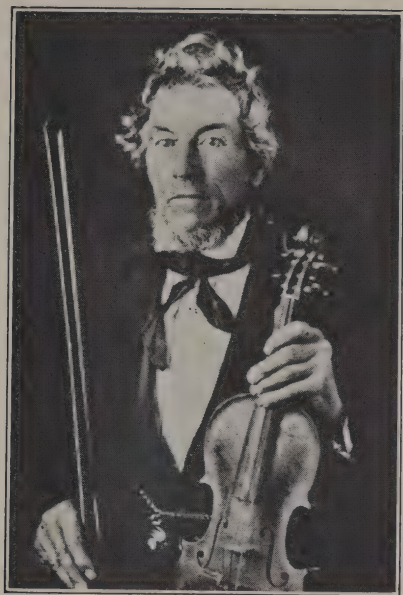
In 1768, I find the same grantor conveying to the same grantee, a lot located in the same township "in a place intended to be laid out for an Inland Town called \_\_\_\_\_ Town."

Apparently between these dates Kennett Square was born.

Upon examining this draught, my eye is caught by the name of Wily. I have in my possession a rare photograph of Bernard Wiley, one of the pioneers in the industries of Chester County. For many years this inventor of the Wiley Plow lived on the ancestral farm in Kennett Township, now owned by Willard Cloud. Wiley's home still stands much the same as ever, arresting the eye of many a traveler by its quaintness, the only cottage of its kind to be seen along the Circular Line.

Wiley's blacksmith shop, unfortunately, has been altered, yet some remnants of his tools may be seen,





BERNARD WILEY

among them an iron die with which he burned his name not only on the plows manufactured there but on many parts of the woodwork as well.

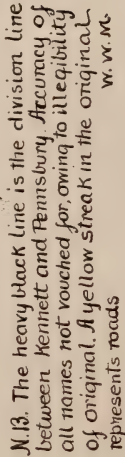
Mrs. Weldon B. Heyburn says that her father, a neighbor on an adjoining farm, spoke of Wiley often as a most interesting personality and quoted his opinions as truisms.

An examination of Wiley's photograph induces the belief that he preferred to be handed down to posterity as a musician rather than an inventor.

Had he buttoned up his coat and assumed a more solemn air with a slight mixture of devilry, his picture might have passed for that of Paganini. In looking at it one wonders what melody was in the soul of this plowman that sought expression in the music of the violin. Did he cultivate its study in the hope that such music would give him the mental acceleration which a great inventor needs? Did he wish pos-

terity to know that his thoughts were not all earthward or did he merely covet a reputation for dexterity with the bow? With these questions unanswered Wiley will be remembered for inventive genius rather than for aestheticism or artistry.

Feb'ry 1770"







## BAYARD TAYLOR

*"Gone as travellers haste to leave  
An inn, nor tarry until eve."*

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*"Lying dead among thy books  
The peace of God in all thy looks."*

LONGFELLOW—*Bayard Taylor.*

THE name of Bayard Taylor is indissolubly connected with Kennett Township. Under a large maple tree that helps to decorate its southern border I rest a while and vividly recall the pleasure I experienced when I first read his "Views Afoot". I turn over the pages today and find them as interesting as ever. What an agile pen—what beautiful etchings—what modesty and quaint humor on the part of the artist and above all, what a revelation at the time it was written to his numerous friends in Chester County of life beyond the sea. Upon his return, he was pointed out as "the man who has seen Europe".

"It was not simply a desire for a roving life which impelled me" says he "it was the wish to become better acquainted with other languages and other races; to behold the wonders of classic and medieval art; to look upon renowned landscapes and feel the magic of grand historical associations; in short, to educate myself more completely and variously than my

situation and circumstances enabled me to do at home."

To gratify his wishes and attain his purposes Taylor was willing to make any sacrifices that might be necessary. He travelled on foot to Washington, called on Mr. Calhoun then Secretary of State, procured his passports and walked home again.

Once embarked, the enthusiasm of youth converted a small place amid-ships on the "Oxford" into a state room while the tedium of the voyage was helped by a company of Iowa Indians under their celebrated chief—White Cloud.



LONGWOOD MEETING-HOUSE

Upon arriving in Europe he made diligent use of his time. From the summit of Ben Lomond he saw "the half of Scotland at a glance". A little later, throwing his knap-sack on a rock he made a sketch of Loch Katrine and found Scott's description of its scenery to be wonderfully exact.

On the banks of the Doon, he attended a Burns Festival which made a strong appeal to his poetical nature. When he had hurriedly viewed what Scotland had to offer, he hastened to England, entered the narrow channel of the Thames at night and "in the misty light of coming sunrise," saw standing near the bank of the river "grim and dark with many a bloody page of English history—the Tower of London".

In "the lung of London" he spent a few days, during which he made a hasty call on his friends the Iowas. "The old braves knew us at once" says he "particularly Blister Feet who used often to walk a line on deck with me at sea."

The entire week in London was passed in sight-seeing. "I have neither made a single acquaintance nor obtained the least insight into the social life of England—Tomorrow I shall dine in Belgium."

From Belgium he moved on to the Rhine and entered what was then and ever afterwards for him "the enchanted land." As he passes the Lorelei Rock celebrated alike for its water nymphs and its echo he relates with gusto the witty trick of the German

students: "They call out 'who is the burgomaster of Oberwesel?' a town just above. The echo answers with the last syllable 'Esel' which is the German for ass."

His experiences in Germany made him feel that Christmas is the most beautiful and interesting of all German festivals.

Spring finds him in Frankfort where as he walks on the broad quay along the Main, his eye is caught by a man whose face and air are in striking contrast to those about him. As he passes he hears him singing to himself. The notes vibrate with feeling. A friend grasps his arm quickly and whispers "Mendelssohn". The following day Taylor calls upon him and is graciously received.

Not long afterwards we see him climbing the Brocken in a storm of mingled rain and snow until he stands upon its summit and seeks its "Spectre".

From this mountain height we follow him with interest to the Inn of the Black Eagle where the chief dish for supper is "beer soup", "the like of which" says Taylor "I never wish to taste again."

In Dresden, he is overpowered with Raphael's heavenly picture of the Madonna and Child, particularly with "the inspired eye and Godlike brow of the Jesus child, there is something more than mortal in its expression. In the sweet face of the mother a sorrowful foreboding mingles with its



tenderness. It is a picture one can scarce look upon without tears."

At the first view of the Styrian Alps he is filled with rapturous excitement. "In the morning the glaciers on their summits glittered like stars, it was the first time I saw the sun reflected at a hundred miles' distance."

When he reaches Vienna, he walks a mile or so from the city to a little cemetery to find the grave of Beethoven and having found it plucks a few wild buttercups that hung over "the slab."

In Heidelberg, he is impressed with the library and interested in some of the women. "The library is more impressive than a cathedral" and "some of the women wear such a number of short skirts one above another" that they seem to him like "animated hogsheads with a head and shoulders starting out from the top."

In the beginning of his second winter in the old German city of Frankfurt he rejoices in the fact that the difficulties of the language are at last overcome and that the more familiar phrases of the hearty German tongue come to his lips as readily as the corresponding English ones. "I now read Haupt and Uhland and Schiller without difficulty."

When he arrives at Florence he is so charmed with the place and the beautiful Tuscan dialect that he determines to spend three or four months there and master the Italian language.

But he has not forgotten his own country. Watching the sun set over that city, in the Valley of the Arno he hears the merry voices of some American children who are playing on the grass. The sounds fall most gratefully upon his ear for "there is nothing so sweet as to hear one's native tongue in a foreign land from the lips of children."

"The cheapest city and one of the pleasantest in the world is Florence" says he "where we breakfasted for five cents, dined sumptuously on twelve and went to a good opera for ten." Here I leave him.

What did a pedestrian need in those days? Taylor tells us. A single suit of good dark clothes with a supply of linen—a slouch hat of finely woven felt—a good cane—a cape of oiled silk or India rubber—a portfolio capable of hard service with a guide book or two—a compass and a spy glass and "if there be a corner to spare let it be filled with a pocket edition of one or two of the good o'd English classics."

A little facility in sketching from nature he regards as a last article of equipment, as highly desirable and he recommends "a small bottle of the best cognac with which to *bathe the feet morning and evening* for the first week or two, or to use as an external stimulant when the body is unusually weary." "I never had occasion" says he "to apply it internally."

In wandering through this section of Chester County many persons gladly forget the Circular Line with its technical history and seek refreshment in

Taylor's Story of Kennett. I count myself fortunate to be among them.

Taylor tells us that in his day, Fiction preferred "to deal with abnormal characters and psychological problems more or less exceptional and morbid in the attempt to represent the elements of life." The "simple healthy pastoral" which he produced was, during its production, "a source of uninterrupted enjoyment" to him and its publication has given unmixed pleasure to thousands. At the outset, he makes no claim of picturing American life in its broader sense but declares that it is "locally true."

The scenery of Kennett Township has undergone little change since the story was written. Kennett Square is larger and some of the roads leading into the Borough have been much improved, but the farm houses have not been greatly altered and the cry of the hounds strikes the ear today as shrilly and as often as when Gilbert Potter galloped over these hills and won "the brush."

Some readers of the Story of Kennett are interested in the audacious actions of Sandy Flash, others in the witch-like character of Deborah Smith, while not a few find a singular attraction in young Potter and his mother. For myself I love to look at the noble face of Martha Deane. How pure! how sweet! how strong it is! and with what skill does our artist portray her artless and happy love. It penetrates



"SHOW ME HIS MONUMENT"



us and we breathe it as the fresh breath of the morning wind over the "minty meadows" of Kennett.

When I close Taylor's story and think of the unmixed pleasure it has given to so many plain persons to whom his translation of Faust is an unknown work, I feel like once again repairing to the quiet cemetery at Longwood and halting a while with bowed head beside a well known cylindrical stone on which the features of Chester County's beloved poet appear in bas relief.

"Show me his monument" said a friend of mine, "for I have come all the way from Altoona to drop this wreath of flowers upon his grave."



CLOCK TOWER AND CHIMES

## LONGWOOD GARDENS

*"Le figuier, l'olivier, le grenadier, et tous les autres arbres, couvraient la campagne, et en faisaient un grand jardin"*

FENELON—*Telemaque*

AFTER reading Fenelon's description of Calypso's Gardens one is not surprised that Telemaque lingered there for many a day. After visiting Longwood Gardens one wonders as little that multitudes who come here from all parts of the world leave almost as reluctantly, some of them touching a flower or sprig to assure themselves that what they have seen is a reality and not an illusion.

Upon entering these gardens, perhaps the most alluring object to the eye is a circular clock-tower, flanked by pine trees with a lake in front and a rocky eminence on the left. Visitors view it with much curiosity. Every fifteen minutes its chimes melodiously inform them of the purpose of the building and the flight of time. Those familiar with the tower eagerly await the chiming of two o'clock, for at that hour the fountains start and streams of water leap over the rocks and form a delightful cascade. So much does it savor of romance that youthful couples recently married or about to be married, enraptured with the scenery, make use of it as an enchanting background for their picture and show their taste in doing so, even though in after years, it should prove



NUMEROUS FOUNTAINS SENDING UP CONSTANT JETS



to be but a beautiful fragment of a shattered dream.

Turning my back on the tower and refreshing myself with a drink of water from an artesian well, I find myself glancing—no not glancing—but viewing with enamoured eyes a long stretch of greenest lawn with a row of trees on one side and a line of urns on the other. Intermingled with these urns are numerous fountains sending up constant jets which after breaking into spray fall back into a blue channel that gives its color to the water. An admirable contrivance for without such Mediterranean blue these Italian fountains would be lonely.

At the end of the vista two figures stand out from the wall in high relief. Meditating? Apparently, but a somewhat derisive smile is all that one of them gives me in answer to my numerous inquiries.

Engineers visit these gardens to examine the water system which delivers over a million gallons monthly; botanists to revel among the rare flowers and plants; gardeners to study the varied landscape; actors to scrutinize the open air theatre; artists to view the electric fountains and witness what has been called “the most spectacular night display on this continent if not in the entire world”.

No one is disappointed except in his inability to express the wonderment he feels. Americans are often accused—perhaps not improperly—with the indiscriminate use of the superlative. In these gardens its use is justified. How else could a forester express



IN THIS GARDEN ITS USE IS JUSTIFIED

his delight in these great copper beeches—these hemlocks more than a hundred years old—these magnolias, four feet in diameter—to say nothing of the large bald cypress trees which are said to have been brought from the Dismal Swamp of Virginia many years ago. What words can describe the beauty of the azalias at Easter time or the orchids in May. The fir tree no longer pines for the palm as in the days of Heine—both are here. The merchant who has never visited Cuba, California, South America or Southern Europe sees the fruits and nuts of these countries growing before his eyes. I discover myself constantly inquiring: "After all, is it real?" I feel as if I had been transported on some magic carpet to Bagdad in the days of Haroun al Raschid and were companioning with Aladdin.

The greenhouses invite me to enter and I accept their invitation.

What strange comments are heard in these houses from young and old as one moves from room to room.

A child looking at some nectarine trees shouts with glee: "Come, mother, come and see these peaches growing on a grape vine". One can pardon such an error however when one hears a full grown man remark to his companion as he chuckles over a supposed mistake of the gardener "They are trying to raise these bunches of bananas up side down".

As I enter the room that houses the Cacti, I find a Westerner—evidently a cowboy lovingly laying his



THE AVENUE OF FERNS



hand upon one of the specimens in front of him and stroking it as if it had no needles. His lips are moving but his voice is indistinct. I think he is saying: "You prickly old plant—We're together once again and I thought we were separated by two thousand miles." They are enjoying their companionship, so I step softly, leave them to themselves and pass on to the avenue of ferns.

In this avenue there are ferns above me and on either side "waving in their sweet wild way." How many varieties are here I neither know nor inquire but surrender myself unreservedly to their grace and charm. Some are so delicate that I dare not touch them, others are hardy, all are fresh, dustless and green. Despite their frequent baths and sanitary surroundings I doubt not that many of them would willingly exchange places with their country cousins who, glistening with dew, stood this morning close to the roadside unprotected save by the trees and rocks that cast their shadows over them or who modestly hid themselves in some green valley of the wildwood.

However these cultured ferns show not a sign of pining but make this house a cheerful avenue of varied green. Every visitor is affected by it. In the voices of the coarsest persons who pass along it I detect some note of tenderness. Every garden—as has been often said—has a double significance—the material and practical and the spiritual and symbolical.



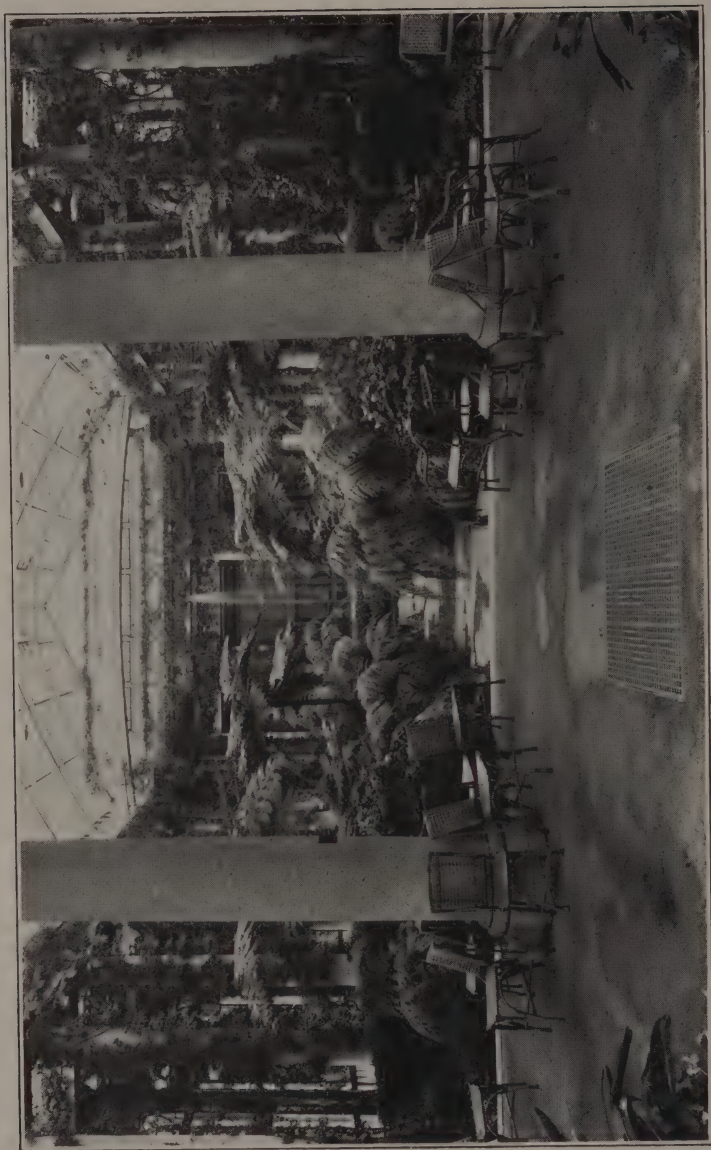
ITS OPEN THEATRE OF GLANCING GREEN

Surrounded by these ferns even a lawyer's imagination may be stirred to an unwonted degree. Like strains of long forgotten music there come to my ears the words of Mary Branch:

*"In a valley centuries ago  
Grew a little fern leaf green and slender  
Veining delicate and fibres tender  
Waving when the wind crept down so low  
Rushes tall and moss and grass grew round it  
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it  
Drops of dew stole down by night and crowned it  
But no foot of man e'er came that way  
Earth was young and keeping holiday".*

Not far from the fernery is the orchid-house. In May of each year these bewitching flowers make their appearance in the large display hall to the great delight of their numerous admirers. Orchids may be seen here fit to grace the person of an empress and yet if I remember aright when Josephine with her rare taste sought to evoke the highest praise from Napoleon, the white dress in which she appeared was not adorned with orchids but was garnished with exquisite fern leaves.

One of the main features of Longwood Gardens is its open Theatre of glancing green. To many persons this theatre is best known for the presentation on several occasions by local actors of Bayard Taylor's *Story of Kennett*. If the acting was not remarkable, the setting at least was fitting—so peculiarly fitting that it would have satisfied the critical taste of Mansfield or Irving.



THE PALM ROOM



Those who came to see the dramatization of Taylor's story were pleased with the red coated hunters of Kennett and their hounds: with the demure Quaker maidens in their Colonial bonnets; with sinister poachers and worthy yeomen. Others who cared little about the glorification of Sandy Flash and had journeyed hither to behold the iridescent watery curtain of which they had heard so much were delighted beyond measure. Both classes carried something away.

In examining what has been done at Longwood Gardens few persons follow any chronological order of construction. If they did, they would first view the Water Garden which I am informed was laid out by Mr. duPont upon his return from a trip to Europe in 1925. He took the plan from the Villa Gamberaia in Italy, introduced a number of beautiful fountains and substituted a boxwood hedge for one of clipped cypress.

All who have stood on the observation platform of the Longwood Gardens, which replaces the villa of the original garden near Florence, will agree with me that we owe a debt of gratitude alike to the designer and the transferer.

When I enter the Flower Garden and stroll along its broad walks, or mount its winding steps, or stop to watch its splashing fountains, I realize as nowhere else my conception of the Medicean Gardens of Florence in the days of Michael Angelo Buonarotti.

"Angelo" shouts a visitor beside me to an Italian on the other side of a boxwood hedge and as his youthful friend presents himself the picture is complete. These are the surroundings and this is the atmosphere in which to contemplate the scenes in the early life of Italy's greatest artist and sculptor.

When I look at this wealth of color about me I lay down my pen. I cannot describe it. My ink is black and was intended for deeds and mortgages and leases. For scenes like these my pen should be dipped in flaming reds, in lustrous greens, in gor-

geous yellows, in sapphire blues, in Tyrian purples.

Some elderly visitors find their chiefest pleasure in the great orangery or palm room of the Conservatory. It has a fascination for all. One fancies himself in far off Arabia, another recalls



some incident in Israelitish history while a third sees not the palms in front of him but watches the flowery vines that twist and curl around the lofty pillars from base to top in loving decoration. Within these walls the seasons are forgotten and December is as welcome as May. Here, thousands have listened to the music of the Marine Band under the leadership of the incomparable Sousa and thousands more to the great organ with its multifarious tones, skillfully operated by distinguished performers.

On a corner of the palm room hangs a tablet presented by his fellow citizens in appreciation of Mr. duPont's generous and unselfish service to the people of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Many a



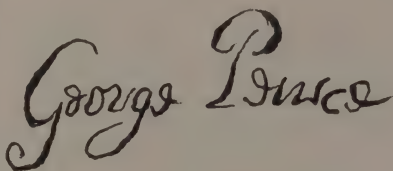
visitor who reads it would like to register his individual appreciation of the pleasure afforded him in visiting his grounds. Perhaps such registration is unnecessary; it shows in their faces, for Longwood Garden is an oasis in many a life—a place where one can “rest beside the weary road” and watch the flowers bloom.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Pierre S. duPont stands at the end of a long avenue of trees. For many years a part of it was the mansion house of the Peirce family and in connection with the property about it, it was known as Peirce’s Park.

The genealogists of the Peirce family insist that Peirce or Pierce as the name is more commonly spelled at present, is undoubtedly derived from the French name Pierre or Piers. Whatever may be the truth about this genealogical question I doubt if George Peirce who settled here about 1701, ever asked himself if he was related to Piers Gaveston, favorite of Edward the Second of England, or to John Piers, Archbishop of York in the reign of Elizabeth.

Whether he was or was not related to these dignitaries he showed his good sense by obtaining a patent for a tract of

land in Marlborough Township, Chester County. He gave it the attractive name of Evergreen







THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. PIERRE S. DUPONT

Glade and conveyed it to his son Joshua in 1725, who in 1752, devised it to his son Caleb. Samuel and Joshua sons of Caleb, about 1800, began to adorn their premises by tasteful culture and planting until they produced an arboretum of considerable importance. Harshberger says that many of the trees planted by these brothers were still standing when he visited the place in 1896. Indeed, for its collection of trees and shrubs, Longwood—before its acquirement by Mr. duPont—ranked nearly if not quite first in the United States. Those who are most familiar with the facts say that it was purchased by its present owner because of its wonderful trees. Since its purchase many varieties have been added.

In 1730, the permanent home of the Peirce family was built here with bricks said to have been brought from England. How well it was built may be judged by the fact that the original hand-hewn roof timbers and floor joists have withstood the elements for two hundred years of constant use.

The old Peirce house forms the southern front of the duPont home. Its western entrance is by an avenue of trees while its privacy is insured by the shrubbery in front of it. The land slopes toward the open theatre and the lake.

“Where are the two great white pines that were planted here more than a hundred years ago?” I do not know, I am looking neither for pines nor English yews but for the old willows beneath whose branches



THE OLD WILLOWS



I stood fifty years ago listening to the click of croquet balls and the merry laughter of players on a court not far away. Golf has supplanted croquet today but nothing can ever supplant my affection for these old gray willows. How closely they resemble those described by Lytton in his *Strange Story*, "Emerald waterfalls" did they seem to him "showering down their arching abundant green, bough after bough, from the tree tops to the sward, descending in wavy verdure, bright toward the summit in the smile of the setting sun, and darkening into shadow as they neared the earth."

Behind me is the lower garden with its fountains. What an ideal spot for reading Fouquet's tale of *Undine*. With what utter abandonment would that mischievous water sprite have danced and carolled about these lakes and fountains. How gleefully at the stroke of two would she have hastened to welcome the water rushing down the steps to meet her. With what delight—but my reverie is broken for the bell of the Clock-Tower is announcing the hour of departure. Closing my book I take the path through the wood to the public road, and Longwood Gardens which I have possessed for an afternoon, become but a memory—a memory, however, that will last as long as life.





AN IDEAL SPOT FOR READING FOUQUET'S TALE OF UNDIINE

## FROM THE GREAT BEND TO CHAD'S FORD

*"Upon this rock I love to soar,  
In fancy, back to days of yore;  
When thro' these wild romantic woods  
And o'er the Brandywine's bright floods,  
The Indian hunter's loud halloo  
Rung out and glided his canoe."*

LOFLAND—*The Banks of the Brandywine.*

**B**EFORE leaving Pennsylvania, the Brandywine like the Octorara makes a long and graceful bend. West of the rocky promontory called Point Lookout, the stream flows nearly south and touches the boundary of Delaware, then, retreating to Pennsylvania it curves back to the northeast, sweeps around the promontory and trends to the south again crossing the boundary near Smith's Bridge.

An extensive view of this bend may be had from Point Lookout, a more limited one from the track of the Reading Railroad Company. Each has something to offer that the other lacks. More than once I have walked down the track toward the close of day and by turning sharply to the right around a bluff, I have exchanged the splendor of a sinking sun for the silvery radiance of a rising moon. Do you tell me that you have visited this spot and have never seen these changing lights in so short a time and so brief a space. I can only answer you with Turner's question: "Don't you wish you could?"

Perhaps you care nothing for Pisgahs and sunsets. If so, you may find something of interest in the stone marker by the road side east of the curve.

This marker is very informative. It tells the reader that QUEONEMYSING INDIAN TOWN was located on the other side of Brandywine Creek in the Great Bend; that Rattlesnake Trail led thence over Point Lookout to the rocks on Christiana Creek in Wilmington.

It also informs him that S E C E - TARIUS and his people of the Unami group—the Tortoise—of the Lenni-Lenape or Delaware, sold to

WILLIAM PENN, the land between Chester Creek and Christiana Creek, December 19, 1683.

The Indians of Queonemysing had a warm friend in George Harlan who owned 470 acres on the western side of the Brandywine opposite their town. When a warrant for 200 acres in the Great Bend

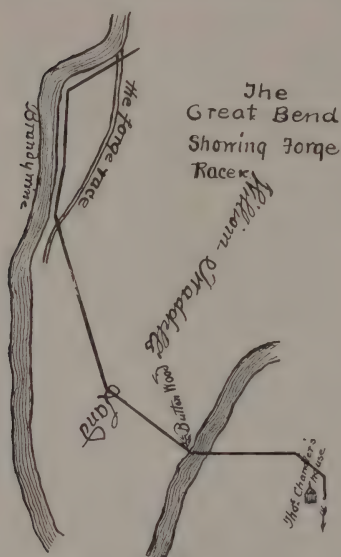


THIS MARKER IS VERY INFORMATIVE

was granted to him, in 1701, it recited "the great trouble he has bore in fencing and maintaining the same for the said Indians while living thereon."

In 1779, William Twaddell acquired this land—which had been patented to Samuel Hollingsworth

in 1709, and started to improve it. The course of the race which he dug may be readily followed today. It begins near Pyle's Ford and parallels the Brandywine for half a mile; then it turns to the left and ends near a point where the stream trends northeasterly. Here are some old foundation walls and the wheel-pit of an old mill. Nearby are the ruins of another building with a



Road Book, 15, pages 34, 101.

huge vine running over its dilapidated wall. What was this building? No one as yet has answered my question. On a cold November day, when last I visited the spot I found a few blue violets garnishing the slag and stone that were strewn about the ruins.

Twaddell had a saw-mill in this bend, and also a forge. In 1785, a road draught calls the race I have just described "the forge race."





THE RUINS OF ANOTHER BUILDING

natural appearance. I borrowed it and placed it about the spot where it was shot that my readers might know something about the size and habitat of this animal. From the point of its nose to the tip of its tail it measures four feet and one inch.

But to return to

During the last hundred years otters have rarely been seen along the Brandywine or its tributaries. In 1869, however, Charles R. Davis, a veteran of the Civil War, saw two and shot one near the head of Twaddell's race. The taxidermist, who took charge of it, did his work so well that even today it presents quite a



IT MEASURES FOUR FEET ONE INCH

the Twaddell property. In 1786, Twaddell was assessed with a forge in Birmingham Township valued at \$450.00, two hundred acres of land at \$1250.00, a saw-mill at \$50.00, two slaves at \$100.00 and sundry other articles. In 1774, he had a forge at Ashton, but that is another story. The location of his forge in Birmingham must have been south of his house. A public road, known as Twaddell's Road, was laid out in 1785, connecting a road already laid out which ended at a poplar on the bank of the Brandywine. While here, another question presents itself. Was the owner of this land the William Twaddle who received forty pounds for one of his slaves convicted of burglary in 1785, and hanged shortly thereafter. A comparison of signatures, coupled with the fact that he had slaves inclines me to answer this question affirmatively. Let us look at the papers.

"I certify that at a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Gaol Delivery held at Philadelphia for the City and County of Philadelphia the third day of January last before the Honorable Thomas McKean, Esquire Doctor of Law's Chief Justice and the Honble. George Bryan Esquire, fourth Justice of the said Court John Freeman late of the city and county of Philadelphia Labourer otherwise called Samuel Murick a Negro man was indicted tried convicted and sentenced to be hanged for Burglary and that he was valued by the Jury who found him guilty

of Burglary as aforesaid to the sum of forty pounds. Witness my hand this 24th Feb. 1783, Edw. Burd. Pennsylvania.

For as much as the within named Samuel Murick the Negro slave of William Twaddle had been executed in pursuance of his sentence, you are hereby authorized and required to pay or cause to be paid to the said William Twaddle on order the sum of forty pounds agreeable to the directions of the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided. Given under our hands in Philadelphia the 25 day of February 1783.

To David Rittenhouse Esquire                      ) Tho McKean  
Treasurer of the State of Pennsylvania) Geo. Bryan  
Received Feby 27, 1783 from Persifor Frazer the  
sum of Forty pounds in full of the above.

W Twaddell.

From Corner's Ford almost to Smith's Bridge, a mile or so below, the land on the eastern side of the Brandywine is rude and abounds with fallen trees in every stage of decay. Midway, huge mases of rock rise high above the stream and threaten to fall upon all intruders who attempt to pass them, but to the few wild animals that remain they offer their fissures and cavities for shelter and refuge. On some of the stony platforms a close inspection will reveal stains of blood. Here, a predatory fox has dragged his victim; there, a ravenous mink or weasel has slacked his murderous thirst. All around is silence. How

hard it must have been for the Indians to leave this spot with its dark stream, its frowning rocks, its great beeches mounting guard behind them presenting their tough trunks to time and tempests. Nowhere in its entire course is the Brandywine much wider than here, nowhere does it move more majestically.

At one point in front of me, a rock rising near the water's edge shoots out into the stream. Lofland in his musings may have this spot in mind when he exclaimed

*"Perhaps upon this rock, at night,  
The Indian lover, by moonlight,  
Once wooed his dusky paramour.  
But ah! where are they now!"*

Canoe and wigwam are no longer seen and the council-fire has long gone out; only the name of the town, a half mile above, remains. Were it not for the marker by the roadside, the name itself would be unknown to almost every passer-by.

When you are through with looking at Nature in its wildness, go down the stream a little farther and you will see Art sitting on the summit of a lofty hill on the other side demanding your admiration, and more than that, receiving it. What a location! What a building! Were the Brandywine the Rhine, this building might be taken for some old baronial castle, some medieval fortress, commanding the en-





THIS NEW BRIDGE TAKES THE PLACE OF THE OLD COVERED TWIN BRIDGES

tire countryside. It is neither, it is the home of Ireneé duPont.

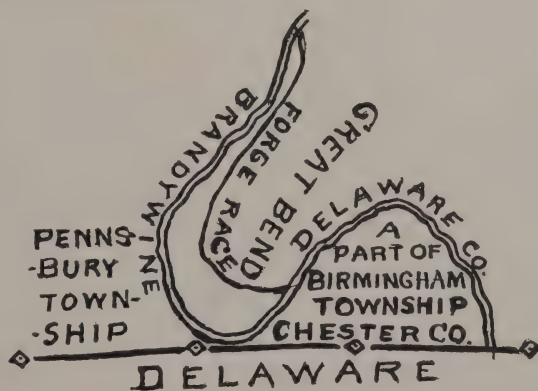


But we have crossed the Circular Line and I had intended to go northward. Two miles in that direction bring us to an inter-county bridge crossing the Brandywine and the Reading Railroad. This new bridge takes the place of the old covered Twin Bridges whose appearance for many years indicated lack of care, particularly by the Chester County authorities.

It may be heresy to say so, but somehow the old Twin Bridges were dearer to me than this new cement one ever can be. They looked like aged friends exchanging salutations across the water. Both wore homespun and the clothes of one were much worn and patched. What did it matter? They were always ready to help each other in time of flood.

Some persons who share Stevenson's fondness for maps and for voyaging through atlases, wonder as they course along the last curve on the Brandywine above the Circular Line, why the large tract of meadow land that lies to their right should claim to belong to Birmingham Township, Chester County. This query is answered in the larger histories, but is generally put in fine print where for the most part interesting matter is to be found.

When the Act of September 26, 1789, authorized a division of Chester County, it directed that the line should begin "in the middle of Brandywine Creek where the same crosses the circular line of Newcastle County and thence up the middle of the same to a line \* \* \* at or near the ford commonly known or called by the name of Chad's Ford." Following this direction a fraction of territory was severed from the rest of the County of Chester but retained its old name of Birmingham.



## CHAD'S FORD

*"Tells of a few stout hearts that fought and died  
Where duty placed them at their country's side."*

COWPER—*Table Talk.*

**S**HALL we write the name Chad, Chadd, Chads, or Chadds? We might add two more—Chadsey and Chadsi—for Francis used both of these forms after coming to this country, but eventually dropped them and signed his last will—which is missing—"Chads." His son John, ferry owner and tavern keeper, rarely used any other form although his papers were often otherwise endorsed. But as Ashmead and many early writers have written "Chad's" to designate the ford at this place, I am content to follow them—especially when I find them supported by an Act of Assembly.

Geographically, Chad's Ford is little more than a cross-roads on the highway to Baltimore; historically, it elicits the attention of travellers, because it was here that a part of the Battle of Brandywine was fought. I purpose to tarry at this hamlet but a short time, for so much has been written by others about the battles and so many views have been presented by me in my Western Brandywine that I can add little of interest.

Would you like to examine John Chad's old



WOULD YOU SEE WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS?



ANDREW N. WETH

house? Walk northward on the Brandywine road for five hundred yards and you will find it on a slight elevation to the right. Do you care to look at the site of Chad's Ferry? Station yourself on the new cement bridge and mark a point twenty feet north of Brinton's run. Would you stand on the hill where Proctor planted his artillery? Go back of Chad's house, take a few steps and you will be upon it. Would you see Washington's Headquarters? Do not search for them—they are in ruins. A few blackened walls are standing—the only remains of a disastrous fire that occurred on the evening of September 16, 1931.

Few persons lamented the destruction of the old Headquarters more than Christian Sanderson. Prior to 1922, he and his mother had occupied the premises for more than fifteen years. Possibly no one in Chester County has taken a greater interest in the Battlefield of Brandywine than he. From Kennett Square to Northbrook, from Chad's Ford to Birmingham Meeting-house he has stood on every hill, wandered through every valley, surveyed every prospect. No woods has been unexplored by him, no stream but has seen at some time his shadow in its waters. In truth, he knows by actual contact "each lane and every green dingle or bushy dell" of Birmingham and Pennsbury.

During these years, he has collected a mass of material connected with the battlefield, both interesting

and rare. Old muskets, Hessian sabers, ammunition of small size and large, together with maps of various dates and makes, are all to be found in his possession.

If you would know the positions occupied by the British and American divisions, Sanderson with his ready pencil will put them where they belong and tell you what they did. He ought to know this battlefield, for he has piloted more parties over it than all other local historians combined and he loves every foot of the ground within its borders.

The story of the battle at the ford and the battle at the meeting-house has been told by him in many of the public schools of Chester County in addition to those where he happened to be the teacher. In coming years, his pupils may forget Hastings and Waterloo, but Brandywine—never.

Up to 1916, the main road leading to Chad's Ford was dusty in Summer and muddy in Winter. In that year, a concrete road was built and travel increased greatly.

A sign on the front fence of the Headquarters bore the words "VISITORS WELCOME." "In the sixteen years that we lived there beginning in 1906 and ending in 1922," says Sanderson, "many persons took us at our word. During the last two years, our Registers show 20,000 names. Visitors came from every State in the Union. Outside of Pennsylvania, Ohio furnished the largest number. Children from

the West seemed very happy to enter a house where Washington had tarried and were much interested in a Headquarters over which the American Flag had first waved.

"Perhaps the most unique visitor was a Miss Mason, from Nome, Alaska, who stopped a little while with her dog team and sled, on the way to Washington.

"Our visitors, however, were not all inhabitants of the United States. There were some from Europe, others from South America, and a few from such distant lands as China, Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

"At various times during the period of the World's War, we could see from the front porch of the old house the flash of the guns that were being tested near Point Lookout—three miles below. It was the atmosphere of 1777.

"On the first floor of the Head-quarters there were two rooms—a living room and a kitchen.

"One day—long after the Armistice—when our living room was thronged with strangers, I noticed a young man whose appearance attracted me and I learned from him that he was a soldier of the Black Watch. A few minutes later, when our conversation was ended, he passed from the living room to the kitchen.

"Shortly afterwards, others entered the front door one of whom made some remark that induced me to





ask him 'Were you too a member of the Black Watch? If you were, there's a man in the kitchen who served in that regiment.' 'Where! where!' he exclaimed excitedly, 'lead me to him at once'. I pointed him out and as I did so he faced about. For a moment both were transfixed with amazement. 'Buddy'! cried one of them, then, both stepped forward and fell into each others arms.

"What was their story? In one of the battles in France, both had been badly wounded and each thought the other was dead."

The main feature of the old Head-quarters was its mammoth fire-place. "Many a time," says Sanderson, "I have corrected examination papers in one corner, while the fire was blazing in the other. Fox hunters used to warm themselves by its crackling logs before starting out with their dogs for Dungeon Bottom; artists and illustrators inspected its hob and culinary implements with much curiosity, while others were more interested in sampling its products. The Governor of Indiana neglected an appointment in Philadelphia in order to regale himself with some corn fritters that were frying on its embers and 'Billy Sunday' on one occasion with sleeves rolled up prepared a meal for himself unconsciously singing as he did so, 'Brighten the corner where you are'."

What a story this old fire-place could tell. Many a time have I looked at the flickering shadows cast on floor and walls and ceiling and fancied I could trace

some outlines of the officers who gathered here at a Council of War the night before the battle. What a distinguished group that was—the liberty-loving Pulaski, the gallant Lafayette, the inflexible Muhlenberg, the loyal Wayne ready to storm the gates of Hell if Washington gave the orders and the military genius of the Revolutionary War—Nathaniel Greene.

It is a matter of great regret, that this Battlefield of Brandywine was not converted into a National Park when the land could have been obtained at a small price. True we were beaten here despite the heroic efforts of our untrained soldiery, but we were beaten by superior forces, superior equipment, superior discipline. It was not an inglorious battle. We were not disgraced, for even the British, surprised at the resistance they had encountered, were sufficiently magnanimous to admit, 'These rebels can fight'."

Besides the Battle-field there is much to be seen and reviewed before leaving this neighborhood. Poetry and Painting have combined with Patriotism to make several spots in the country about Chad's Ford very memorable.

In yonder farmhouse on the hillside almost surrounded by pines, Sidney Lanier passed many a happy day. When the weather was fine, he delighted to walk among the clovered fields of Birmingham or to lie down and dream on the green banks of the

stream he loved. The echoes of his flute-like voice are lingering yet.

*"Speak to your lover meadows! none can hear.  
I lie, as lies yon placid Brandywine,  
Holding the hills and heavens in my heart,  
For contemplation."*

Like the ideal artist whom he sketched, Lanier had reached "the stage of quiet and eternal frenzy, in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty mean one thing, burn as one fire, shine as one light."

South of the Baltimore Pike, almost opposite Washington's headquarters in the second story of a building known as Turner's Mill, Howard Pyle, about twenty years ago had a studio where he taught his students the artistic principles of pictorial art. How greatly he inspired them to carry on his ideals may be seen by examining the works of Dunn, Arthurs, Schoonover, Aylward and Wyeth.

For originality of conception and ability to express his conception in color, Wyeth stands preeminent. In



TURNER'S MILL



mural painting, his masterpiece will be found on the wall of the Wilmington Savings Fund Society, where hundreds view it daily. The artist calls it, *The Apotheosis of the Family*. To me, it is a glorification of labor, in which the family is the dominating group. The painting is symbolic, idyllic, didactic.

As an illustrator of books, Wyeth has endeared himself to many readers. Who that has read *Treasure Island* can ever forget his illustration of old Pew, "tapping up and down the road in a frenzy and groping and calling for his comrades." No reader can suggest a change in dress or form or action that would more vividly portray this blind, revengeful, formidable beggar. The picture is complete and perfect.

On the east side of the Creek Road, half a mile below Chad's Ford you will find Wyeth's house nestling among the trees. A stake-and-rider fence in front of it adds to its country charm and connects it with the past.

Amid these surroundings his works are conceived and in a studio, not far off, they are wrought into form and invested with color.

It is hard to leave Chad's Ford, but the little township of Thornbury is beckoning us to come and insists that she has something to offer that is well worth while. Before accepting her invitation, however, while one is on the road to Dilworthtown one must stop and visit the old home of Dr. William



WYETH'S HOUSE

Darlington. It is gratifying to note that the present occupant, Anthony Waterer, has greatly improved the premises which were fast passing into decay. Such improvement is a fitting tribute to the memory of the author of *Flora Cestrica*. On her roll of scientific writers, Chester County has no greater name than that of Darlington. With a partial realization of what he was and did, we unite in the hope inscribed upon his memorial stone in Oaklands Cemetery "*Plantae Cestrienses, quas dilexit atque illustravit super tumulum ejus semper floreant.*"



## THORNBURY

*"Hamlet—Methinks it is like a weasel.*

*Polonius—It is backed like a weasel.*

*Hamlet—Or like a whale?*

*Polonius—Very like a whale."*

SHAKESPEARE—*Hamlet.*

THORNBURY TOWNSHIP, like Hamlet's cloud takes on many forms. To me it looks like a saw with irregular teeth. It also has the appearance of a key. What caused this irregularity in its southern line? The explanation is found in the Act of Assembly of September 26, 1789, for dividing the county of Chester, which provided that the line should be run "so as not to split or divide plantations."

Tradition says that the commissioners acceded to the wishes of the land owners along the line as to which county they desired their plantation to be in, and ran the line accordingly.

"An inspection of the line," declare Futhey and Cope, "shows that this was very probably the case, and that the commissioners while obeying that part of their instructions which directed them to run the line so as not to split or divide plantations seem to have lost sight of another provision that it should run as nearly straight as may be."

On November 30, 1789, the inhabitants and free-



holders of the Township of Thornbury, Delaware County, prayed the Legislature to be re-annexed to the County of Chester, but that body refused to consider the proposition.

Of the settlers in Thornbury Township, George Pierce, of the parish of Winscom, County of Somerset, England, was one of the earliest and wealthiest. As the place of his wife's nativity was Thornbury, Gloucestershire, England, Dr. Smith thinks that we can readily account for the name of the township and at the same time appreciate the tender affection that prompted this pioneer settler in its selection, in preference to the name of his own native town.

In following the crooked boundary line of Thornbury Township one should stop at four places at least—The Childrens Home of St. Vincent de Paul, The Colored Teachers College, The Wayside Church near Cheyney Station and the Graveyard to the right of the road leading from that station to the Street Road.

Before inspecting any of these interesting spots, however, affection prompts me to halt at a house that for many years was the home of my friend Harris L. Sproat, Esq., twice District Attorney of Chester County.

It is a singular fact that the smallest township in the county should have produced the largest member of the Bar—large of body and large of heart. I salute the Secretary of the Order of Cincinnati, a

worthy descendant of Major William Sproat who figured in the Revolutionary War.

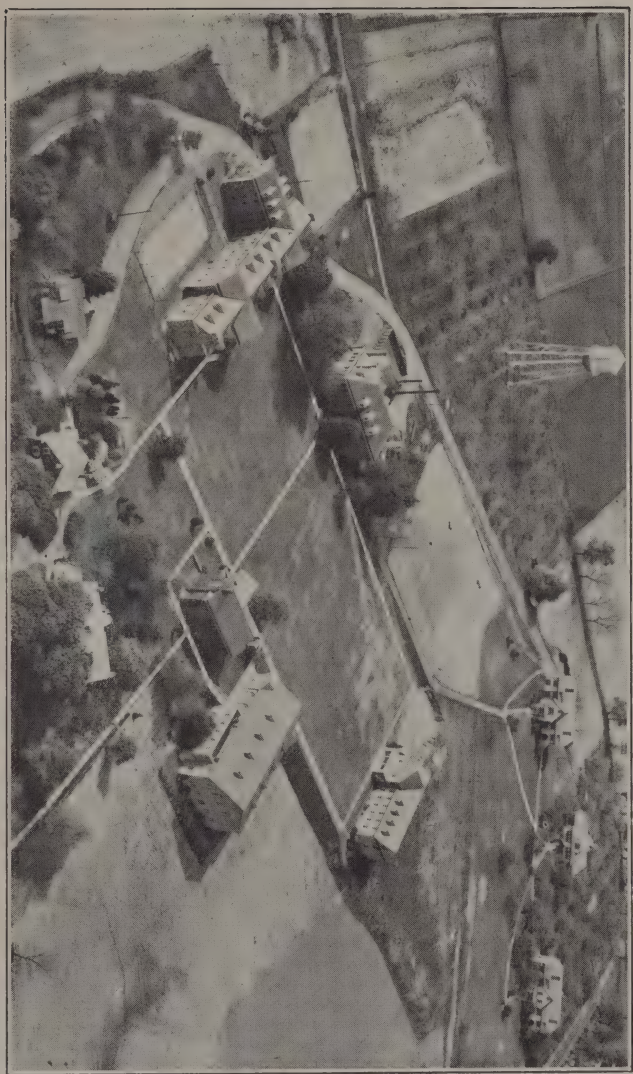
Less than half a mile south of Westtown Station on a gentle slope is a long brick building known as the Society St. Vincent de Paul Home for Children. Many a passenger on the Philadelphia and West Chester Railroad has inquired with no little curiosity: "What is the purpose of yonder building?" "A very worthy one," I answer.

"To shelter and entertain some of the poor children of the big cities who are brought hither to be introduced to God's great out-doors. Religion is illustrating here the Apostle's well known declaration: 'Now abideth faith, hope and charity, but the greatest of these is charity'."

What a wonderful transition it is and how strange it must seem to them—from tall chimneys to tall trees, from smoke and dust and noisome smells, to blue skies, green fields and the laughing waters of Chester County.

If it be true—as some have thought—that the good who have passed to the life beyond are permitted to look down upon mortal scenes, what joy must be St. Vincent de Paul's in viewing so many bands of happy children disporting themselves, during the hot days of Summer in the flowery fields of Thornbury.

Are you interested in educational matters? If so, you will naturally stop to inspect the Cheyney Train-



THE CHEYNEY TRAINING SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS

ing School for Teachers—a State Teachers College—located in Delaware County on the north side of the public road leading to Cheyney. This College is a worthy institution with an interesting history.

In 1832, Richard Humphreys, a Philadelphia Friend bequeathed the sum of £10,000 for the founding of a school which was first known as the Institute for Colored Youth of Philadelphia. It functioned in Philadelphia for almost three quarters of a century and then it was transplanted in Cheyney.

In 1920, it began the new school year as a standardized Normal School. A year later, the whole property was taken over by the State of Pennsylvania and today it is offering three unified four-year curricula—one in Elementary Education, another in Home Economics and a third in Industrial Arts.

Around the College campus are several beautiful gray stone buildings attractive enough to halt anyone whether interested in education or not. When I entered the grounds a game of hockey was in progress. The girls participating in it were healthy, vigorous and courteous, and so well did they play that they evoked the remark of an observer: "If their minds are as agile as their bodies they must be nimble wits indeed."

Since the erection of Pennsylvania Hall with its new gymnasium, the College is able to do thorough work in health education which in turn contributes



in a great degree to the cheerfulness that pervades the entire place.

The other halls—Emlen, Bailey, Humphreys and Burleigh, are all impressive buildings of which any institution might be proud. After examining these halls a visitor finds himself drawn to the Carnegie Library which contains more than ten thousand volumes. The main room of this library is the treasure house of the College. In it will be found oil paintings of Booker Washington and Paul Lawrence Dunbar, a bronze bust of John Milholland and Tanner's magnificent "Christ and Nicodemus." What a remarkable representation it is and how appropriate. One can almost feel the presence of the Master—almost hear the salutation of the Jewish Ruler; "We know that thou art a teacher come from God."

Dr. Leslie Pickney Hill, President of the College is a rare combination of capacity and tact; highly esteemed by all who are associated with him in the cause of education and greatly beloved by the students of the College.

About a stone's throw from what was formerly Cheyney's Station is a little structure which bears the name of Wayside Church.

More than fifty years have passed since the Honorable John N. Broomall stopped in front of this church to formulate his comments.

"It was erected," said he, "by members of various religious sects, aided by many attached to no de-

nomination. It is open to all professors of religion, the services being varied to suit the views of the particular officiating individual who may be someone invited by the congregation or other person, who may feel it his duty for the time to occupy the pulpit. In the absence of such person, services much resembling the Episcopal are read by one of the members designated for the occasion."

What measure of success has resulted from the movement here to induce the various religious denominations to co-operate with one another in benevolent and humanitarian enterprises I do not know; at the present time the services are conducted according to the ritual and practice of the Episcopal Church.

If you leave this church and move northward toward Westtown School for a quarter of a mile you will reach the Cheyney Graveyard. This yard ought not to be passed by without a visit to the grave of Squire Cheyney. When he died, America lost a revolutionary patriot sagacious, resolute and brave. His active service in the war commenced on the day of the Battle of Brandywine and continued during all the time that Washington was encamped in this section of the country. He was hated by the British and loved by his countrymen.

## UNDER THE OAKS AT WESTTOWN SCHOOL

*"While thus employed, to us how sad the bell  
Which summoned us to school. 'Twas Fancy's knell  
And sadly sounding on the sullen ear,  
It spoke of study pale and chilling fear."*

HENRY KIRK WHITE—*Childhood.*

FIFTY years ago and more, a school-boy friend of mine invited me to accompany him to Westtown School. "I expect to enter it next week" said he. When, however, we stood in front of it he shook his head and stoutly declared: "No, I can't do it; it looks too much like a prison."

The buildings of that time deserved his comment. Their mournful and dingy appearance did suggest— notwithstanding their lack of towers—a kind of Bastille, particularly to one who was fond of outdoor life and boyish sports. Richelieu's words concerning the dreary French prison of that name truly expressed the feelings in my friend's soul that dull November morning: "Once within, there is no afterwards."

Since then, the scene has changed. Other buildings have been added, ivy has been permitted to run whither it would and the school-lawn has been garnished with a choice variety of bushes and shrubs. Today, Westtown has a most inviting presence and



MOMENTARY GLIMPSES OF BRIGHT AND TRANQUIL WATER



in picturesqueness, its grounds are unequalled by any other institution of learning in Chester County.

Approaching the school from the north, a white oak park offers its shade to weary tourists; indeed, a hearty welcome is extended to all with the very reasonable request that the visitors "gather up the fragments."

If you turn off the new road from Milltown and walk toward the school you will find the public highway flanked with trees.

From the left comes the sound of merry voices and now and then there are momentary glimpses of bright and tranquil water. You are tempted to take a short cut but in view of the threatening aspect of a trespass notice advising you that these are private premises, you decide to follow the example of "Christian" and enter in at the gate.

After looking around on every side few persons will find themselves unwilling to unite with the authorities in their statement that Westtown School is particularly fortunate in its location.

Of the six hundred and twenty-five acres, there are two hundred and fifty of woodland, meadow and clearing which afford an ample range for rambling. Chester Creek flows through Westtown's grounds for more than a mile supplying water for its lake. What a pleasing lake it is! How refreshing to wander down the avenue of lofty oaks at eventide and find yourself upon its margin. Sitting on a log along the pathway



THIS MINIATURE SEA OF GALILEE

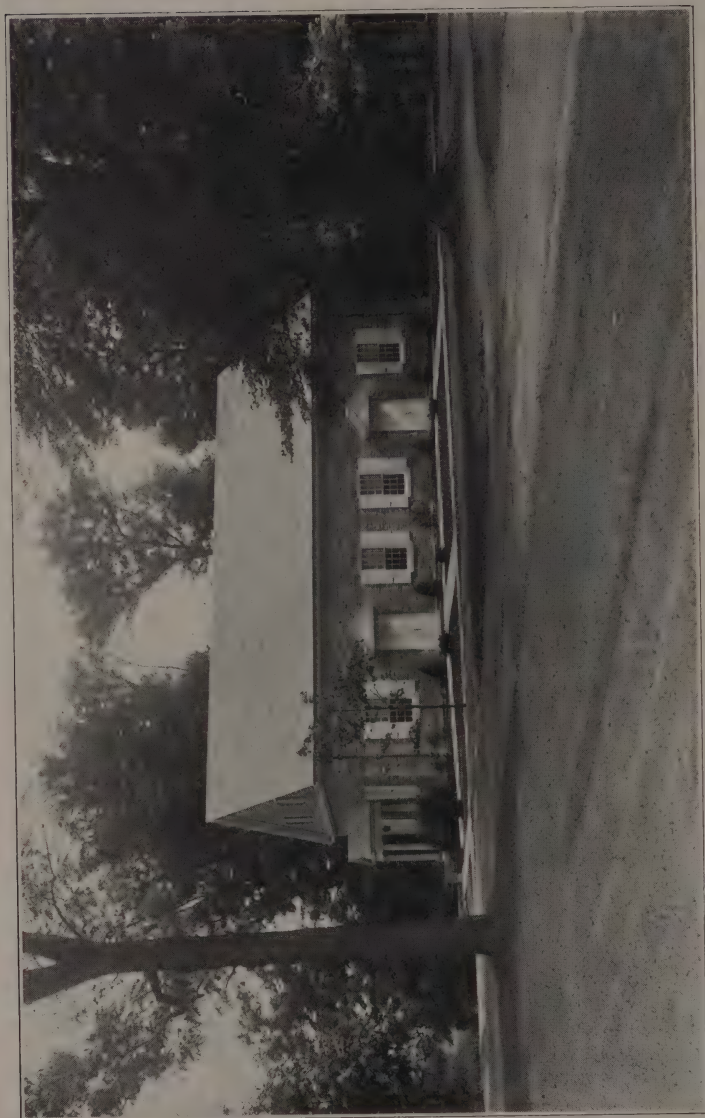
that borders on this miniature Sea of Galilee there is borne to my ears upon the soft breezes of summer the earnest prayer and admonitory words of Whittier:

*"O Lord and Master of us all,  
Forgive our feverish ways;  
Restore us to our rightful mind,  
In purer lives thy service find,  
In deeper reverence, praise."*

A little southwest of the main building stands the new Meeting-house with a background of trees. It is built of gray stone and is as simple as the Gospel of Jesus.—a place for rest, meditation and prayer.

The Meeting-house has no steeple, no bell, no chimes, no organ. There are no paintings of Scriptural scenes on the walls of its interior and no sculpture to give a feeling of the Savior to those who worship here, but no one will dispute Channing's statement that there is a far higher likeness to Christ than artist ever drew or sculptor chiselled. "It exists in the hearts of the true disciple. The true disciple surpasses Raphael or Michael Angelo."

As I look at this house of worship I find something lacking. The picture would be complete for me, if two persons, Joseph Scattergood and Edward Sharpless, stood in the foreground. The former looked like an ideal Friend, while the latter with his classic features, was regarded by some of the Bonapartes in Baltimore as the image of the first Napoleon. Very



AN OBJECT OF VISITATION



unlike in face and form, both Scattergood and Sharpless manifested in a high degree a spiritual likeness to Christ.

This Meeting-house has been an object of visitation by many since its erection less than five years ago. Mrs. Hoover was present at its dedication on May 18, 1929, and so charmed was she with its appearance that upon her return to Washington she interested herself in having a similar building erected in that city where all branches of Friends in America might worship in simplicity and silence.

The Street Road continues to skirt the southern boundary of Westtown Township as far as the Eastern School-house. Here the road deflects to the north, and at the end of a mile and a half, connects with the public highway and trolley road to Philadelphia at a point a little more than half a mile east of Willistown Inn.

The land lying along two thirds of the southern line of Willistown Township is watered by Ridley Creek and its branches, which used to furnish power to five mills in the southwestern corner of this township. None of these mills is in operation today. Grist mills, paper mills, tilt mills, and cider mills in this part of the country belong to the past. Notwithstanding this fact, the huge cast-steel overshot water-wheel on the property of Theodore Harrison, Jr., attracts many a visitor. This wheel is thirty feet in diameter and is said to be one of the largest



THIS WHEEL IS THIRTY FEET IN DIAMETER

of its kind in Pennsylvania. Some years ago it superceded a wooden wheel of about the same size that was used by William Cullen in operating his paper mill at this place.

Besides being an interesting relic, this old wheel serves to mark the northwestern corner of Okehocking Indian Town. While not located exactly on the corner it is sufficiently near for a marker.

On the 15th of the 10th mo. 1702, Isaac Taylor, Surveyor of the County of Chester, was authorized and required to survey and lay out to Porkais, Sepopawny, Muttagooppa and others of the Nation called the Okehocking Indians "who were lately settled lower on the said Creek (Ridley) and their Relations and to no other whatsoever, the full quantity of five hundred acres of land in one square tract \*\*\* for a settlement and to their posterity of the same nation of Indians (and no other) forever, but at such time as the said Indians shall quit or leave the said Place, it shall be surrendered to the Proprietary without any further claim."

These Indians, like those of Queonemysing Indian Town in the Great Bend of the Brandywine, were of the Unami Group, of the Lenni Lenape or Delawares. The marker on the north side of the trolley road, erected by the Pennsylvania Historical Commission and the Chester County Historical Society, declares it was "The only Indian Reservation the Proprietary ever established."



Showing location of Okechoking Indian  
Town.  
→ Water-wheel on estate of Theodore Harrison Jr.



## CASTLE ROCK—JAMES FITZPATRICK

*"Far kend an' noted is thy name."*

BURNS—*Address to the Deil.*

IN 1682, a tract of two hundred and forty acres on Crum Creek was laid out for Samuel Bradshaw. Later on, a part of it received the name of Castle Rock. Ashmead finds the reason for this unusual name in a cluster of peculiar rocks rising in picturesque confusion, boulder upon boulder to the height of two hundred feet above the level of the land at its basis. Those who have seen this rocky mass pierced through with fissures and caverns, will agree with him that it is a remarkable natural curiosity.

Shortly after the West Chester and Philadelphia Trolley Road was built, an attempt was made to open a park at Castle Rock, but despite the picturesqueness of the scenery and the efforts of the trolley company, the project never succeeded and was finally abandoned.

Who or what was responsible for the failure? It was a lonely place—it had no lake—it was insufficiently lighted—it was frequented by many disreputable characters. These are a few of the reasons assigned by those familiar with its history, but I have met some who believe that a number of people

who ordinarily attended such parks in the evening hesitated to come here because of superstition. They feared that somewhere in this solitary spot they might encounter the shade of James Fitzpatrick.

It is doubtless true, as Ashmead declares, that for many years Fitzpatrick's name was surrounded with that peculiar glamour of crime so often associated with the acts of bold bad men, and that his deeds were recalled by the representatives of the old families near Castle Rock with no little local pride; but it is also true that there were some living farther away, unaffected by glamour or pride, who entertained a different opinion of this doughty desperado and thought that this rocky place in Edgemont Township was haunted by his malignant spirit.

According to them, it is one thing to behold Fitzpatrick transfigured under the lights of Longwood Gardens; it is another, to meet his shade in a wood illumined only by the moon.

And yet, he was not born at Castle Rock, nor did he die in this part of the country, but he was captured in a house hard by and with all the intensity of his passionate nature he hated both his captor and his captor's house.

His life indeed was a strange one. We get our first glimpse of him not at Castle Rock but at Doe Run. A tall, muscular, young man is this blacksmith's apprentice, not unhandsome with his large and

rugged features. Amid the din of the smithery his voice can not be heard, but his bright blue eyes and tawny hair and cheeks aglow with the furnace fire make a picture good to look upon.

We see him later, a soldier of the Flying Camp, hastening to New York—a deserter, writhing under what he regards as an unmerited flogging—a traitor, fighting against his country at the Battle of Brandywine—a marauder, with haunts at Hands Pass and secluded spots along Brandywine Creek—a highwayman, who finds his chief delight in robbing collectors of the revenue—a swaggerer, who can “swagger the boldest man into a dread”—a free-booter, who roams the country like a wild animal; ravaging and devouring. Fearless, audacious, revengeful, he terrorizes the County of Chester for more than a year and laughs at the bands of men that seek to apprehend him. With fox-like cunning he eludes every ambushment and sportingly takes some of his pursuers in charge and flogs them most unmercifully. A rioting, roaring, insolent robber is Fitzpatrick, exulting in the fear his name inspires.

Such is his portrait as history has painted it. Successful villainry usually gives a sense of security and incites to rashness. It was so with Fitzpatrick. He felt himself invulnerable and plunged headlong into ruin. With unbridled audacity he attempted to rob the house of Captain McAfee near Castle Rock but that brave officer overpowered and captured him.

Fitzpatrick's trial followed hard upon his capture and the hangman's noose ended his criminal career. Had he lived in England he would have won a prominent place in the Newgate Calendar. His apologists say that he never robbed a poor man nor ill treated a woman. Let us give him the benefit of the doubt although the circumstances of his capture, would seem to negative the latter assertion.



CASTLE ROCK





THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE HON. WILLIAM WAYNE

## WAYNESBOROUGH

*"Soldier rest, thy warfare o'er  
Dream of fighting fields no more."*

SCOTT—*The Lady of the Lake.*

IF YOU follow the Eastern Branch of the Crum Creek back to its sources you will find yourself in close proximity to the property of the late Honorable William Wayne who at the time of his death was President of the Pennsylvania Chapter of the Order of the Cincinnati.

Easttown is a township with which the name of Wayne is as indissolubly connected as that of Taylor with Kennett.

It was here that the first Anthony Wayne located about 1722. At the time of his death in 1739, he was owner of a tract of 386 acres in Easttown, about a mile and a half southeast of Paoli acquired from Thomas Edwards in 1724, and of a smaller tract of 38 acres in Willistown by Patent from the Penns in 1735.

Anthony's son Isaac built a mansion-house upon the property in 1765, and nine years later conveyed 382 acres to his son Anthony—"the Pennsylvania soldier of the Revolution."

Between 1774 and 1787—the date of its recording—some question must have arisen as to the title, for

we find certificates of sixty years peaceable possession made by Samuel Phipps and James Massey. These certifiers state that they were personally acquainted with Thomas Edwards and likewise with Isaac Wayne when they lived upon the plantation, that they held it in peaceable possession and that General Anthony Wayne continues in peaceable possession thereof and has named it Waynesborough.

The mansion-house lies south of the Berwyn Road and east of the road leading to the Leopard. One room in the house is devoted to the memory of the gallant general. In it you will find his portrait, his sword, his medals. These and many other articles have been preserved with almost as much care as Josephine bestowed upon the relics of Napoleon at Malmaison. As you enter you feel the presence of the great commander and unconsciously salute him.

I like to take the Berwyn Road on my way to Valley Forge and stop a little while at Waynesborough. It serves as a preparation for a visit to the National Shrine on the Schuylkill.

The equestrian statue of Wayne on Mount Joy can be seen from afar and every time I view it there comes to me in all its freshness and vigor the memorable tribute of Everhart.

In 1879, when the Senate of Pennsylvania was considering an appropriation for statues of distinguished Pennsylvanians to be placed in the National Capitol, Honorable James B. Everhart, of



DEVOTED TO HIS MEMORY



Chester County, set forth in glowing language the services of General Wayne and declared:

“He was especially the Pennsylvania soldier of the Revolution. Born on her soil, trained in her schools we see him—raising a regiment for the army; invading Canada, and by the fortune of war suddenly in command of a defeated force; conducting the retreat with safety to Ticonderoga; promoted and commended for his ability; skirmishing with success about the heights of Middletown; resisting like a wall Knyphausen’s advance at Brandywine till sunset; renewing the action with ardor at Goshen; blazing like a fire through the fog and gloom of Germantown; collecting clothing for the half naked troops while on a leave of absence; foraging in Jersey to sustain the camp at Valley Forge; bursting like an avalanche through the British lines at Monmouth; scaling the terrific steeps at Stony Point; quelling a mutiny of unpaid troops by his prudence; assaulting Cornwallis, five times stronger than himself at Green Springs; defeating the British and Indians at Ogeechee; storming the redoubts at Yorktown; repulsing the savages and Tories at Sharon; entering Savannah and Charlestown in triumph; closing the war by receiving the allegiance of the disaffected and new titles for his service.

“Such was Wayne. A man of neighborhood influence, of household virtues and an absorbing love of country; a soldier by descent and genius, an oracle

of discipline, a paragon of valor. Rigorous like Frederick, beloved like Napoleon, with the dash of Murat and the steadiness of McDonald; pursuing with the zeal of Blucher, retreating with the care of Zenophon; generous in victory, self reliant in distress,—he had all the elements of a great captain.

“He seemed to have the ability to discern, to combine and distribute, to anticipate and execute; to avail himself of error, assistance, locality or time; to inspire his force with fury and his enemies with panic—to make the most of success and suffer the least from reverses.

“And in the very ecstasy of strife when thoughts leap through centuries and minutes compass the destinies of peoples and principles and politics wait upon the winged words of command—decided and discreet, he seemed to grasp all clues, all hazards, all cares, all possibilities of victory and defeat. In trying predicaments when weak minds are alarmed and strong ones doubt; he seemed able to modify, postpone or precipitate the crisis.

“Thus was he amongst the first, the truest, the wisest, the most illustrious of his time; the hero of many fields laurelled with many trophies a ‘soldier fit to stand by Caesar and give direction’.”

## OLD ST. DAVID'S

*"What an image of peace and rest,  
Is this little church among its graves.  
All is so quiet."*

LONGFELLOW—*Old St. David's at Radnor.*

THERE are many churches and many churchyards but only one St. David's.

Who was the Colonial philanthropist that deeded the land for this church? Shall we credit William Davis and Thomas Edwards with the gift or does the honor belong to "one Saunders"?

Any of my readers who are interested in this question will find it discussed but not determined in a very valuable book on Old St. David's Church prepared by Henry Pleasants Esquire at the request of the Historical Society of Delaware County.

Much as you would like to do so, you probably find yourselves unable to identify the donor who is reputed to have said: "Fence off five acres in one corner." You will have no difficulty, however, in discovering that the foundations of this venerable building were laid on the 9th day of May, 1715, according to the ritual of the Episcopal Church with English and Swedish clergymen participating in the ceremonies.

These ceremonies as reported by Israel Acrelius





were befittingly solemn:—a service with preaching in a private house—a procession—a prayer and then each of the clergymen laid a stone “according to the direction of the master mason.”

For many years thereafter, the interior of St. David’s remained unfinished and open to the roof. Dr. Sacshe tells us that the roof was given a sharp pitch that it might more easily shed the snow. “The split shingles that covered it as well as the oaken rafters,” adds he, “bore the marks of the axe of the pioneer who felled the timbers and hewed them into shape.”

Apart from the statements of this Swedish clergyman, “the church itself,” declares Mr. Pleasants, “bears convincing evidence that the stones in the wall were laid according to the direction of the master mason.”

Who was responsible for the Gothic features of St. David’s? “Not Mr. Clubb,” says Mr. Pleasants, “for while Mr. Clubb was the Missionary to Radnor appointed by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts scant room existed in the life of the devoted American Missionary of that period for aestheticism. The example of the Cathedral Bishops of early English history who recognized architectural as well as spiritual obligations in their high office had no parallel in early American history.”

Not long after its erection St. David's achieved distinction from the fact that it was one of the few stone churches in the province, and while its dimensions were only forty feet by twenty-six it was amply large if we may believe a schoolmaster by the name of Rowland Jones, whom Mr. Weyman—a later Missionary of this church—called "a mere Individuum vagum" who squatted on Church land.

However, the schoolmaster's picture is drawn in other lines by the inhabitants of Radnor. "By his care, tenderness, diligence and good method of Instruction," say they, "we must own that all our children received abundance of benefit and ourselves full satisfaction."

According to Jones there were in 1730, very few church people in Radnor Township; "Easttown and Newtown and others adjacent thereunto have more belonging to the church than Radnor."

In 1715, fifteen families composed the congregation.

Two years later, Edward Thomas used the name of St. David's to give a savor to his request for a tavern license and doubtless exaggerated the number of its worshippers.

"Whereas," said he, "ye petitioner lives near ye Church called St. David's Church in Radnor aforesaid and is obliged to entertain many people who come to worship at said church and being but a poor

man and not able to bear ye burden" prays the Court to recommend him to the Governor.

In 1721, two or three miles from St. David's there was a Meeting of Quakers, and another of Independents, the teachers of which preached in Welsh and drew some of St. David's congregation after them. It was not long thereafter until it became patent to all that what was needed at St. David's was "a person of years well conversant in the Welsh tongue to reside among them and to visit them from house to house, for some of their sentiments in matters of religion are very wild and absurd."

Clubb was succeeded by Weyman, Weyman by Backhouse, Backhouse by Hughes, Hughes by Currie. In one of his letters Hughes sets forth some of the hardships endured by him in his "several Journeys to preach among the Back Inhabitants." Often in the day, he lacked the "common necessities of life" and in the night was forced to be contented "with the shade of a large tree for a lodging."

Currie who came about 1737, was the last English Missionary at St. David's. A few years after his appointment Whitefield visited America and evoked a Jeremiad from this Missionary. Currie indeed called him "Rev'd." but lamented the fact that he had "spent much time and Labor to rob us of our characters." He admitted his "musical voice" and "agreeable delivery," but declared that these together with "a brazen forehead, impertinent assever-

ations and impious imprecations upon himself if what he says be not true, hath raised such a confusion among the people of this Province as I believe will not be laid in haste and (which I am troubled about) has made a very great rent in all the congregations belonging to the Church of England. The generality of my hearers not only run after him but adore him as an oracle from heaven."

The Missionary of St. David's used dark colors in painting this portrait of Whitfield. How much resentment had to do with the selection of such colors it is impossible to determine, but the artist does confess that "upon Whitfield's coming here my people grew slack in paying their subscription money."

On the west wall of the vestry hang photographs of many of the rectors who have served this church but I discover no portraits of Weyman, Backhouse, Hughes or Currie.

The Church lot originally, as I have received the report, was triangular in shape, the longest side running along the north. When the lot was enlarged by the addition of another triangle it became a parallelogram. With a second enlargement it resumed its original form which it retained until a third triangular addition made it what it is today. The north wall has been removed twice.

In the northwest corner of St. David's Churchyard, under the spruces, sleeps Charles Custis Harri-



son, for many years Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.

Further down the western side is the grave of Rev. William B. Bodine, D.D., a beloved rector of the Church of the Saviour and at one time President of Kenyon College, Ohio.



UNDER THE SPRUCES

Outside the wall almost opposite, you will find the resting place of Mahlon H. Kline, prominent member of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in America.



THE GRAVE OF REV. WILLIAM B. BODINE, D.D.

With singular appropriateness the words applied to Chinese Gordon are chiselled on the marble slab that lies upon the grave of Kline:—

"He was a man

Who at all times and everywhere,  
Gave his Strength to the Weak,  
His Substance to the Poor,  
His Sympathy to the Afflicted,  
And his heart to God."

Lives, such as his, reveal the possibilities of human nature when redeemed by Christ and inspired by the Spirit of God.



THE RESTING PLACE OF MAHLON H. KLINE

A botanist in this churchyard might almost forget the monuments, gravestones and markers in his interest in the great trees that wave their branches in the upper air. Tulip, larch, ash, and

spruce are here with three rare specimens of Turkey oaks nodding their heads in unison. The Tulip tree shadows the oldest stone in the churchyard which records the death of Edward Hughes on the 16th of December, 1716, aged 76.

The division line between the counties of Chester and Delaware, runs about the middle of the road from the entrance on the public highway to the court where the "Three Brothers" stand. Three aged



THE OLDEST STONE IN THE CHURCHYARD

brothers are these white oaks and yet none of them is so large in girth or sweep as the giant that towers near the southern line of the churchyard property. "This," says the sexton with pardonable pride, "is

the greatest oak in the county of Delaware.

"Where in this cemetery—?" but I proceed no further, for the sexton courteously suggests that St. David's is not a cemetery, but a churchyard.

"We have none of the appointments of a cemetery," says he; whereupon I begin again with the question asked by so many visitors: "Where in this churchyard lie the remains of Anthony Wayne?"

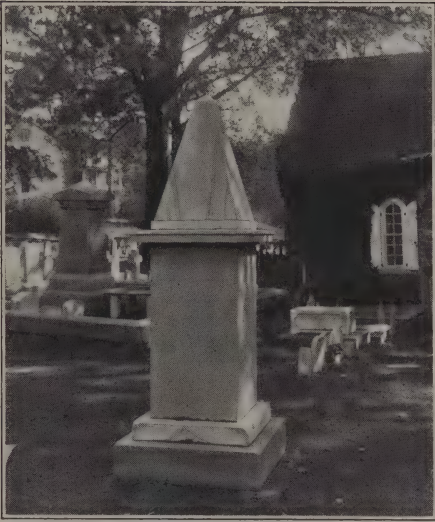
A plain monument, eight feet by two, pyramidal at the top apparently furnishes the answer. The inscription tells us of his birth, death, military achievements and enshrinement in the hearts of his countrymen. The supposition that his remains are here is incorrect. His dust mingles with that of his wife nearer the church.

Not far from the monument to General Wayne are



ADMIRED FOR ITS ANTIQUITY, SIMPLICITY AND NEATNESS





A PLAIN MONUMENT, PYRAMIDAL AT THE TOP

several marble slabs on one of which I read the name of Isaac Wayne. It is peculiarly fitting that his grave should be near the church for it was he who in 1835, by a vigorous and reverent protest prevented the demolition of this old sanctuary.

"St. David's Church," said he, "counts nearly, if not entirely one hundred and twenty-five years and yet stands firm; admired for its antiquity, simplicity and neatness, it has become a subject for classical notice. The engraver has exercised his graver and the female her needle to give it celebrity. But more especially and in addition to this, a few, now advanced in years, worship within the same walls where their immediate ancestors were accustomed to worship; all calculated to create associations connected with the best feelings of the human heart."

Another stone, to which the sexton directs my attention, is on the left side of the main walk. A



INTERIOR OF ST. DAVID'S



DR. WILLIAM CARTER, BORN IN LONDON

cursory reading showed me what I assumed were the chief facts in Dr. William Carter's career—born in London — died after passing the 98th mile stone on the highway of life.

"This is indeed rare," I remarked, "few persons attain such an age: nevertheless he illustrates Shakespeare's observation, 'By medicine life may be prolonged but death will seize the doctor too'."

"It is not age," said the sexton, "that gives his name distinction, but a fact not recorded on this stone. The inscription mentions his profession—surgeon. There were many surgeons in England in his day, but to Dr. Carter fell the high honor of assisting in the dressing of Lord Nelson's wounds at the battle of Trafalgar."

This announcement surprised me. Southey, in his *Life of Nelson* informs his readers that most of the details relative to the death of his hero were given him by Beatty the surgeon of the fleet. As Beatty's report is not available, I can not verify the sexton's statement. A friend of mine who was interested in

the matter wrote to the naval authorities of England, but the reply was unsatisfactory.

The tallest monument in St. David's Churchyard marks the grave of Richard Drake. Was he related to Sir Francis? Some arms are sculptured on this stone but not those of the great Admiral; there is no ship under sail drawn around the world by an arm protruding from the clouds—there is no "Auxilio divino"; in short—no motto or legend whatever.

An American Hervey might well choose this church and surroundings for mournfully pleasing meditations, for St. David's like Hervey's Church is an ancient pile reared by hands that years ago were moulded into dust. Both are situate in burial grounds remote from all the noise and hurry of tumultuous life.

There is no necessity for the solemn admonition on the door "REMEMBER THIS IS THE HOUSE OF GOD." Reverence sweeps over my soul as I enter this sanctuary, prayer rises to my lips for God's blessing on the work of the parish. Only those who actually visit St. David's can fully enter into Longfellow's feelings:

*"Were I a pilgrim in search of peace  
Were I a pastor of Holy Church  
More than a Bishop's diocese  
Should I prize this place of rest and relief  
From further longing and further search."*



## TREDYFFRIN

*"And as the cock crew, those who stood before  
The Tavern shouted—'Open then the door  
You know how little while we have to stay,  
And once departed may return no more'."*

OMAR KHAYYAM—*The Rubaiyat.*

**T**REDYFFRIN! How do you spell it when you hear it pronounced? How do you pronounce it when you see it spelled? Yet a Welshman will roll it like a choice morsel under his tongue and point out its musical possibilities. Tredyffrin!

Futhey and Cope tell us that in the assessment for taxes made in the year 1732, the name is spelled Tre:yr:Dyffryn. No wonder that attempts were made to Anglicize it. Lewis Walker has been commended for describing himself in a conveyance dated 1708 as "of the township of Valleyton". "Tre" is the Welsh for town or township and "Dyffrin" is a wide cultivated valley, hence the compound Tredyffrin, the town or township in the wide cultivated valley.

It happened, however, at the time Walker made his attempt, that the population of Tredyffrin was largely Welsh, so his efforts at Anglicization proved absolutely futile.

Tredyffrin is one of the largest townships in

Chester County, and in election times, with its two thousand votes, it is the most important.

A little east of the northern portion of the eastern line of Easttown Township, in one of the many corners of Tredyffrin Township, maps of fifty years ago show a post-office bearing the high-sounding name of Spread Eagle.

From a point just south of the line between Chester and Delaware Counties, the Old Eagle School Road starts from the Lancaster Turnpike—now Lincoln Highway—and runs northwardly to Old Eagle School and Burial Ground, while about a thousand feet east of the point referred to, Eagle Road leaves the Turnpike and runs eastwardly.

Our American bird seems to have been signally honored in this section of southeastern Pennsylvania, and although it no longer spreads its wings over the entrance to the post-office, there is enough of interest in connection with its name to demand my stopping here.

In his interesting book on *The Wayside Inns* on the Lancaster Turnpike, Julius F. Sachse devotes sixteen pages to the Spread Eagle Tavern, located in Radnor Township, Delaware County about a quarter of a mile from the southern line of Tredyffrin.

There were two buildings that bore this name, the later one with a legend reading "1796". In 1886, when Sachse told its story, it was closed without an

occupant and "loomed up on the roadside a dark and somber relic of the past."

Since Sachse's book was written, the tavern has been destroyed. "It supplanted," says this writer, "a small rude stone house that was kept by one Adam Ramsower as early as 1769."

Had Sachse investigated further he might have said 1764, for in 1763, Adam presented his petition for license setting out that "he hath lately bought a plantation and erected a large house and other Improvements thereon in the sd Township of Radnor situate on the Great Road leading from Philadelphia to Lancaster and there being another public Road leading from the Valley Forge close by the house of your Petitioner makes it a very public place."

Notwithstanding the fact that Adam had kept a public house for many years at Yellow Springs, his petition was disallowed. In the following year, however, he renewed his application and it was granted.

Adam's license was continued without any written protest until 1771, when some neighbors complained that he had much abused the favors of the Court.

Such abuse consisted in "admitting and Indulging Young and Unmarried People to meet and Assemble Together at his the said Ramsower's House and there Divert themselves with Fiddling and Dancing and other Unlawful Vices and Unlawful Games to the very Great prejudice of Travellers and Neighbors."

Although the remonstrance was disregarded by the Court, Adam, either foreseeing trouble or in consequence of an intimation from the Bench sold his property in 1772 to Jacob Hinkel, a Lancaster County tanner who presented with his petition for license, a certificate of character from the Magistrates of Lancaster commending him as "a true and honest member of the civil government."

Sachse remarks, "We know that one Alexander Clay was in charge from 1787 to 1791." This statement is seemingly erroneous. In 1782, Alexander Clay declares in his petition that "he hath rented a house and plantation known as Spread Eagle from Benjamin Penrose." Clay remained in possession until 1788 when Adam Siter informed the Court that he Siter had removed to the house where Alexander Clay kept tavern. On April 11, 1798, a deed was made to him by the heirs of Benjamin Penrose.

From 1788, the Spread Eagle was conducted for some years by the Sitters; first by Adam, then by John who built a new tavern in 1796, and later on by Edward. After James Watson had occupied it for two years, Edward again took charge of the inn in 1815. He was followed by David Wilson, Jr., and Zenas Wells who were succeeded by Edward in 1825, when the travel on the Turnpike reached its height.

The Spread Eagle ranked as a stage tavern and was favorably known to travellers from both con-



tinents. In one of the wagoner's toasts, however, it was subordinated to the Sorrel Horse.

"Here's to the Sorrel Horse that kicked the Unicorn that made the Eagle fly, that scared the Lamb from under the Stage for drinking the Spring-house dry."

According to Sachse, the first sign-board of the old tavern was a representation of the outspread American Eagle as depicted on the silver dollar of that date, with its wings extended, grasping in one talon the arrows of war, in the other, the olive branch of peace. In its beak, was the shield of the Union and also a blue scroll with the emblazoned legend "E Pluribus Unum".

"For a short time," says he, "during the first quarter of the century, most probably while the house was in charge of Wilson or Wells, a change was made in the old sign-board, another neck and head being added by the local artist; thus changing our glorious bird of freedom into one of those nondescript birds with two heads as used in ancient heraldry. This new sign-board caused much merriment among the neighbors and wagoners who could not see the utility of the change and by them the house was nicknamed Split-Crow."

Had a change like this happened to an English tavern in Shakespeare's day would he ever have written those oft-quoted words: "What's in a name?"

But our historian tells us that when Edward Siter

came into the possession of the tavern in 1825, the sign-board was again Americanized and remained so until it was finally effaced by the action of the elements.

These old inns no longer have their signs out nor are they living factors in the scheme of modern American existence. In England it is different. "Now and then it happens," says Eberlein, "that an old hostelry seems to be an idyllic survival from a bygone day, so invested by a mysterious elusive halo of romance and so hidden in some out-of-the-way corner that you can come upon it only by the barest lucky chance—a thing whose discovery you must ever afterwards cherish in the lavender and rose petals of memory as an experience too rare to befall one mortal twice in a lifetime."

But we must not tarry here too long. A mile's journey on the Eagle School Road brings us to the Eagle School. In close proximity to this school is the home of John R. Pechin, ex-sheriff of Chester County. Dogged, fearless, untiring and resourceful, he has, for forty years, largely controlled the politics of Tredyffrin Township. His friends call him "Jack", his enemies call him "Czar" and various other unendearing appellations. However, he bulks about the same. Years and sickness it is true have somewhat reduced the rotundity of his figure, but the convexity of youth has not yet passed into the concavity of age.

From the Eagle School-house a public road leads to Mt. Pleasant, the euphonical name applied to a hamlet near the eastern extremity of Tredyffrin Township. On the south of the road that passes through this hamlet a high wall encircles the estate of some millionaire or institution, while on the north of the road a number of frame buildings stretch eastward almost to a public school-house.

Mt. Pleasant is the home of the colored statesmen of Tredyffrin. To this spot, candidates for county offices are expected to make their pilgrimages and present their claims. They may share the feelings of Cicero as he stood on the corner of a street in Rome, but they still follow his example and meet the electorate with open hands even though they know that upon leaving they will be no wiser than when they came.

From Fletcher's Road eastward the scenery changes greatly. Part of the country seems like fairy land.

The elegant mansion on the north side of the Upper Gulf Road at this point forms a startling contrast to the little log hut on the south side, whose broken windows, battered doors and weather beaten front tell us it belongs to the early days of Tredyffrin when the Welshmen ruled the land.

Wealth has reared many monuments in this locality and some with rare taste. Just beyond the eastern line of Chester County lie the lands of a coal



THE BACKGROUND OF THIS DAM SUGGESTS THE EAST



magnate. While much of his house is obscured by trees the stately white pillars of the porch are visible



and fancy readily supplies the other parts. If you are at all poetically inclined, walk down the road to a dell where the weeping willows dip their branches

in a lake, and if you experience no aesthetic thrill in looking at this scene, even through the iron bars that line the roadway, be assured that God created you in vain.

Returning to Mt. Pleasant the call is northward down a rapidly descending road that leads through a gorge in the direction of The Colonial Village. After advancing a half mile or more, two dams appear. Both of them are attractive, the upper being the larger and prettier. But what does this rippling laughter mean? There must be Village maidens near. There are, and Village youths as well, some in the water, others on the banks. The background and decorations of this dam suggests the East—the far East but a few expressions that reach my ear



COLONIAL VILLAGE

convince me despite appearances that I am still within the borders of my native land.

Farther down the road, just before the gorge widens into a great valley, a large placard declares that at the summit of a hill to the left will be found a forty mile view. Who could resist such an alluring promise? and, what is surprising, it is almost true. Standing on the edge of a rock garden a little distance from the summit, the Colonial Village lies in front of you with its variety of buildings. Whether you like all of them or one of them you will at least find no everlasting sameness here.

Beyond the limits of the Village, the land extends indefinitely northward dotted with historic places till it meets the sky.

Somewhere between my point of observation and the horizon, possibly two miles distant, is Tredyffrin Meeting-house and just beyond it, the home of John R. K. Scott, Esquire, the greatest criminal lawyer of Philadelphia. On the road to Valley Forge I am fortunate to meet his tally-ho, with the redoubtable barrister holding the reins. Top hat, long coat and neck cloth make him appear a part of the distant past—of the years that are no more.

## VALLEY FORGE

*"Slaves fight for what were better cast away—  
The chain that binds them and a tyrant's sway;  
But they that fight for freedom, undertake  
The noblest cause mankind can have at stake  
Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call  
A blessing—freedom is the pledge of all."*

COWPER—*Table Talk.*

VALLEY FORGE!—The holiest spot in America! consecrated for all time by the prayers of Washington and the sufferings of the Continental Soldiers.

Of the thousands who annually repair to this Shrine of Patriotism, many still ask—nothwithstanding all that has been written; Why was this place selected?

What is the best available place for the encampment of the American Army during the winter of 1777? asked Washington of his general officers. The answers to this question were various and contradictory. Greene recommended a base at Wilmington; Maxwell was for retiring back in the country on a line from Reading to Lancaster; Weedon who looked upon the army as one of "feeble invalids" concurred with him while Muhlenberg thought it would be found more eligible to make Reading the right of the Cantonment and Easton the left. In view of these differences, Washington—influenced undoubtedly by



Wayne but acting largely upon his own judgment selected Valley Forge.

The "cogent reasons" which determined him in making this selection were set forth in a proclamation in which after expressing his ardent wish that it were in his power to conduct them into "the best winter-quarters," he asks pathetically but not despondently, "Where are they to be found?"

"Should we retire into the interior parts of the country we should find them crowded with virtuous citizens who sacrificing their all have left Philadelphia for protection. To this distress humanity forbids us to add.

"This is not all. We should leave a vast extent of fertile country to be despoiled and ravaged by the enemy from which they would draw vast supplies and where many of our firm friends would be exposed to all the miseries of an insulting and wanton depredation. These considerations make it indispensably necessary for the army to take such a position as will enable it most effectually to prevent distress and give the most extensive security, and in that position we must make ourselves the best shelter in our power. With alacrity and diligence huts may be erected that will be warm and dry. In these the troops will be compact, more secure against surprises than if in a divided state and at hand to protect the country."

After presenting these reasons he tells them that

he has persuaded himself that with one heart and mind they will resolve "to surmount every difficulty, with a fortitude and patience becoming their profession with the sacred cause in which they are engaged," and assures them that their general will "share the hardships and will partake of every inconvenience."

On December 11, 1777, the American army left White Plains, on December 19, they arrived at Valley Forge.

Less than two months after the army's arrival came Baron von Steuben who had studied the art of war under Frederick the Great. Steuben had peculiar habits—rose at three in the morning, dressed his hair, took coffee and at sunrise was in the saddle ready for morning drill. Drill! drill! drill! Men were made to be drilled according to the notions of Frederick and his ancestors and Steuben had imbibed some of these notions. But what can he do with these "few thousand famished half naked men, who look like beggars and are cooped up in miserable log huts dragging out a dreary winter amid snow and storm?"

What can Steuben do? He can organize and drill them.

But besides these wretched conditions, Steuben finds gambling, theft, uncleanness, vermin and itch. Soap will help the uncleanness, therefore, let tallow and ashes be collected and converted into soap. Washington orders this to be done, meanwhile Steu-



PARADE GROUND AND WATERMAN MONUMENT

ben drills one company to the highest point of efficiency.

In a short time discipline is introduced into every department. Greene looks after supplies, Steuben organizes, Washington carries the heavy burden of it all and trusts in God. The dark and dreary winter is not wholly profitless. With the advent of spring the watchman, when asked, "What of the night?" is able to answer hopefully "Day is beginning to dawn."

On May 1, 1778, comes the official announcement of the treaty of "amity and commerce" with France. On May 7, Washington's order to celebrate the event is proclaimed:—

"It having pleased the Almighty Ruler of the Universe to defend the cause of the United States and finally raise up a powerful friend among the princes of the earth to establish our liberty and independence upon a lasting foundation it becomes us to set apart a day for gratefully acknowledging the divine interposition—"

The encampment began with prayer and ended with thanksgiving.

Periodically, agnostics attempt to erase the picture of the kneeling Washington from the history of this place but such efforts are invariably futile. The colors are indelible—indelible as truth. Without the sustaining power of the Almighty, Washington's back never could have borne the burden.



All attempts to reduce Washington's moral stature to that of the ordinary English gentlemen of the 18th Century have ended in failure; even Byron knew better than that. Washington was cast in a different mould. There is no need for the corroborating statement of Mr. Potts. The order of May 7th is enough. Who ends with thanksgiving generally begins with prayer.



WASHINGTON PRAYING AT VALLEY FORGE



## BROWN AT VALLEY FORGE

*"I heard thee speak a speech once."*

SHAKESPEARE—*Hamlet*.

ON JUNE 19, 1878, there was a great gathering of people on the hills of Valley Forge to celebrate the Centennial Anniversary of the departure of General Washington's Army from that place.

It was a perfect day. I am satisfied that my memory is playing me no trick for as I turn over some records I find a reporter of that time writing to his paper:—"The day dawned in all the beauty of summer loveliness—the stars, the moon and the sun formed a trinity in their united light in melting away the darkness." Unquestionably such rhetoric justifies my statement.

"Over the picturesque valleys echoed and reechoed the boom of the morning gun." This too is correct for the National Guard was there in force.

Governor Hartranft also was there, so were General Hancock and Wayne MacVeagh. I saw the three of them as I sat down on the edge of the speaker's platform and waited for the speaker.

Henry Armitt Brown had been recommended to Judge Futhey as a speaker eminently qualified for the occasion. The judge had found him in a corner of a Philadelphia library looking wholly unlike his

conception of a distinguished orator; nevertheless, he had invited him to make the address and Brown had accepted the invitation.

Many who sat near me were asking:—"Who is Brown?" and nobody seemed to know.

When MacVeagh stepped upon the platform, my boyish enthusiasm prompted me to say "there is the man who should have been selected. Who is Brown anyhow?"

Hardly had I spoken till an elderly man tapped me on the shoulder and smilingly said "My lad, when these exercises are over, you will have forgotten that MacVeagh ever existed."

Shortly after our conversation, Brown appeared, a man of thirty-five or more, tall, slender, unmistakably nervous.

He began in a low tone of voice but raised it steadily until he could be heard almost to the rim of the large semi-circle of people in front of him. Then, pausing for a moment with a realization of the greatness of the occasion and his own insufficiency he declared with restrained but obvious emotion:

"I cannot add to what has already been said about this place. The deeds that have made it famous have passed into history. The page on which they are recorded is written. We can neither add to it nor take away. The heroic dead who suffered here are far beyond our reach. No human eulogy can





"THE SOFT BREEZE CHANGES TO AN ICY BLAST"

make their glory greater, no failure to do them justice make it less."

"The hills that saw them suffer look down on us; the ground that thrilled beneath their feet we tread today, their unmarked graves still lie in yonder field, the breast-works which they built to shelter them surround us here. Dumb witnesses of the heroic past ye need no tongues. Face to face with you we see it all. This soft breeze changes to an icy blast; these trees drop the glory of the summer and the earth beneath our feet is wrapped in snow. Beside us is a village of log huts—along that ridge smoulder the fires of a camp. The sun has sunk the stars glitter in the inky sky, the camp is hushed, the fires are out, the night is still. The cold silence is unbroken, save when on yonder rampart crunching the crisp snow with wounded feet a ragged sentinel keeps watch for liberty."

Who that heard Brown can ever forget his picture of the Continental Army straggling through the snow on the old Gulf road.

"The wind is cold and piercing on the old Gulf road and the snow flakes have begun to fall. Who is this that toils up yonder hill his footsteps stained with blood?—Are these soldiers that huddle together and bow their heads as they face the blinding wind? No martial music leads them in triumph into a captured capital—No sound keeps time to their weary steps save the icy wind rattling the leafless

branches and the dull tread of their tired feet on the frozen ground. In yonder forest must they find their shelter and on the northern slope of the inhospitable hills their place of refuge.

"Trails that rarely have failed to break the fortitude of men await them here. False friends shall endeavor to undermine their virtue and secret enemies to shake their faith; the Congress whom they serve shall prove helpless to protect them and their country herself shall seem unmindful of their suffering; cold shall share their habitation and hunger enter in and be their constant guest; disease shall infest their huts by day and famine stand guard with them through the night; frost shall lock their camp with icy fetters and the snows cover it as with a garment—but all in vain. Danger shall not frighten nor temptation have power to seduce them. Doubt shall not shake their love of country nor suffering overcome their fortitude. The powers of evil shall not prevail against them for they are the Continental Army and these are the hills of Valley Forge."

What a contrast he made between these ragged Continentals on the Gulf road and the British Grenadiers marching down the streets of Philadelphia: "waves of scarlet tipped with steel, their bayonets glancing in perfect line and steadily advancing to the music of 'God save the King'."

But the climax of his oratory was reached in his eulogy of Washington.

"Modest in the midst of pride, wise in the midst of folly, calm in the midst of passion, cheerful in the midst of gloom, steadfast among the wavering, hopeful among the despondent, bold among the timid, prudent among the rash, generous among the selfish, true among the faithless, greatest among good men and best among the great,—such was George Washington at Valley Forge."

I have heard many preachers, but only one Beecher; many tragedians but only one Booth; many historical speakers but only one Brown.

Imagine my feelings when twenty years later, a member of the Chester County Bar came into my office and throwing some manuscript upon my desk said: "I am down for an address on Memorial Day. Look at this and give me your opinion as to what part of it, if any, is meritorious."

The next afternoon when he called, I advised him that the first fourth beginning with the words "In the impenetrable to be, the endless generations are advancing to take our places where we fall," was exceedingly meritorious, "but why," I asked, "did you put the peroration at the beginning and not at the end where it belongs and where he put it?"

"He? Who? What do you mean?"

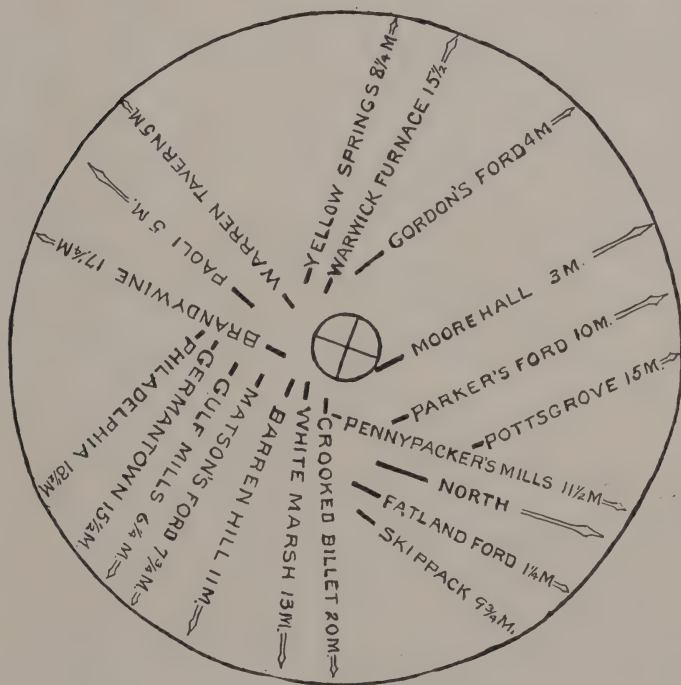
"Henry Armitt Brown," I answered, "at Valley Forge in 1878. I was present and heard it all."



## AMONG THE MONUMENTS AT VALLEY FORGE

*"To starve, to freeze, to lie down and die in silent obscurity."*

SEVERAL times every year I climb the steps of the Observatory on Mount Joy and renew my relationships with the surrounding country. Spring, Summer and Autumn present different pictures to

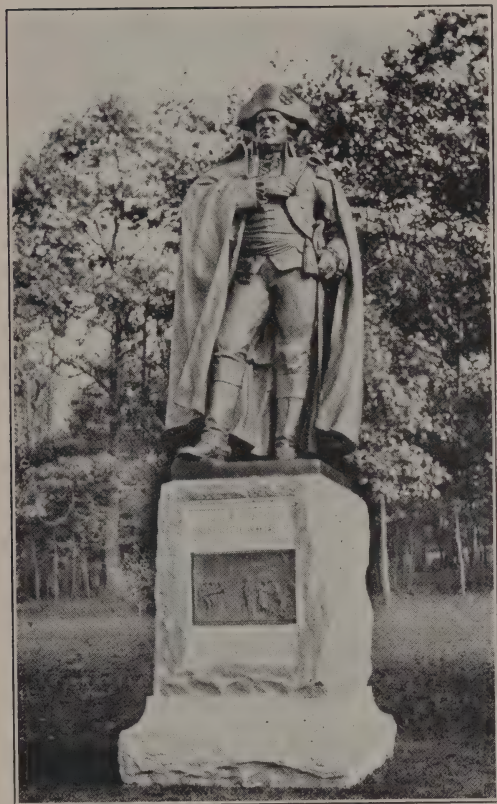


my delighted eye, but only Winter paints the true background for the Continental soldiers at Valley Forge. When the snow is on the ground and the sleet is on the trees and the whistling blizzards of December pierce through the heaviest overcoat, one better realizes how the ragged patriots felt without coats, shoes or stockings—many of them without hope.

The cast-iron plate on the platform of the observatory gives the distance and direction of several important places. It tells me that I am  $13\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Philadelphia;  $15\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Warwick Furnace; 4 miles from Gordon's Ford, and  $17\frac{1}{4}$  miles from Brandywine. As I try to relate myself to these various places I confess a feeling of annoyance when an overly dressed man standing close beside me turns to his wife and inquires, "Martha, just where was this battle of Valley Forge fought?"

To save Martha from embarrassment, I descend the steps and having some time on my hands once again enter the grounds from the Baptist Road.

About a quarter of a mile from the point of entrance, on the left side of the boulevard, stands a figure in stone which impresses every one approaching it, with its solidity. The character it represents was as rugged as the granite out of which the figure is carved. This ruggedness, together with a certain grim humor on a stern face is emphasized by the sculptor. No hand book is necessary to tell you that this is a representation of Major General Friedrich

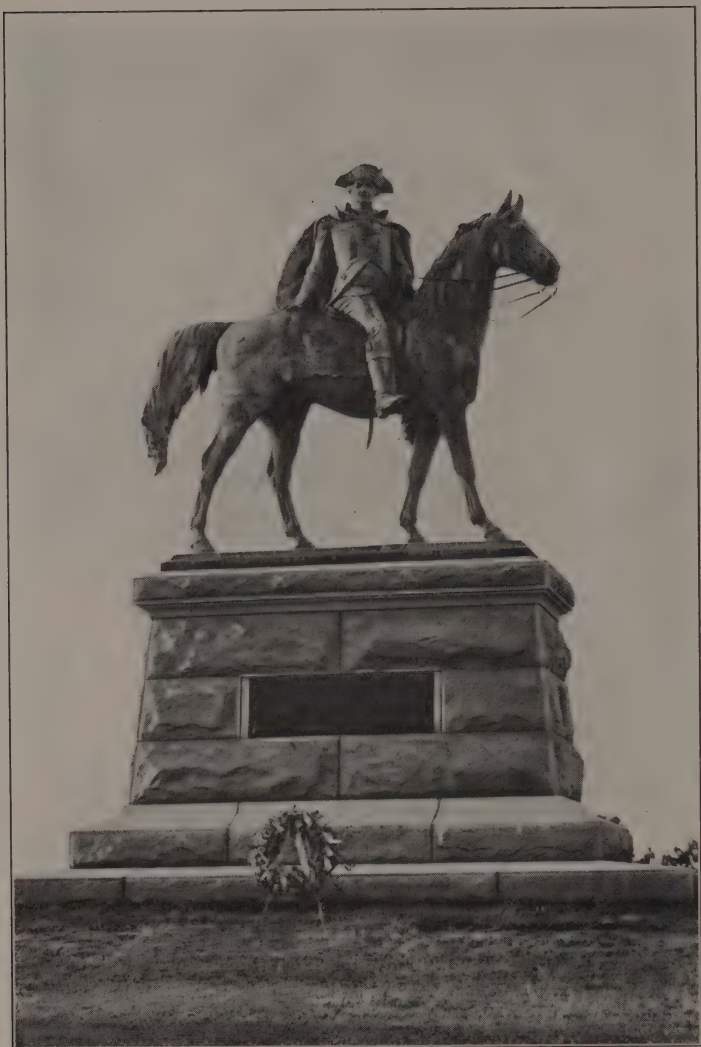


Wilhelm, Baron von Steuben, the exponent of "cold steel and silence."

Frequently during the year, a floral wreath is laid at the foot of this monument by some admirer of the great drill master. Not too frequently, however, is this tribute given, for in Valley Forge's

roll of honor, Baron von Steuben's name is inscribed very close to the top.

If you follow the boulevard to the crest of the hill about which it turns, you will stop—necessarily stop—before the equestrian statue of General Anthony Wayne. No better spot could have been selected for a monument to this most brilliant general of the



HIS FACE IS TURNED TOWARD HIS HOME



Revolutionary War. It commands the surrounding landscape and attracts the eye of every visitor approaching from the South. No one is heard inquiring, Who was he? What did he do? Every school-boy has heard his name and knows some of his exploits. Many regard him as the ideal warrior. Bush-Brown has embodied this conception in bronze. The head of the General's horse is pointed toward the East, but the face of the great commander is turned toward Chester Valley and his ancestral home. This is as it should be, for it was under the elms of Waynesboro that Wayne first dreamed about a military career.

A quarter of a mile farther on, you will pass between two granite columns surmounted by bronze eagles. Their bases bear bas-reliefs of Generals Muhlenberg, St. Clair, Cadwalader, Harman, Mifflin, Irvine, Reed and Armstrong. While examining the features of these distinguished generals and the beauty of the sculptor's work, the question rises in the mind of many visitors, What about the common soldiers whom a neglectful Congress permitted "to starve, to freeze, to lie down and die in silent obscurity," where is their memorial to be found?

Their sacrifice has not been forgotten by their Country. Raise your eyes and you will see in front of you a National Memorial Arch erected in "commemoration of the patriotism displayed and the



MEMORIAL ARCH

suffering endured by General George Washington, his officers and men."

Lettered on the entablature of this arch are the words of Washington:

"NAKED AND STARVING AS THEY ARE  
WE CANNOT ENOUGH ADMIRE  
THE INCOMPARABLE PATIENCE AND FIDELITY  
OF THE SOLDIERY".

From the National Memorial Arch the Outer Line Drive goes eastwardly and ends in the King Road which leads to the Port Kennedy Road about a quarter of a mile away. At a point less than a mile westward on the Port Kennedy Road the tall shaft of the Waterman Monument rises on the left with the beautiful Washington Memorial Chapel facing it on the right.



If the Rev. Dr. W. Herbert Burk had done nothing else in his long life than conceive the idea of this wayside chapel "to be the Nation's Bethel for all days to come" he would be justly entitled to the gratitude of the entire country. From 1903, when he spoke of Washington's worship at Valley Forge, through many years Dr. Burke labored strenuously for the erection of this Chapel and as he grew older he saw with prophetic vision a Washington Memorial Church at Valley Forge "large enough for all who gather there, beautiful enough to inspire all who enter it, and great enough to be the nation's symbol of thankfulness to God for his manifold gifts."

One could linger here indefinitely for there is much to be seen, much to be felt. The Cloister of the Colonies is as unique as its name and in the judgment of Dr.

Burke is "the most beautiful memorial at Valley Forge." The Porch of the Allies with its five bays recalls the services of Steuben, DeKalb, Lafayette,



ALONG THE TRENCHES



Rochambeau and Pulaski; the bronze figure of Washington gives a noble conception of the Commander-in-Chief while the statue to be seen inside the garth in honor of the Mothers of the Nation awakens the deepest feelings of the heart.

The interior of the chapel answers to the expectations of its visitors and inspires love alike for country and God. Of those who enter, some stand in reverence before the altar and reredos, others sit in the Pews of the Patriots and turn their eyes upward to the panelled Roof of the Republic and not few like myself read, in the marvelous windows by D'Ascenzo, the early history of the nation. One of these windows presents a variety of scenes in the life of Washington beginning with his "Baptism" and ending with "Peace at Eventide".

But there are redoubts and trenches to be seen — the Chapel must, therefore, be left behind. By following the Port Kennedy



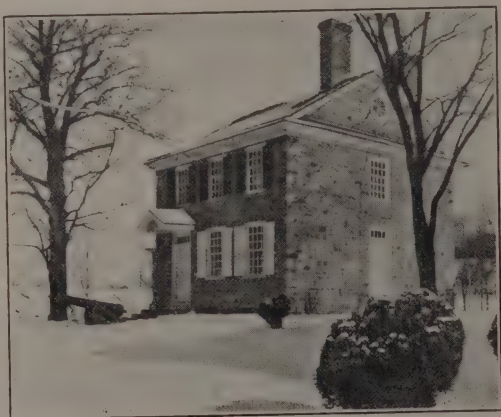
GREAT VALLEY BAPTIST CHURCH  
ON BAPTIST ROAD

Road for a quarter of a mile the Star Redoubt is reached. To the question, Why was it constructed here? the answer is given that at this point its guns could command the approach of the enemy from the other side of the Schuylkill by Fatland Ford.

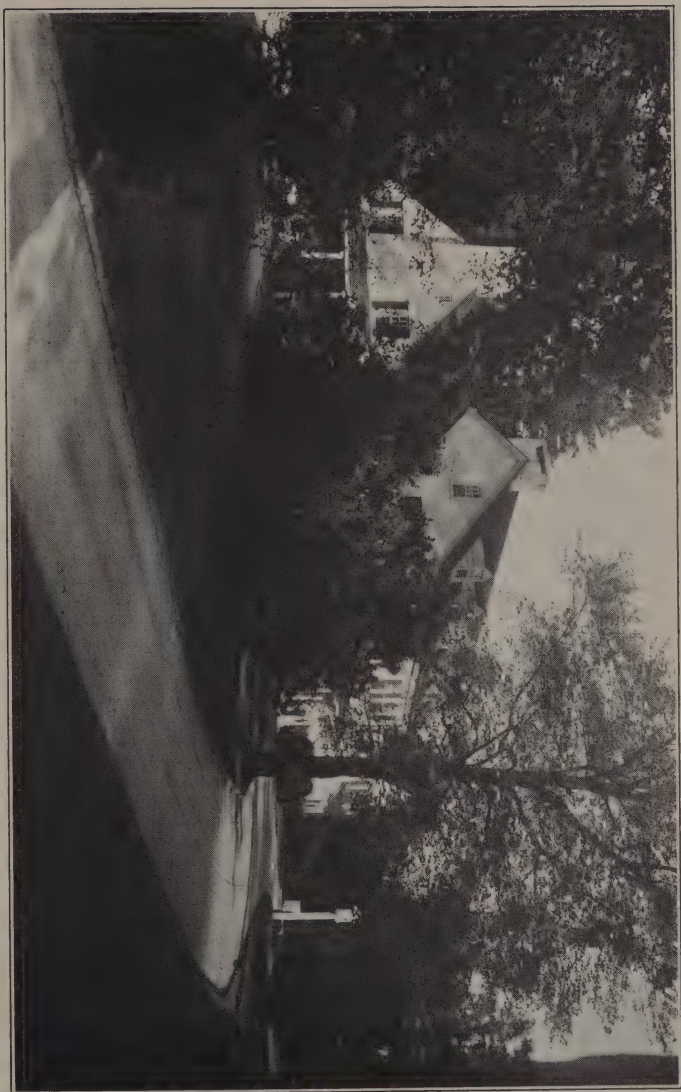
Three hundred yards west of the Star Redoubt, the Baptist Road leads in a direct line with a slight turn at the far end to the point of entrance. Just before one comes to this point Washington Redoubt rises on the right and invites an inspection of one of the most important defences of the American army.

When this inspection has been made, the Inner Line Drive will conduct its visitors along the intrenchments and beyond them toward the Schuylkill.

Some visitors proceed to the River Drive, others betake themselves by the shorter course of the Old Gulf Road to Washington's Headquarters. From this point a beautiful driveway extends along Valley Creek to a quaint bridge a mile away. Here you turn your back on the park but carry away with you inspirational and imperishable memories.



THE COUNTRY-SEAT OF THE LATE SENATOR PHILANDER C. KNOX ALONG VALLEY CREEK



ON THE SCHUYLKILL  
BILTON MANOR      PAWLINGS BRIDGE

*"Wildly here, without control  
Nature reigns and rules the whole."*

BURNS—*Stream that Glide.*

WE ARE told by those who have traced the Schuylkill to its sources that it has its origin in two small streams which rise in Broad Mountain, Schuylkill County.

Following its windings to where it empties into the Delaware its total length is about one hundred and twenty-five miles. Its general course is southeasterly and its tributaries revel in such names as Bear Creek, Tumbling Creek, Maiden Creek and Pigeon Creek.

Historians seem to agree that to Captain Hendrickson—a Dutchman, belongs the honor of discovering the Schuylkill in 1616. Under what name? do you ask. I do not know, but if the Indians called it by some of the names that have been suggested, it is well for us that it was renamed Schuylkill.

Nittabockunk requires a large mouth and some energy, Manaiunk is easier but Ganschowe-hanne would be impossible for most persons and yet John Hechewelder, a Missionary, says the natives called it by that name.

Buck declares that Hechewelder's statement needs



coroboration. Really the Swedes did better when they named it Linde Kilen from the linden trees along its banks.

What is the meaning of the Dutch name of Schuylkill? Buck says Schull or Schuilen signifies concealed or hidden by land or otherwise while Kil is a channel, stream or river, therefore, Schuil Kil or Schuilen Kil (the way it is spelled in the Dutch and as it should be now witten) is Hidden River or Concealed Stream which is in accordance with the fact that its mouth was so concealed by several low islands that the river could not be found until actually entered.

In 1681, William Penn conveyed to his sister, Margaret Lowther, and her family 10,000 acres of land in right of which a tract called the "Manor of Bilton" was laid out on the west side of the Schuylkill, separated from the "Manor of Mount Joy" by Valley Creek.

Standing on the platform of the Reading Railroad Company at Valley Forge, the Schuylkill River which formed the eastern line of Bilton Manor can be seen for more than a mile.

The tracks of the railroad parallel the river until they are lost in their northern journeyings. That way lies our course. From Valley Forge to Unionville in Berks County, the Schuylkill is the boundary of northeastern Chester County, composed of Schuyl-

kill, East Pikeland, East Vincent, East and North Coventry Townships.

Along this part of the county's perimeter are a number of beautiful views and many spots of historical interest. There are old ferries, mouths of romantic streams, placid canals, abandoned locks and great dams with overhanging rocks, one of them bearing the significant name of Indian Point.

I am firm in my belief that I have found as much pleasure in visiting these scenes as many of my friends have experienced in travelling through Europe, Asia and Africa. To one of them who inquired of me "Have you ever been up the Nile?", I countered with the question "Have you ever been down the Octorara or along the Schuylkill?" Confessedly I should like to see the cataracts of the Nile or the great falls of the Zambesi, but until those opportunities occur, my eyes and ears can find much that is charming in the waters of Yankee Dam.

The first bridge on the Schuylkill above Valley Forge is Pawling's. It is a bridge of the plate girder type, about 335 feet in length and was built in 1912.

In the construction of this bridge, the safety of the traveller was duly provided for but the principles of aestheticism were ignored altogether. Are these principles and plate girder bridges incompatible? It would seem so, for the structure before me is as ugly as it is safe. Its high sides preclude a view of the

Schuylkill either up or down. I hope the river will rise in its wrath some day and shake off this unsightly yoke from its beautiful neck. Every time I see it I am deeply thankful that Pennsylvania now has an Art Commission to prevent the erection of such bridges as this.

The counties of Montgomery and Chester erected a bridge here in 1886. For many years prior to this date, a corporation commonly known as The Pawling Ford Bridge Company had a bridge at this point and exacted tolls.

The Act of 1813 which established the rates of tolls, mentions chariots, coaches, phaetons and chaises—a pleasing list—but prohibits any carriages or wagons drawn by more than six horses from passing over the bridge. Even this *limitation* was insufficient to prevent accidents, for six years after the Act was passed, a heavily loaded team drawn by six horses broke through the center of this *chain bridge* and was precipitated into the stream.

An arched bridge with stone abutments and a pier for support, we are told, was erected in its place, only to be blown down by a severe gale; after which, the Pawling's Ford Bridge Company built another structure which in its turn gave way to the inter-county bridge of 1886.

Montgomery County historians tell us that the Pawling family was both large and influential. Henry Pawling of Padsbury, England, purchased of

To the Worshipfull the Justices of the Court of Quarter  
Sessions held at Chester in & for the County of Chester  
on the 28<sup>th</sup> day of August Anno Dom: 1753

The Petition of Henry Pauling Humbly Sheweth

That your petitioner hath erected a Ferry over the  
River Schoolhill Nearby Opposite the End of a Road leading  
from the Iron Works on French Creek to the City of Philadelphia  
which Road is well known to be of great Use, but at times  
Interrupted by the freshes in the up<sup>r</sup> River

As much as y<sup>r</sup> petitioner has been at a great Expense in  
erecting the afores<sup>d</sup> Ferry he humbly prays that your  
Honours will grant him a Road branching out of the before  
named Road to the Waters Edge which is but a very small Distance  
and that you will be pleased to Appoint Six sufficient  
Men to Turn & Lay Out in such Manner as will best suite  
the Inhabitants that may have Occasion to use the Same &  
Your petitioner as in Duty Bound will pray &c

Henry Pauling



William Penn, in England, a thousand acres of land. On arriving in Pennsylvania he located his land in Providence. One tract of five hundred acres on which he resided lay opposite Valley Forge. His son, Henry, owned at the same time, twelve hundred acres in Perkiomen Township.

In view of these facts it is not surprising that we find in this neighborhood, Pawling's Bridge, Pawling's Dam, Pawling's Lock, Pawling's Ford and Pawling's Ferry.

Pawling's Bridge for a century at least has been located at the same point. What were the sites of the ford and the ferry?

A draft attached to a road proceeding in 1814, shows a public road leading "from Pawling's Bridge to ye Bull" and another, eleven perches south of it, leading to Pawling's Ford.

Pennypacker locates the chain bridge of the Pawling's Ford Bridge Company, "four hundred yards below the site of an old ford."

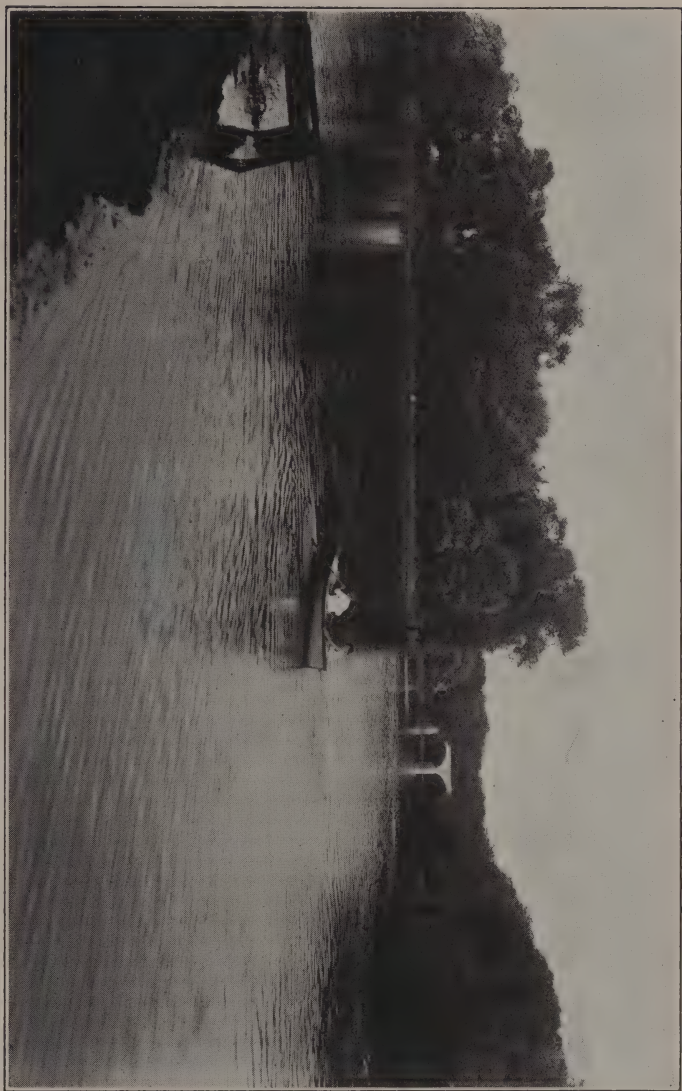
If he is right, there must have been two fords here separated by less than a third of a mile.

Pawling's Ferry was established here before August, 1753, for in that month we find Henry Pawling praying to Justices of Chester County to grant him a road to the water's edge, branching out of the road from the Iron Works on French Creek to the City of Philadelphia.

In 1762, a road was laid out connecting the ferry

But there are more interesting matters in this vicinity than old roads, old bridges and old ferries and I hasten to see them.





AT THE MOUTH OF THE PERKIOMEN

AT THE MOUTH OF THE PERKIOMEN  
JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

*"The feather'd people you might see,  
Perch'd all around on every tree."*

BURNS—*It was the Charming Month of May.*

HERE, at the mouth of the Perkiomen, I am standing on ground that once belonged to John James Audubon, America's pioneer naturalist. It was a gift from his father. Over this ground he frequently rambled and by his observations and studies laid the foundations for his notable researches in American ornithology. In his preface to his "birds of north America," he tells his readers how dearly he loved it, "My father in his desire of proving my friend through life, gave me what Americans call a beautiful 'plantation', refreshed during the summer heats by the waters of the Schuylkill River, and traversed by a creek named Perkioming. Its fine woodlands, its extensive fields, its hills crowned with evergreens, offered many subjects to agreeable studies, with as little concern about the future as if the world had been made for me. My rambles invariably commenced at break of day; and to return wet with dew and bearing a feathered prize was, and ever will be, the highest enjoyment for which I have been fitted."



Notwithstanding his declaration I doubt if at that time he found his highest enjoyment in returning with a feathered prize. Had we met him, I think we should have heard him singing softly

*"I see her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair:  
I hear her in the tune fu' birds  
I hear her in the air:  
There's not a bonnie flower that springs  
By fountain, shaw, or green,  
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
But minds me o' my Jean."*

Only her name was not Jean but Lucy—daughter of William Bakewell an educated Englishman who owned an adjoining plantation, known as Fatland Farm.

Audubon married Lucy in 1808, but never afterwards lived in Millgrove. So far as his diary shows, he visited it twice, once in 1824, and again in 1836. At the time of his first return the fine old Colonial house of the Audubons had passed into the possession of the Wetherill family who cordially welcomed the distinguished visitor and who have ever since maintained the property with due regard for its associations.

Audubon's father-in-law, Mr. Blakewell, remained at Fatland Farm until his death in 1821, after which in the course of some years it too became the property of the Wetherill family. The house was rebuilt in 1843 and attractive architectural proportions were

given it by means of Grecian columns supporting a porch the height of the house. In this mansion large parties of friends from Philadelphia were entertained from time to time by William Wetherill, the owner, with generous hospitality.

Hocker says that the Wetherill ownership of the Audubon property was a direct outcome of the War of 1812. Samuel Wetherill was the founder and minister of the Free Quakers who eschewed pacifism in the days of the American Revolution. With his son Samuel Wetherill, Jr., he began the manufacture of white lead in 1804, at Broad and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. This building was burned and he built another in 1808, at Twelfth and Cherry streets. In 1813, not only was this second factory destroyed by fire but the supply of lead ore from England was cut off by the <sup>war</sup> between the United States and Great Britain.

Where could it be obtained? From early times lead had been mined on the lower banks of the Perkiomen near the mouth of the stream, so a large tract of land was bought, the old mines were reopened and new shafts sunk. In 1813, a hundred tons of ore were sent from the Perkiomen mines to the Wetherill mill in Philadelphia. But the American ore was unsatisfactory and in 1815, after the war ended the Perkiomen lead mines were abandoned.

In 1825, Samuel Wetherill, Jr., rebuilt the old Evans Mill and dam, both of which had fallen into

decay. This dam is on the Perkiomen not more than half a mile from the Schuylkill.

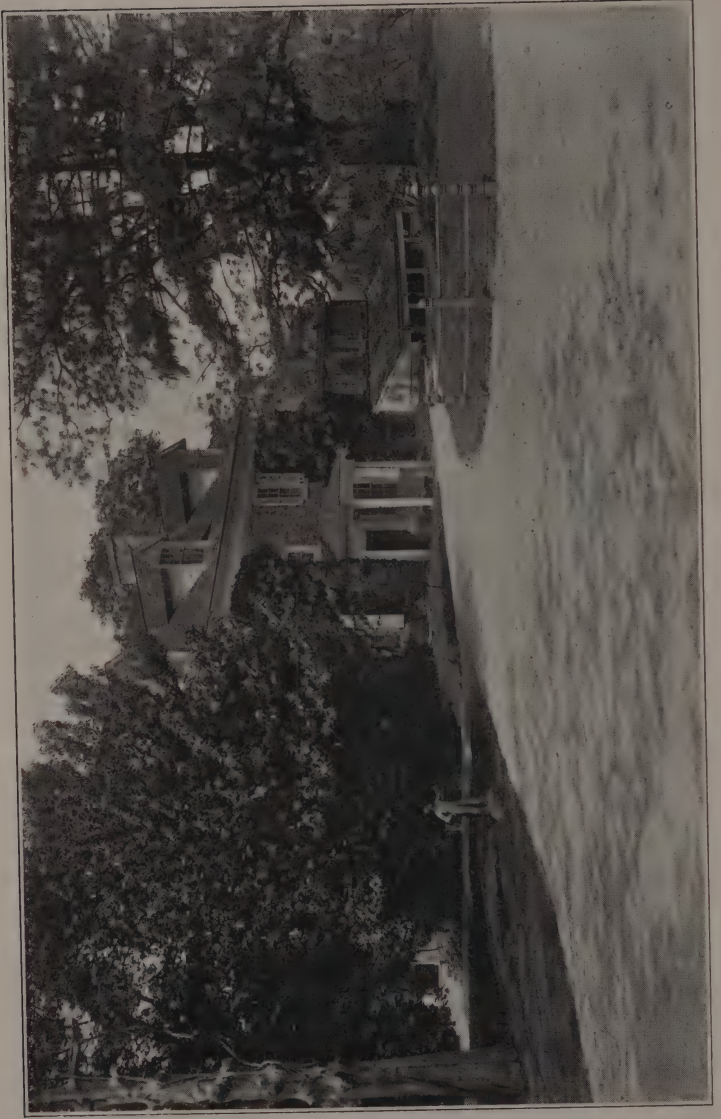
The Perkiomen is a large stream that runs through Montgomery County in a southeasterly direction and is about thirty miles in length. After its union with the Skippack at a point about four miles from its mouth it assumes the proportions of a western river and its banks in many places are covered with boat houses.

What is the significance of its name? Let William J. Buck, the accomplished historian of Montgomery County, answer this question.

"The name Perkiomen," say he, "is of Indian origin and the earliest mention yet found of it is in a deed of June 3, 1684, for the purchase of lands on this stream wherein it is called Pahkehoma. The next mention is on the Holmes' map of about 1704, as Perquamink; in '1734, Parkiomen, and on Lewis Evans' map of 1749, Perkiomy, by which latter name it is called to this day by the Germans."

Buck also quotes Oldnixon to show that Perkasio is a derivation or corruption of Perkiomen and argues that the township and Thomas Penn's manor in Buck's County owe their names to this large and interesting stream.

"The Rev. David Zeisberger, the Indian missionary, says "that in the Delaware or Lenape language the name signifies the place 'where the cranberries grow'." I do not know in what months cranberries



"THE FIRST HOME IN AMERICA OF JOHN JAMES AUDUBON"



ripen, but on July 4th several years ago, as I wandered along the Perkiomen, I discovered many things that are not ordinarily associated with that fruit. In searching for the mouth of the stream I was actually taken for a detective and had a hard time in convincing my interrogator that I was looking for water.

Afterwards I took the Chester County side of the Schuylkill at Pawling's Bridge and at the end of a half mile I found myself opposite the Perkiomen's mouth.

For two days, rain had fallen heavily making the difference in color between the river and its tributary very pronounced. It looked as if a line had been drawn across the mouth of the Perkiomen separating its yellow waters from the dark flow of the Schuylkill.

A huge stump, about three feet high made a convenient seat for meditation, but to get the best view of the Perkiomen, one must go a stone throw or more down the bank of the Schuylkill from this stump. Here, you can see the Pennsylvania Railroad Bridge. Its white arches combine with the water of the Perkiomen and the dense foliage on both sides, to form a picture never to be forgotten.

Anyone interested in the life of Audubon will return to Pawling's Bridge and climb the hill on the Montgomery County side.

After passing the Catholic Protectory a few minutes walk will bring you in front of the old Wetherill

Mansion surrounded by dense shrubbery and tall grass. During the American Revolution when James Vaux lived on the property he is said to have been the involuntary host of General Howe at breakfast and General Washington at tea.

Near the top of the hill, on the right of the road stands a Union Church. Not far to the west of it are the burial grounds of the Free or Fighting Quakers of the Revolution. Originally their burial grounds were at Fourth and Pine Streets but a quarter of a century ago the grounds were sold and the bodies were taken to the Wetherill farm on the Perkiomen. They need no historian for Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has immortalized their deeds in "Hugh Wynne."

Opposite the Union Church is a gateway opening into a long lane flanked with trees that leads to the old home of Audubon.

A tablet on one of the stone pillars of the gateway tells that fact to all inquirers.

At times, the ivy that twists itself about the stones hides the greater part of the tablet but with a brush of your hand you will see these words "The First Home In America Of John James Audubon."

## AT THE MOUTH OF PICKERING CREEK

*"There be fools alive, I wis,  
Silver'd oer; and so was this."*

SHAKESPEARE—*The Merchant of Venice.*

AS A member of the Bar I halt at the mouth of Pickering Creek to salute the shade of Charles Pickering—the first attorney to make his appearance in a criminal case in the County Court at Chester.

Pickering had crossed the ocean with Penn and wandered up the Schuylkill in search of treasure. After a long and tiresome journey through forests he lay down on the bank of this stream now called by his name and dreamed his dream of silver. Dreamed, did I say? Let me correct my statement; he saw and handled the shining particles washed from the neighboring hills and having assured himself of their value hastened to Philadelphia; obtained the tract which contained them from Penn; returned; imparted the secret to Tinker a miner; dug a cave; collected a mass of the supposed precious metal and transported it to Europe for examination only to find it worthless.

From mining, Pickering turned to coining, in which undertaking he was not altogether unsuccessful until the Provincial Council interfered with his private

minting of "Spanish Bitts" and "Boston Money" by issuing a warrant for his arrest.

His conviction, however, was followed by no social condemnation. "In privilege and freedom" the Council declared in 1685, that Pickering stood in "equal capacity" with the other colonists.

Miner, counterfeiter, "attorney for ye King" Pickering with his elk skin belt and silver buckles was one of the most romantic figures of his day.

The Pickering Tract of 5358 acres adjoined the Manor of Bilton.

I find it stated by Pennypacker and Futhey that this land after Pickering's death was divided among sixteen friends to whom he had devised it.

By his will dated "the twenty-fifth day of January 169 $\frac{3}{4}$ " he directs: "all my lands improved or otherwise within the province of Pennsylvania or elsewhere be alienated, sold and disposed of by Andrew Robeson, Joseph Wilcox, Esqrs., and John Moore, Gentleman—to any person or person and their heirs forever."

No mention is made in his will of any division among his friends.

Romance did not perish with Pickering. Pennypacker mentions a Scotch youth by the name of James Anderson who arrived in this country in 1707, and soon afterwards eloped with the daughter of his employer—a Welsh farmer in Chester Valley—and in 1713, purchased one of the sixteen divisions of the



Pickering Tract. Thither he removed with his bride to "what was then an unbroken wilderness and erected upon his purchase, on the south side of the Pickering Creek a log house with one room, one door and one window."

Anderson was "the first actual resident upon the Pickering Tract and the first settler in what afterwards became Schuylkill Township."

Very different from Anderson's log house was the stately home of William Moore with its gardens and lawns and shrubbery on the right bank of Pickering Creek not far from the Schuylkill. His father had given him the land in 1729. On it were houses, stables and a saw-mill, but the aristocratic William who had been educated at Oxford and had married a descendant of the Earl of Wemyss tore down a frame house and erected in its place a stone mansion overlooking the Schuylkill. This mansion early received and has since retained the imposing title of "Moore Hall."

Moore's record while not enviable is interesting and occupies several pages in many historical works. His portrait as history has painted it is that of a gouty old aristocrat, haughty, domineering and avaricious, confined to a chair, waited on by slaves.

In 1825, when the Schuylkill Canal was opened in 1825, the inhabitants of Charlestown Township had a road laid out beginning in Nutt's Road near Moore Hall Mill, crossing Pickering Creek and continuing

its course on the south side of that stream until it intercepted a public road on an island in the river nearly opposite the mouth of Pickering Creek called the Long Ford.

By means of this road they hoped to have "an open course to and from the Schuylkill Canal and to be able to deposit their produce there and to receive at the same point lumber, iron and coal."

The mouth of the Pickering was early found to be one of the best fishing places on the Schuylkill.

It was here that William Richards, constable of the township of Amity in the county of Philadelphia, found his most serious opposition when he essayed by virtue of a warrant from one of his Majesty's Justices to remove obstructions in the Schuylkill. In company with Robert Smith, another constable, he started down the river and met with no trouble until they came to the "Mouth of Pickering's Creek." Here they found several racks which reached across the river. These they removed. Immediately afterwards two hundred men came down on both sides of the Schuylkill and threatened Richards who expecting some mischief or quarrel would ensue "took his Staff in his hand & his Warrant & Commanded the s'd Men in the King's name to Keep the Peace" upon which some of the men damned the laws, cursed the officers, attacked Richards, knocked Smith down with a club and struck one of his assistants, John Wainwright, such a hard blow with a pole that he

"lay as Dead with his Body on the Shoar and his feet in the River."

In considering this incident one can not refrain from exclaiming "What a fortunate fall."

Before leaving this spot let me relate Judge Penny-packer's favorite story of Samuel Lane.

When Samuel Lane owned the Bull Tavern, which by the way was built by William Moore, of Moore Hall, he made an arrangement with the fishermen at the mouth of the Pickering that he was to furnish them each morning with a quart of whiskey and they were to give him in return a shad weighing eight pounds. The contract was continued for some years with mutual satisfaction. After a time, however, shad deteriorated so much that those of that weight became extremely rare. One morning the fishermen saw "Old Sammy" coming along as usual but on looking over their captures no fish of the requisite proportions could be found. In this unfortunate emergency, a happy thought occurred to one of them and seizing the largest of the fish he held its mouth open while a comrade filled in pebbles enough to give it the proper weight. The old man carried it off to his home saying it was a heavy fellow but the whiskey contract was soon afterward abandoned.

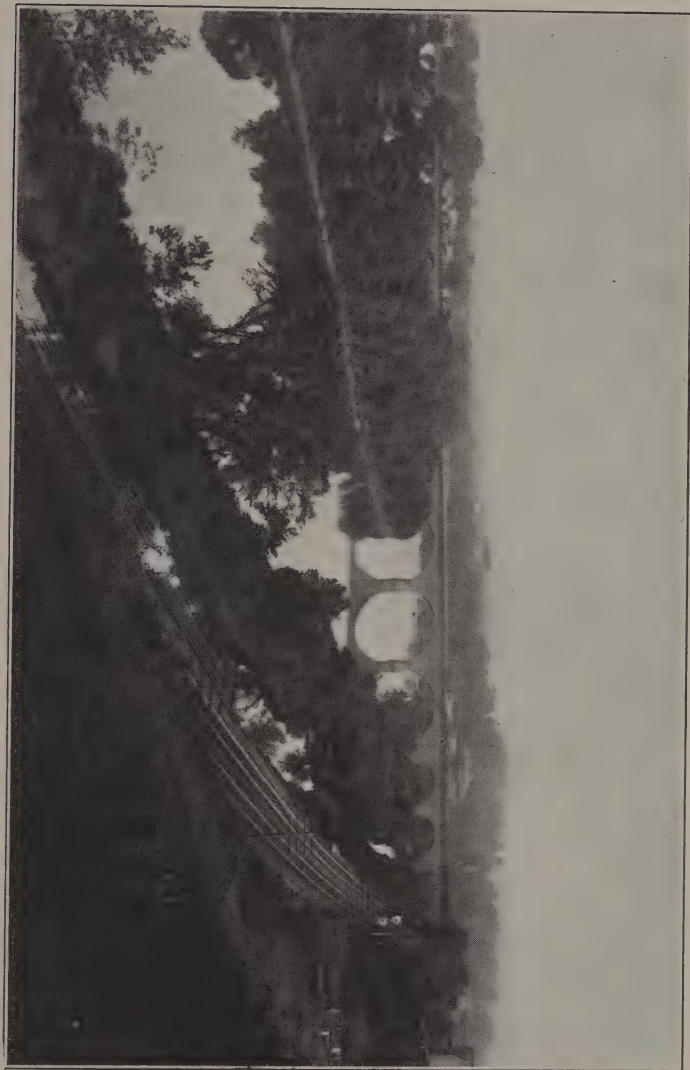
It is a strange group with which the Past confronts me at the mouth of the Pickering—Charles Pickering thirsting for silver, William Moore swollen with pride, Sammy Lane and his weighty shad, two

hundred fishermen flushing with anger while a representative of the Law lies prostrate on the ground with a broken staff and a bruised head.

Would you see what the present has to offer? Walk half a mile up Pickering Creek and you will find a great dam on the west side of Nutt's Road and on the east, a group of hard working mechanics in the huge plant of the Springfield Water Company endeavoring to disseminate the blessing of pure water among multitudinous families of Chester, Delaware and Montgomery Counties.







## PHOENIXVILLE

*"A voice speaks to my soul today  
Of long forgotten years."*

PROCTOR—*Recollections.*

HAPPY Phoenixville in having had Samuel Whitaker Thompson for her historian! The inhabitants of this town ought to feel nothing but affection for the memory of this writer, who, reflecting upon the fact that for six generations—from the time the first white man built the first rude cabin in the wilderness under the shadow of these hills—his ancestors had lived in this locality—declared that his historical efforts would be amply rewarded by the preservation from oblivion of a single name or fact that would otherwise have been forgotten.

Pennypacker rescued much that is interesting to the general reader and some things that are as dry as the items of an inventory. This was to be expected, for he frankly tells his readers that even the black columns of smoke blown from the mills of Phoenixville down the Valley of the Schuylkill is grateful to his nostrils. Whatever it may tell to others it is suggestive of home to him.

Were he living today, I could willingly listen to a dissertation upon the manufacturing firms—the iron

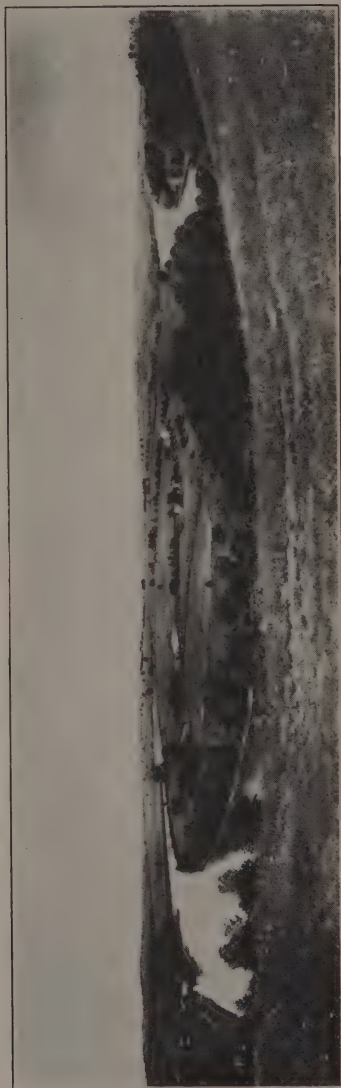
and bridge companies that have made the name of Phoenixville known in this country and abroad—I could cheerfully hear him call the list of bridges constructed by them that span not only the principal rivers of the United States—the Mississippi at Rock Island and the Hudson at Albany—but those of other lands as well. This triumph of American mechanics was to him and is to us a source of pride and gratulation.

John Griffin, in particular, is entitled to all the space and eulogy that is given him. But somehow I prefer to leave the mills and follow the historian to the crest of the hill above French Creek and stand with him by a tall narrow stone that marks the site of the wigwam of the Indian “Sky”.

It is an interesting sight in summer time, to see Sky’s squaw taking her brood down to the water’s edge and throwing them into the creek, but on winter mornings it chills one’s blood to watch the little papooses standing there naked and shivering awaiting their turn.

There is much pathos in one of Pennypacker’s pictures—the Departure of the Indians in 1773.

There they are—the old worn out brave and his aged squaw unable to make the journey—sitting upon the ground—their last farewells said—stoically awaiting the blows of the tomahawks which are to end their careers while the rest of the tribe continue on their way to the West.



FROM TUNNEL HILL



In 1847, when the Milford Bard visited Phoenixville, he was enthralled with the beauty of its surroundings. Ascending a high hill two miles from the town he declared that the landscape that broke upon his view was the most lovely and luxuriant that his eyes had ever surveyed; green vales—gorgeous hills—beautiful cottages—lone and lofty woodlands. He attempted to describe the scenes, abandoned the attempt, quoted Moore and finally called it “Eden”. Mahomet found an earthly Paradise in Damascus, the Milford Bard discovered one near Phoenixville.

To enjoy the early history of Phoenixville one must know something—at least the location—of the Manavon and Buckley tracts.

The Manavon Tract said to have been called “from the Indian name of the surrounding country but more probably from the parish in Wales in which David Lloyd was born” embraced a thousand acres upon the two banks of French Creek.

In 1720, Lloyd sold six hundred and fifty acres of this tract to Francis Bouch Walder a Protestant refugee from Germany.

In 1731, Lloyd’s widow, Grace, conveyed three hundred and fifty acres to James Starr. Pennypacker says it included the land between French Creek and a line running from French Creek Bridge along Nutt’s Road to the Corner Stores and from there, by way of the White Horse Road to the Schuylkill. This is erroneous. It did not extend so far east as



the White Horse Road but began at "a hickory tree at the side of the Schuylkill a corner of the Buckley Tract."

In May, 1731, Richard Thomas and five other worthy citizens of Chester County, laid out a public road "to accommodate ye inhabitants of Coventry and Nantmell", beginning at Samuel Nutt's line in Coventry and running to Pickering Creek and from thence about a mile to the west side of the Schuylkill, then down the river some twenty perches "for the convenience of a ford."

The return of the viewers exhibits some pride—justifiable pride—for, "said road" say they "is upon champion ground without either swamp, cripple, or bog, or one dissenting voice in its whole length to Schuylkill.

As soon as this road was opened it took the name of the ironmaster of Coventry Forge and was known and referred to as "Nutt's Road". It ran along the southern side of the Manavon Tract and cut the Buckley Tract into two nearly equal parts.

That portion of Phoenixville that lies between Nutt's Road and the Schuylkill River was carved out of what was first "Manavon" and "Buckley", and later, was "Buckwalter", "Starr" and "Buckley".

The "Egypt Road" connecting Upper Eyypt in Chester County with Lower Eyypt in Philadelphia County, crossed the Schuylkill at Starr's Ford. This ford, however, is better known as Gordon's.

"I wonder," remarks some one, "if this ford was named after Patrick Gordon, Governor of Pennsylvania, who settled along the Schuylkill at Mont Clare?" I should like to answer "yes", but Pennypacker says "no"; it received the title from a squatter named Gordon who dug a cave in the side of a hill a few yards north of Bridge Street in Mont Clare, walled it up for a residence and lived there in undisturbed possession, without neighbors except the Indians until about the time of the Revolutionary War when he was evicted by the Jacobs family, the owner of the lands."

Notwithstanding Gordon's eviction, the ford continued to be called by his name. The vulgar harem which he had established there gave the place and surroundings an endurable notoriety.

It is almost insufferable to think that this ford must trace its name back to the master of a harem—and such a harem—rather than to the Governor of a Province.

When the British crossed the Schuylkill in 1777 a squad of them stopped at Gordon's Cave. They were not allured by any of Gordon's dark skinned houris but by the savory odour of roast goose which they found roasting on the fire. While they stood like so many Bohos licking their fingers—a party of Americans came down from the hills and captured them.

Starr, Gordon, Jacobs. These names are almost

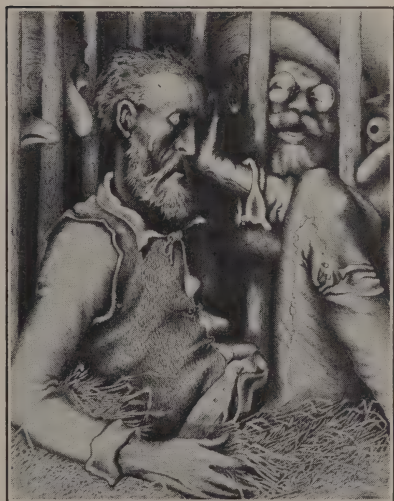
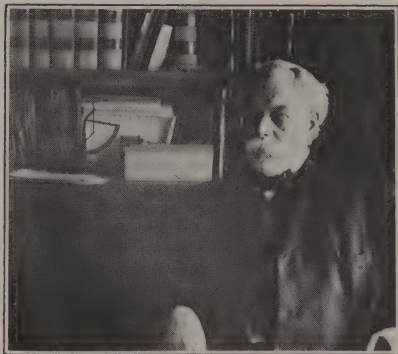


forgotten by the present generation who pass over the concrete bridge of 1916 connecting Phoenixville with Mont Clare.

Squire Howells more than anyone else forms a link between the past and the present.

So far as I know there are many Magistrates and Justices of the Peace in Chester

County who are most estimable, but in age, experience and especially in magistratical dignity Howells of Phoenixville while he was Justice overtopped all his brethren.



In the many years that he held court in his borough nothing was lacking save a crier and some tip-staves. Even the necessity for such officials was not keenly felt, for when the Squire took his seat order followed as a matter of course.

On the wall back of his chair, there hung for many years a fine pen drawing by the Squire of Don Quixote in confinement. This picture was placed in full view of the various defendants arranged before him. Possibly the Squire thought that it might be some solace for them to be informed pictorially that even good men like the worthy knight of La Mancha, are sometimes to be found in prison.

His memory carries him back over three-quarters of a century and now that his hair is silvered with age I listen to his reminiscences with pleasure.

One figure I miss—greatly miss. For almost half a century Colonel H. H. Gilkyson was the dominant and at times the only attorney in Phoenixville. Keen, studious, adroit, humorous and caustic, no lawyer of his time enjoyed trying cases more than he. He loved to speak, he loved to write. The dangerous gift of sarcasm possessed by him he used with Sarcenic skill both in writing and speaking, generally on his foes; occasionally, alas! on his friends as well.

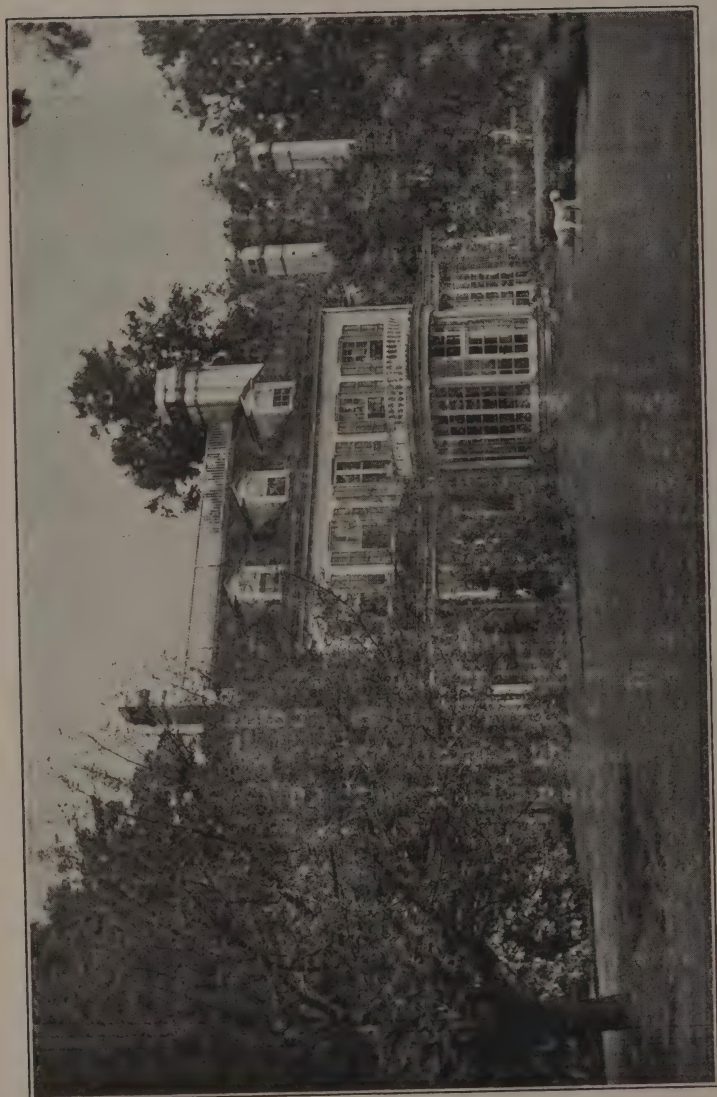
Politically, he was independent and fearless. In later years, he found an outlet for his dammed up political emotions in the editorial columns of his newspaper. Upon reading these Philippics, his enemies frequently declared that his fountain pen was filled with vitrol. They were mistaken. It contained nothing but ink—black ink, undiluted.

A chat with the doughty Colonel was a kind of intellectual luncheon—the dishes were often light

but alway savory. He was fond of the drama, particularly the modern drama. He had read Ibsen, Shaw and Wilde. He had seen Irving, Mansfield, Jefferson, Fiske and Bernhart and was well acquainted with their history. His literary tastes made him an ardent admirer of Elbert Hubbard whose works, you might find him devouring on the train or even in the office if business permitted. When at last the master of Aurora died, I doubt if any lawyer in Pennsylvania felt his death more poignantly than Gilkyson.

Toward the end of his life he visited Europe and on his return he brought with him some most amusing stories of his own personal experiences—how he mistook the Colonel of the Emperor's bodyguard for a highly decorated policeman, how he offered a tip to the Vice-President of a Trans-Atlantic Steamship Company, regarding him as a common clerk. His stories were inimitable. When visiting in Phoenixville, his office was always my objective point.

Today, Phoenixville is little changed in outward appearance from the borough of twenty-five years ago; it still has many lawyers, O'Donnell, Deininger, Slapka, Bushong, McKeown, Haviland and Wade, but Gilkyson is gone and without him, Phoenixville is not the same to me.



THE KNOLL



In approaching this borough from the south, the road from West Chester passes by a charming residential place known as the "Knoll". This is a portion of the old Buckley Tract and for several years was the home of Paul S. Reeves. At the present time it is owned and occupied by Truman Wade Esq., a distinguished member of the Chester County Bar.

Not infrequently the "Knoll" is referred to as the spot where Benedict Arnold gave his luxurious feast, while the Army was suffering from the want of food and clothing at Valley Forge. No better spot could have been selected for his ill-timed banquet, but as Pennypacker long ago pointed out, its table was arranged under a row of cherry trees in the meadow of Moses Coates. Coates never owned the "Knoll".

On the north hill of Phoenixville, stands St. Mary's Church. In the cemetery connected with this church is the grave of Bernard McKernan. Here I must stop. Many years have passed, and yet, it seems but yesterday that I called his name in Court in the trial of a case. After he had taken the stand and given his testimony, I inquired if it was true, as rumored, that he had participated in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. Instantly the courtroom was as quiet as a chamber of death. To my inquiry he answered "yes" and at my solicitation he showed his medal beneath his coat, and informed the

Court that so far as he knew he was the only survivor of the Light Brigade in this country.

*"When can their glory fade?  
O, the wild charge they made!  
All the world wondered.  
Honour the charge they made  
Honour the Light Brigade  
Noble six hundred!"*



BLACK ROCK DAM

## BLACK ROCK DAM AND INDIAN ROCK

*"Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell:  
Then come the wild waters in tumult and throng,  
Roaring up to the cliff, roaring back as before,  
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore."*

SCHILLER—*The Diver.*

UPON leaving Phoenixville, the Reading Railroad which has been skirting the western bank of the Schuylkill River, describes a graceful curve to the left and enters Black Rock Tunnel in the north-eastern corner of Schuylkill Township. After passing through half a mile of darkness the railroad emerges into the sunlight, crosses the river and runs north-eastwardly to Spring City and Royersford.

Black Rock Dam is a beautiful body of water that lies to the east of Phoenixville.

One afternoon in summer as I approached the breast of this dam on the Chester County side I noticed two men pushing some object under a fence and throwing their coats upon it in an attempt to hide it. When I reached the spot they leaned up against the fence and nonchalantly bade me "good afternoon."

I returned their salutation and pulling out a little book, stopped to make a note of some feature of the landscape. While doing so one of the men remon-



strated, saying: "Don't put our names down Warden, we're not fishing, we're only washing and drying an old net that we found in the attic."

I looked at them in some surprise and inquired: "Who do you think I am?"

"The fishwarden," they replied, "but you're wrong in thinking that we were fishing."

"And you," said I, "are wrong in your identification. I am not the fish-warden, I am a lawyer."

"Your name," they asked.

"MacElree," I answered.

Instantly they withdrew a few steps for consultation, after which, the older drew a pint bottle from his pocket and offered me a drink.

"Thank you," I said, "I never drink whisky."

"Never," said he.

"Never," I repeated.

Immediately a broad smile spread across his face and he shouted to his comrade: "Pick up the net and come on Bill. It ain't the fish-warden it must be MacElree."

My reading in the District Attorney's office had made me more or less familiar with the various means of identification, such as voice, walk, unconscious mannerisms and content of discourse, but identification by elimination was new to me. However, any Pharisaic pride that arose from this fisherman's non sequitur was dissipated about half an hour later at a point a mile further up the river.

Very tired and dusty and about ready to turn back, my attention was attracted to a large building on the east side of the Schuylkill. Upon meeting an elderly man who seemed to have as much leisure as myself, I inquired, "What is the name of yon building?"

Putting his hand to his ear he answered, "I am not sure whether they will or not. It's a little late."

Looking at my watch I discovered that it was later than I had thought, but the lateness of the day having no connection with my query, I renewed it, raising my voice to a higher pitch,

"Yon building, what is it?"

This time he inspected me thoroughly, running his eye over my clothing from hat to shoe and declared without hesitation

"Yes, I'm sure they'll take you in even if it is late."

I left him in disgust, and after walking about a quarter of a mile, I met a younger man who looked intelligent and asked him,

"What is that building please?"

"That," said he, "is the Montgomery County Alms house."

However, neither of these experiences interfered with the pleasure I experienced in looking at Black Rock Dam.

A partial but very pleasing view of this dam may be had from a hill near the Phoenixville Water Plant.



INDIAN ROCK

Half way up Black Rock Dam is a crag which at a great height juts far out over the tow path and the river beneath. In the middle of the Nineteenth Century, according to Judge Pennypacker, it could only be approached by a long and difficult path among the rocks rendered dangerous by steep descents and gloomy from the dense shade of pines that then covered the whole hill. "A stunted cedar grew upon the very verge and it made the most masculine heart tremble to stand upon the edge and while clinging to this frail support look down into the waters beneath. Sometime after the settlement when the simple natives had been in contact with the whites long enough to acquire their vices an Indian was tempted with the promise of a bottle of whiskey to leap three times from this crag into the river. Twice he made the terrible plunge successfully. Returning after the second attempt wearied with the unwonted exertion and bleeding from wounds made by some sharp stones against which he had struck he sprang again into the stream never more to reappear. Since that time it has born the name of Indian Rock."



## PIKELAND

*"Quereret si quis, socios, amicos,  
Unde sanaret vacuos salute,—  
Flavulos fontes adeant salubres  
Fontis ad undas.*

\* \* \*

*Sentiat si quis similis Catoni  
Viribus parci bibere atque vellet  
Nil aquae mixtae velit atque puram  
Hanc bibat undam.*

JAMES ROSS—*In Fontem Flavulum Pikelianum  
Pennsylvanorum.*

“OYEZ. OYEZ. All persons who are interested in the sale of a tract of land called Pikeland step this way. This tract is located in the northeastern part of Chester County and consists of 10,116 acres with a frontage of 602 perches on the Schylkill River extending westward on its southern line 2572 perches.

“These premises will be sold with all the messuages, houses, barns, stables, mills, edifices improvements including the old frame house known as Washington Hall erected by General Washington during the War of the Revolution as a hospital for his sick and wounded soldiers.

“Besides woods and watercourses, this tract also embraces the celebrated Yellow Springs with a house of entertainment built thereon. These waters are

guaranteed to relieve or cure all forms of diseases especially

His fons—

Mitigat valde stomachi dolores.

For such a property with its medicinal fountain and historical associations, how much am I bid?"

The exact language used by Ezekiel Leonard, Sheriff of Chester County, when he exposed the entire township of Pikeland for sale in 1789, cannot be given, but the unpleasant sensations of Pikeland's inhabitants may be imagined. I have no doubt that many uncomplimentary expressions were applied to Andrew Allen and that great concern was felt and exhibited for the loss that the land owners would sustain.

By virtue of a patent from William Penn in 1705, a tract afterwards called Pikeland became the property of Joseph Pike. Subsequently it vested in Samuel Hoare, whose attorney Amos Smith sold and conveyed it to Andrew Allen and took a mortgage from him for \$16,000. Allen in turn deeded parcels of it to 115 persons who paid him the purchase money but failed to obtain releases of the land from the lien of Hoare's mortgage.

The Sheriff's sale divested their titles. Some of them compromised by making additional payments and received deeds of confirmation, others were unable to effect any arrangement and lost their lands and whatever improvements they had made thereon.

Yellow Springs whose praises were sung in Latin verses by James Ross is six or seven miles west of the Schuylkill but must not be overlooked in passing through this township of East Pikeland, even though it does not lie along the borders of the County. For many years it was the most notable hamlet in Pike-land. When Pikeland was divided in 1838, by a line running north and south, Yellow Springs found itself west of the line.

As far back as the middle of the 18th Century this place was a well known resort. By 1765, according to a minute of Uwchlan Meeting, it had developed into a "Promiscuous Resort" and "Diversion" to which Friends' children ought not to go unless from real necessity.

Some years prior to the Revolutionary War, a silversmith from Philadelphia, by the name of Bailey acquired the property and improved it greatly; Washington utilized these improvements for his sick and wounded men.

During the time the army was encamped at Valley Forge, the hospital at Yellow Springs was full of soldiers with typhus fever and small pox, many of whom died.

Futhey says that one of George Hartman's brothers-in-law, who played the fife and happened to be home that winter, was sent for almost every morning to assist in playing the Dead March at the funeral of some soldier who had died during the night. Many

of them were buried in the meadow in front of the hospital.

In 1806, the property passed into the hands of James Bones who eight years later laid out a town on his tract of 152 acres and called it Bath. In this town were 101 lots including that which embraced the mineral spring. The owner of each lot had an undivided interest in the bath lot. Thirty-four of these lots were disposed of by lottery.

Upon visiting Yellow Springs (Chester Springs since 1869) imagination would naturally people the grounds with soldiers were the grounds not already possessed by artists. Stacks of arms have given place to easels, guns to brushes and the discipline of war to instruction in painting.

Along the roadside—in the fields—under the trees at any season of the year—you find some artist apparently developing his talent. How many different schools and cults are represented I cannot say. Confessedly the ultra modernistic painting which is supposed to be a “poetic organization of relationships” has its advantages. You can hang it by the top, bottom, either side or at any angle, without interfering in the least with its intelligibility.



## FROM SPRING CITY AND ROYERSFORD TO PARKERFORD

*"And I was ta'en for him and he for me."*

SHAKESPEARE—*Comedy of Errors.*

**S**PRING CITY and Royersford look like twin boroughs divided by the Schuylkill—Spring City on the west shore of the river, Royersford on the east.

Despite their looks, however, their ages are different. Spring City is the older. It was born in 1867, and christened Springville but the post office therefore known as East Vincent was changed to Spring City. This change was made because at that time there was a post office in another part of Pennsylvania called Springville. For the sake of harmony, the Borough of Springville when it was five years old was adopted by the post office and was given the more honorable appellation of Spring City.

Royersford became a municipality in 1879. Its historians tell us that its name is derived from an old ford over the Schuylkill at this point.

Many years ago the Royer family is believed to have owned the land on which the present borough stands. When in the course of time the erection of dams destroyed many of the fords in common use, a bridge was constructed here, but the name of Royers-

ford was still retained by the villagers and "when the forms and advantages of municipal government became necessary the ancient name possessed a popular charm that rendered its retention advisable."

A visitor after glancing at both boroughs from the Reading to the Pennsylvania Railroad Station has the choice of climbing a hill eastward or westward. There is a certain sameness about boroughs that induces me to leave both Spring City and Royersford behind me. Curiosity urges me to look for Bezal-lion's Cave, but no one seems to be familiar with its location so I travel northward to Parkerford.

In a direct line the distance between the two places is hardly two miles but following the winding course of the Schuylkill you will travel more than four. High on a hill to the east of the river dominating the entire landscape are the buildings of Pennhurst State School for the feeble minded. Standing by the roadside surveying the front of this institution, I hear a plaintive voice behind me and turning about discover an inmate of the institution who asks me pleadingly, "Could you let me have a tube?" What does he mean? A cigarette or a bit of opium? As I have neither I shake my head and move on.

Further up the road, a little to the left, a marvelous view of the river is presented. After a hard rain, the Schuylkill at this point has somewhat of the sweep and dignity of the Potomac. Yonder lies Yankee Dam. But to get there? Aye there's the

rub. It is necessary to turn about, pass the farm building of Pennhurst, cross the Schuylkill Canal and follow it for a short half mile. The first time I saw it the waters were thundering over the dam breast sounding like the triumphant finale of a mighty orchestra. I could not interpret it, but to my ear it sounded like a song of freedom. On my second visit much of the buoyancy of the river was gone while lying on the bank was a sprawl of nudity drying in the sun.

Parkerford, a long and attenuated village lying at the base of Crab Hill, owes its historical significance to the fact that on the 19th of September, 1777, the American Army crossed the Schuylkill at this point.

Reverend Henry M. Muhlenberg who resided at the Trappe at the time the troops crossed the river gives us some interesting information in his journal.

As some who read these pages may not be familiar with the ancient village of Trappe, let me make a few quotations from the journal of that eminent Lutheran divine.

"November 13, 1780, Christian Schrack who was buried yesterday was a son of John Jacob Schrack who came to this country in 1717.

"They built a cabin and a cave in which they cooked. They kept a small shop in a small way and a tavern with beer and such things. As once an English inhabitant who had been drinking in the cave fell asleep and came home late and was in

consequence scolded by his wife he excused himself by saying he had been at the Trap. From that time this neighborhood is called Trapp and is known as such in all America."

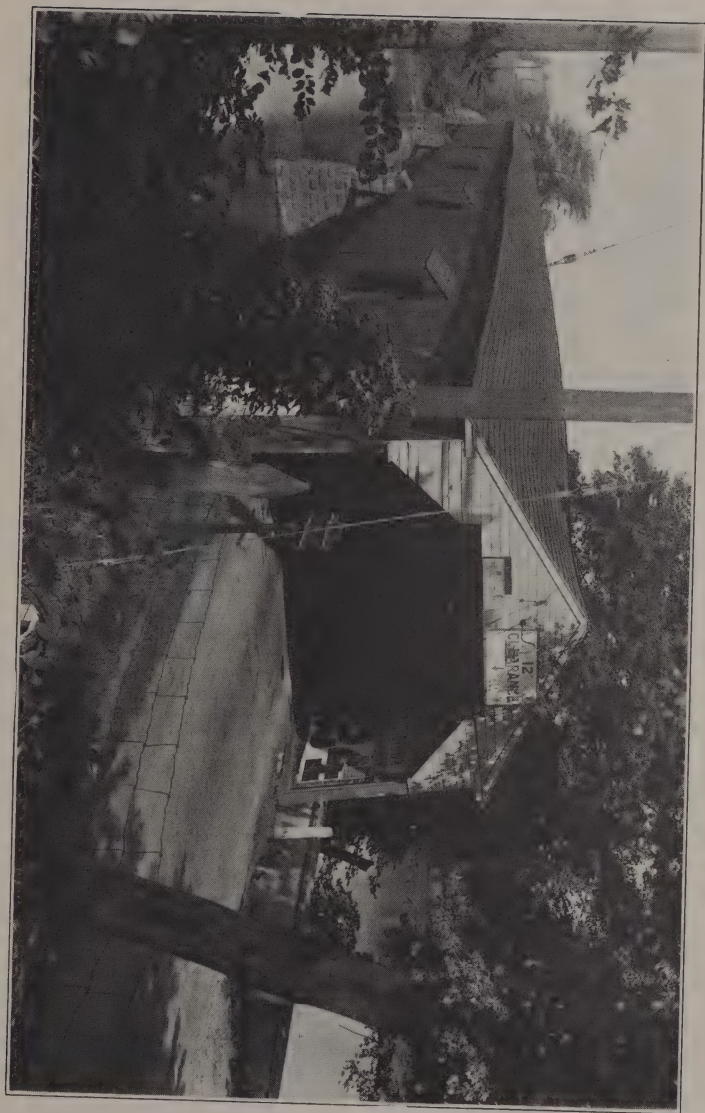
Governor Schunk declared that it received its name from another incident. A poor fellow the worse for drink went headlong down the high steps leading from the front door of the tavern and exclaimed as he fell "Verdamt die Treppe." From this event, the hotel received its name; "Treppe" being the German word for steps.

The Trappe is about six miles from Parkerford where the crossing occurred.

"In the afternoon (of the 19th of September, 1777) we had news" writes Pastor Muhlenberg, "that the British troops on the other side of the Schuylkill had marched down toward Providence and with a telescope we could see their camp. In consequence of this the American Army, four miles from us forded the Schuylkill breast high and came upon the Philadelphia road at Augustus Church, his excellency General Washington was with the troops in person who marched here to the Perkiomen. The procession lasted the whole night and we had numerous visits from officers, wet breast high, who had to march in this condition during the whole night cold and damp as it was and to bear hunger and thirst at the same time."

A covered bridge used to conduct travellers across





HOLLOW BACKED AND WEEZY

the Schuylkill—a covered bridge that resembled an old horse no longer sound in wind and limb but hollow backed and wheezy from heavy burdens and long service. In the interest of public safety, the county authorities even compelled it to bear on its front a proclamation of its own impotence: "Unsafe for more than three tons." Today, a bridge of concrete has taken its place.

On the outskirts of the village of Parkerford is a cemetery connected with the Union Meeting-house. In the middle of the plot in which the members of the Reinhart family are interred is a stone in memory of Theophilus R. Gates—leader of the Battle-Axes. I shall consider this curious character later on, when I find myself in the land of the Free Love Cult.

## THE OLD ORGAN CHURCH

*"Ecclesia plantanda."*

MUHLENBERG—*Motto.*

WHERE is the Old Organ Church? A little south of the northern line of East Pikeland Township, about a mile from the Schuylkill River on the west side of the Schuylkill Road.

Ecclesiastically, it is Zion's Evangelical Lutheran Church but popularly it has long been known as the Old Organ Church. Its historian, Dr. Dapp, informs us that the pipe organ made by David Tannenberg was dedicated to the service of God and used for the first time on October 9th, 1791. "It was the first of its kind in all the length and breadth of Chester County."

When John O. K. Roberts saw it about the middle of the 19th Century, it was painted white and the color of the keys was a reversal of the prevailing custom—the natural keys were black instead of white, while the half tone keys were white instead of black.

To supply the necessary air for the bellows, Dr. Dapp says there were two strong cords attached to heavy weights at one end and to handles at the other. These cords were pulled toward the operator and then allowed to go back. "The unusual noise of the

cords," he adds, "was hard on the nerves of the congregation."

I think it may be regarded as reasonably certain that during the operation of the bellows there was no necessity for the use of the feather-end of the long pole to which the 'Klingelsaecke' were attached. Its purpose was to tickle the drowsily inclined into wakefulness, but in this part of the service the raucous noise of the moving cords forbade sleepiness.

Unfortunately, the tickling feather was not always effective for it is reported of the Reverend Ravenack Jacinsky who labored here from 1807 to 1815, that in his last sermon seeing several of his members napping he struck the pulpit with his right hand several times to awaken them and said: "Take heed to what I am saying, for it is very likely my last sermon to you." It was a prophetic declaration. About nine days later, he died.

But to return to the church organ. According to the records of the Church it was regularly used for more than a century. Many hands figured its keys, many voices accompanied its music. Occasionally when Muhlenberg preached, pastor Voight played. At last, however, it was replaced with a modern instrument.

This change was made in 1912, but in memory of the fathers who handed it down to posterity and in recognition of its many years of service, Dapp declares, that the Church Council, at the time of the



installation of the new instrument passed a resolution that the old organ be used once a year in connection with the church service "on the Sunday on or nearest October 9th.

"The old organ," says he, "constitutes the most priceless gem in the possession of Zion's congrega-



tion, not only because it was the first pipe organ in this vicinity but also because it is one of the very few Tannenberg organs preserved to date."

Those who wish to see others will find one at Nazareth and another in the Hebron Church in Virginia.

Some historians put the date of the organization

of Zion's Church as far back as 1743, when Muhlenberg established a preaching point on the "West side of the Schuylkill." Dapp regards it as extremely doubtful if anything but a loose religious organization existed here in Chester County for several years

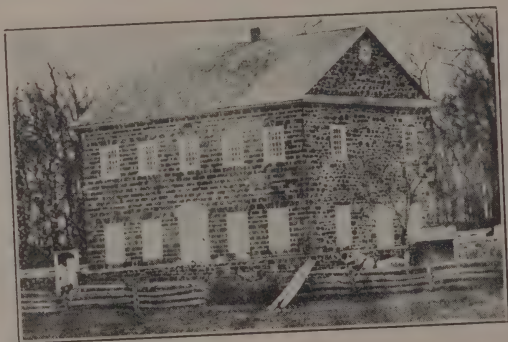
after 1743. He puts the first attempt to erect a house of worship for the members of Zion's Church in 1751, when Lutherans and Reformed united in building a rude structure at this point. This Church or school-house—for it served both purposes—was probably of logs.

In 1774, the old log structure gave way to a stone building. At the laying of the corner stone of the new church on the 15th of August, Muhlenberg was present and preached in English. It must have been interesting on that hot summer day to mark the trees on the church lot full of children who had climbed up to see something new and unusual.

During the winter of 1777-1778, when the American Army was quartered at Valley Forge, Zion's Church was occupied as a hospital. Here, Washington in person visited the sick and ministered to their needs.

In 1914, an imposing granite marker was erected by the patriotic

citizens of Spring City and Royersford in the centre of what had been the old stone church. Dedicatory exercises took place on Memorial Day of that year



and its tablet declares that it marks the site upon which originally stood Zion's Evangelical Church. "A tangible remembrance," Dapp calls it, "of the dead heroes whose names are unknown and whose graves are unmarked."

When the present church was built in 1861, the old church "with its wine glass pulpit reached by a winding stairway, with its platform apart from the congregation, reserved for the church council and with its galleries on either side for the young people, the sexes being separated" was demolished.

"Two relics were transferred from the old church to the new," says Rapp, "namely, the old pipe organ, which was given a position in the gallery of the new church toward the Schuylkill Road, and the communion table with its quaint hand-made lock iron."

## THROUGH EAST COVENTRY TO SANATOGA PARK

*"Omnis Gallia divisa in tres partes est."*

CAESAR—*Commentaries.*

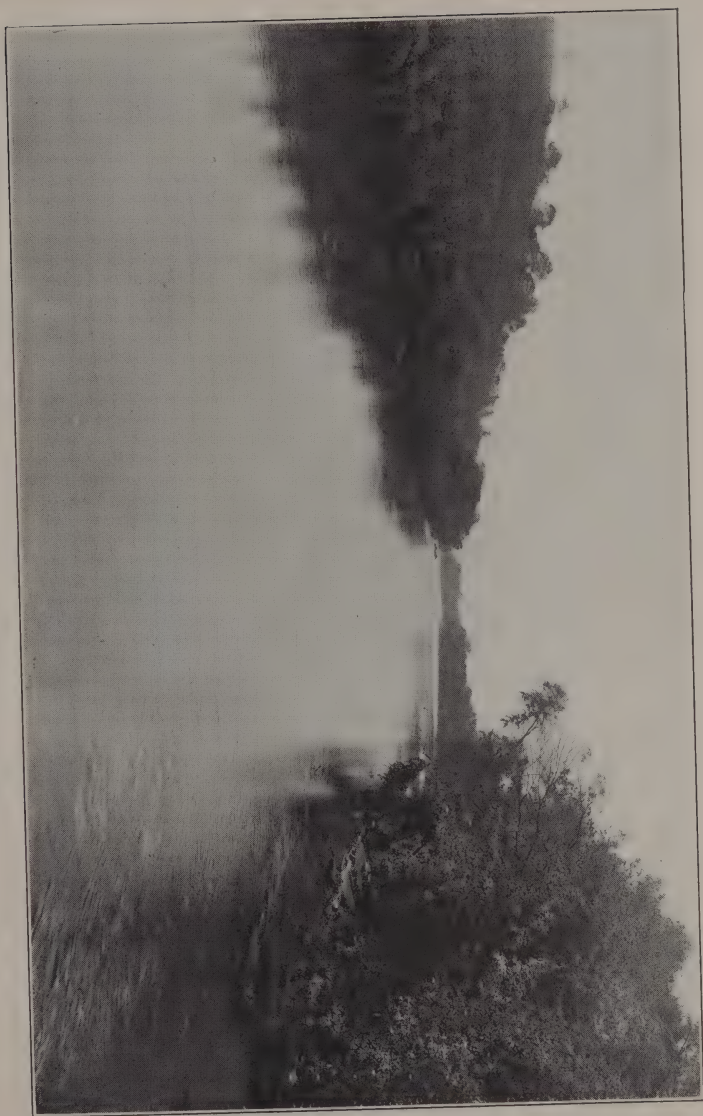
THE township of Coventry in the extreme northern end of Chester County originally embraced a tract of over 20,000 acres. In 1841, 6000 acres were carved out of it to form South Coventry, the remainder taking the name of North Coventry. Three years later North Coventry was divided after a bitter fight and the eastern part of it comprising 6129 acres became East Coventry. This division left 8331 acres in the parent township.

In their report to the Court, the viewers say:—"For the purposes of education it gives the south-east end an advantage and we may state from our knowledge of the circumstances and relative value of the two sections, the above advantage may and we think will always prevail in favor of the southeast end."

As prophets these viewers lacked clarity of vision. They saw nothing educationally hopeful on the western horizon. What a revision they would make, could they see the present High School on one of the hills of North Coventry along the Pottstown Road—an honor alike to the township and the county.



THE SCHUYLKILL FROM AN OLD IRON BRIDGE



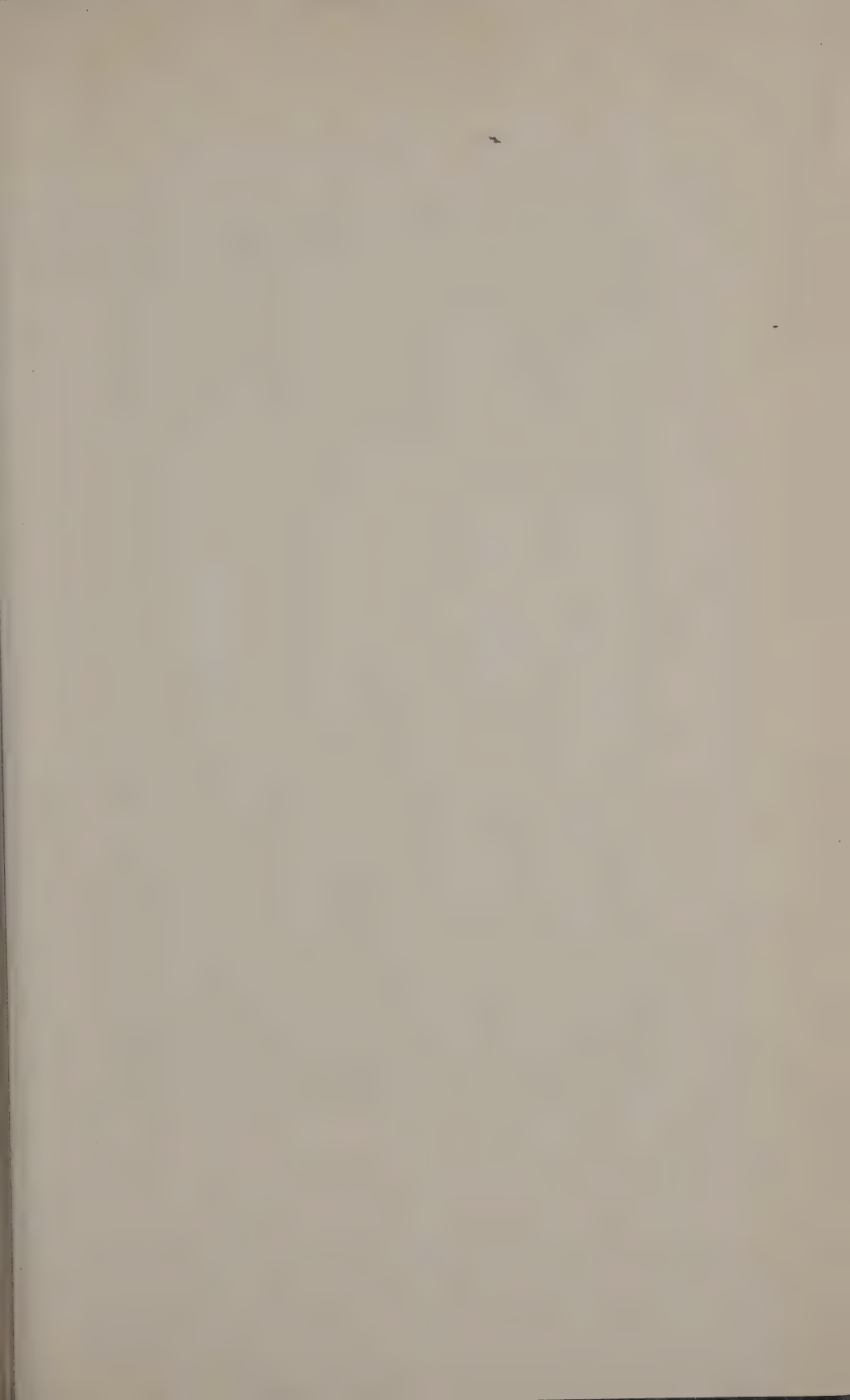
The eastern line of East Coventry is very similar to that of East Vincent, and not unlike that of Schuylkill, the Schuylkill River making a long bend in flowing around the eastern side of each of these townships.

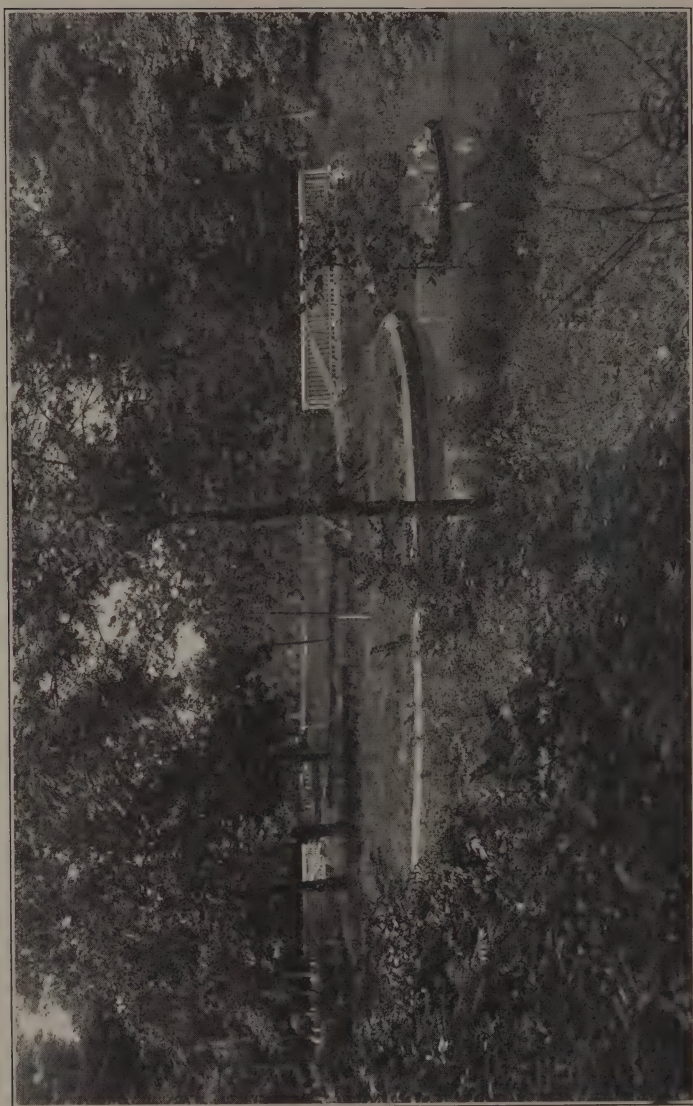
A half mile north of the Union Meeting-house, a road takes off to the right from the Schuylkill Road and leads to Frick's Locks. Deflecting from this road is another that conducts its users to Sanatoga Park by an iron bridge over the Schuylkill River. The view from this bridge either in the morning light or in the sunset glow is entrancing and arrests the steps of the most prosaic traveler.

But the sign-post tells me that Sanatoga Park is a mile beyond and I hasten to go whither the finger points. Passing under the Reading Railroad and by a small dam I find the road leading me along a creek until at length I reach what once was known as Crooked Hill Tavern.

It was at Crooked Hill Tavern that Major Andre stopped on his way from Carlisle to Philadelphia, for exchange. Andre had been delivered into the hands of the Americans upon the surrender of St. John's to Montgomery in November, 1775. He was taken to Lancaster and in the spring of 1776, was removed to Carlisle.

In December of that year when Andre was brought to Crooked Hill Tavern as a prisoner of war soon to be exchanged, Anna M. Krause, a friend of the





SANATOGA PARK

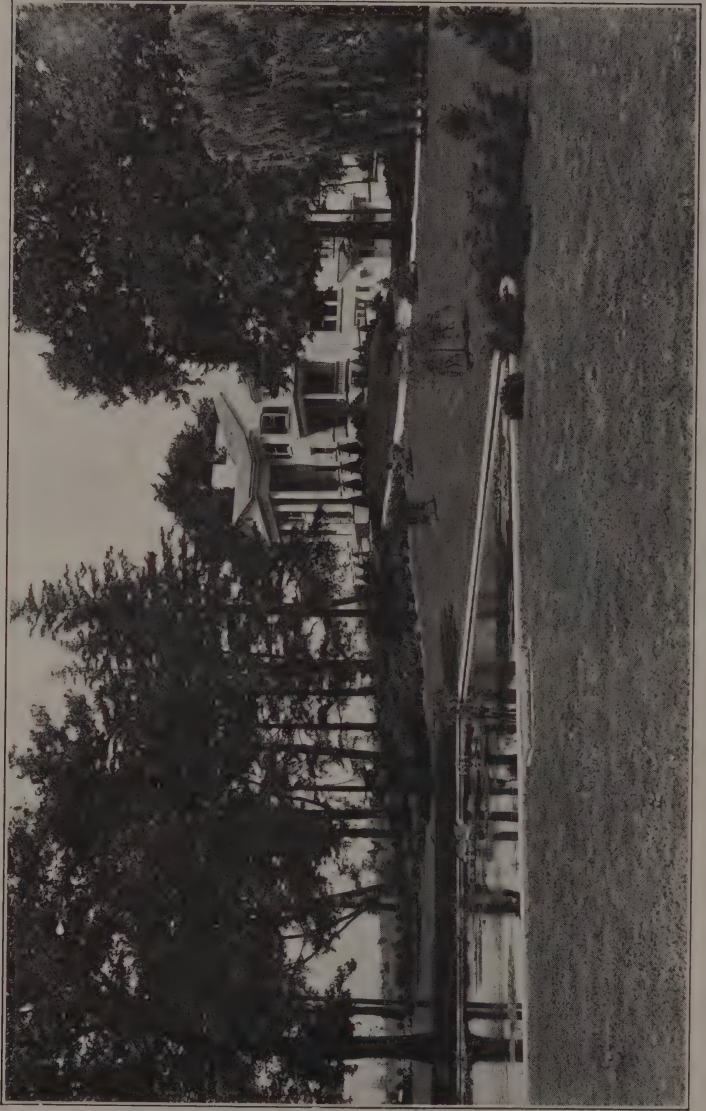


daughter of Henry Dering who kept the tavern happened to be present. She described Andre to her son Barnard Wolf who retained a vivid recollection of his mother's description.

The portrait that she drew was that of a young man "rather under the average stature, of a light agile frame, active in his movements and of sprightly conversation. He was a fine performer on the flute with which he beguiled the hours of twilight and was an excellent vocalist. Whilst at Mr. Dering's house Major Andre occupied the most of his time in examining and drawing charts of his country."

"She bore full testimony," says Wolf, "of his polished manners and the easy grace and charm of his conversation.—It was a matter of remark that Major Andre did not, like the majority of his brother officers indulge in vituperation against the colonists."

Hensel, in an interesting article on Major Andre's Residence in Lancaster deals with this incident at Crooked Hill Tavern and tells us that while he holds Andre as somewhat of a carpet knight, and does not resent his fate or question the justice of the judgment that sent him to the gallows, he likes to think that "in the moment which elapsed after he replaced the bandage over his eyes and before the wagon was drawn off he had fast fleeting glimpses of the panorama of his short life; and that at the very end of them his thoughts went back and lingered last with that quiet English rural scene—the slender sloping



HENRY GRUBER'S MANSION

church-spire and the fragrant hedge rows and the green garden and the rude rose-covered gate—which he had depicted on North Lime Street for his young friend John Cope, when he would have wooed him to the sweet shades of his English home where he had lived and which he had loved and now forever lost.”

Returning by way of Frick's Locks to the Schuylkill, I stop at the Mennonite Cemetery and after strolling among the graves for a short half hour I move toward the Pottstown Road. Before I reach that highway, however, I am forced to come to what Samuel I. Carter was wont to call “a period” in front of Henry Gruber's mansion, where by feasting my eyes on pillars and cedars and shrubs and lakes I attempt to cultivate the little aestheticism that remains to a legal practitioner whose life has been passed more or less in the tumult of the Sessions.



ON THE SCHUYLKILL CANAL



## THE LOCKS ON THE SCHUYLKILL CANAL AND CANAL BOATS

*"I would rather be a bargee than occupy  
any position under Heaven that required  
attendance at an office."*

STEVENSON—*Inland Voyage.*

THE Schuylkill Canal once stretched along the northeastern boundary of Chester County like a great serpent.

From the vantage points of the locks, it could be seen afar off twisting itself through the bushes, glistening in the sun. Today from Laurel Locks to Parkerford, nothing remains but its cast off skin.

When the Legislature of Pennsylvania, on March 8, 1815, authorized the Governor "to incorporate a company to make a lock navigation on the river Schuylkill", it divided the river into two sections: the first, to extend "from Lancaster Schuylkill bridge, (Philadelphia) to the borough of Reading"; the second, "from the borough of Reading to the mouth of Mill Creek." Improvements of the first section were to be commenced "at or near to the lower falls in the county of Philadelphia" and in the second section at the same time "at or near to the borough of Reading."

The general powers conferred upon the navigation

company were ample, but in the construction of its locks the company was restricted. They could not be less than a hundred and twenty feet in length and twenty in width. A year later, these restrictions were reduced to eighty and seventeen.

The size of the arks and the tonnage of the boats were to be ascertained and the tonnage was to be marked "in figures upon the head and stern, in colors mixed with oil or some other durable matter."

When the master of an ark or boat came within one-fourth of a mile of any lock it was his duty to blow a horn or trumpet, whereupon the keeper must attend to the opening of the gates and let the vessel pass through safely "without unnecessary delay and in safety."

Originally, the Schuylkill Canal was about thirty-six feet wide at the surface with a depth of three and a half, which was less than that of any other canal in the country except the Wabash and Erie. Its length was 110 miles and its cost was about \$2,966,-180.

Later, the canal was widened to sixty feet and deepened to five and a half and more.

As many persons at the present time are unfamiliar with the construction of canals, it may not be amiss to use encyclopedic language and say, that generally, the channel is formed with two sides sloping at the same angle, the angle varying with the nature of the soil. The breadth of a canal at the bottom is usually

twice that of the boat's upon deck, and the depth should be greater by one foot or more than the draught of water of the loaded boats that use it. The tow-path ordinarily, is two feet or more above the level of the water and eight to twelve feet wide. Where the soil of the canal is not retentive, the bottom and sides require to be puddled with clay well mixed with sand and gravel.

Who invented the lock, the Dutch or the Italians? This question is debatable and will never be answered to the complete satisfaction of the inhabitants of either Holland or Italy.

The locks on the Schuylkill Canal used to afford much pleasure to visitors from other sections of



BARGE "WILD"

Chester County where locks were unknown.

Many a person watched with interest the opening of the lower doors of one of these chambers of timber or masonry, to receive a boat ascending the canal, and when the doors closed behind it, waited with

curious eyes until the water flowing through the upper gate lifted the vessel to a higher level. In entering a lock no little care had to be used so as not

to bump the gates at the other end. The careless were assessed with fines.

To measure the pleasure with which our ancestors looked upon the placid waters of a canal and the smooth track of a tow-path we must adopt the suggestion of the late Governor Pennypacker and "divest ourselves of the knowledge of the more rapid and convenient means of transportation since perfected and place ourselves in the position of boatmen annoyed with the rocks and current of a crooked river as they poled a harvest of wheat to market, or of teamsters driving their loads of nails to Philadelphia over twenty-five miles of rough and muddy roads."

When the Schuylkill Canal was about to be opened, the question arose as to how the boats should be propelled. By oars, setting poles, or otherwise?

Undoubtedly it was the original intention that oars or setting poles should be used. Buck asserts that no tow-path was constructed for the use of horses until the latter part of June, 1825. At that time Col. Hunzinger despatched a boat from Pottsville loaded with lumber drawn by a horse.

It is a curious fact, not generally known, although noted by almost every writer who has sketched the history of the Schuylkill Canal, that horse power was not used on it for fully two years after water was first turned into it.

"Few people," declares Harlow, "are aware that



the Herculean labor of the Volga boatmen was once produced here in America.

"A boat was towed by two men walking side by side along the bank, like a team of horses straining with their breasts against a cross stick attached to the ends of the tow-lines. In this laborious fashion the trip from Mount Carbon to Philadelphia and return, 216 miles often consumed six weeks."

It was soon discovered, however, that for canals with earthen banks no traction power could be found superior to mules, and accordingly that "strong laborious race", as Pope calls them, took the place of men on the tow-path and justified his ecomium.

At the offices of the Schuylkill Navigation Company, a request for information brought forth a courteous but strenuous denial that man power with cross sticks ever was used as described by Buck and Harlow. "Economic reasons alone," remarked a prominent official, "to say nothing of other considerations would have forbidden it." I have no means of definitely determining this interesting but unimportant question and therefore leave it for other investigators who have more time, more patience and better opportunities. Man and mule alike have disappeared from the towpath, and the oldest bargee in retirement can give me nothing more definite than a vague tradition.

The work on the Schuylkill Canal was begun in

1815, immediately after the incorporation of the Company. By 1818, it was sufficiently completed to allow the descent of a few boats and in 1825, it was fully opened for purposes of business.

On July 5, 1824, that portion of the waterway which lay between Pottstown and Reading—about 22 miles—received the name of Girard Canal as a mark of respect for Stephen Girard to whose liberality the Company was greatly indebted.

The opening of this part of the canal was fittingly celebrated by a

number of persons from Philadelphia, Reading and elsewhere who came to Pottstown, embarked on the boats "Thomas Oaks," "Stephen Girard," "Dewitt Clinton" and "Reading Packet" and were transported to Reading. Bucks calls this trip the first satisfactory experiment in canal navigation in Pennsylvania. In September of the same year, four boatloads of volunteers and passengers left Reading for Philadelphia to attend a reception to Lafayette.



A RIVER BOAT READY FOR LAUNCHING  
ABOUT 1882

It is rather a singular coincidence that as I write these lines, the Recorder of Deeds should be engaged in satisfying a mortgage given by the Schuylkill Navigation Company to Stephen Girard in 1823, for \$230,000.

As laid out and constructed the work consisted of a series of canals 63 miles in length and slack water pools for 47 miles produced by 34 dams which fed the canals.

The locks were 109 in number each supposed to be 80 feet long and 17 broad.

Harlow asserts that in 1824, there was a schedule of toll rates prepared by the Company "on every known commodity of the region even to a bushel of hickory nuts but none on coal."

Anthracite coal at that time was but an inconsiderable article of commercial value. Public travel and transportation of store goods, lumber, grain, fruits and all the marketable products of the farm and the forge furnished the bulk of revenue and tonnage when the canal was first opened to public use, but it was soon discovered by hotel proprietors and private owners that coal at seven dollars a ton was cheaper than hickory wood at five dollars a cord, and by 1830, 180,000 tons of coal had descended the Schuylkill Canal and wood was almost a drug on the market.

As the business of the company increased the managers extended their plans. From time to time the canals and slack water pools were deepened and the

locks replaced by larger ones so that in 1832, boats of 80 tons could pass through the whole course.

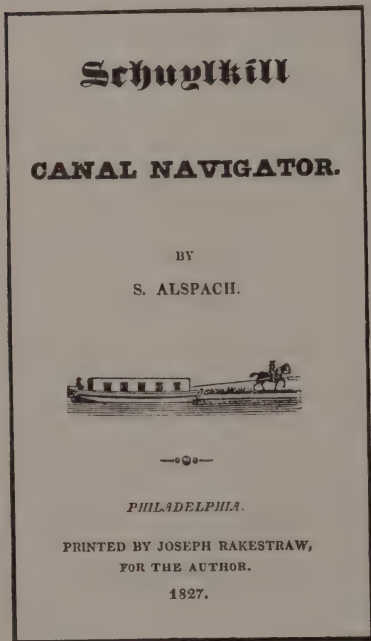
Edward Wilson, a civil engineer, was surprised to discover in 1845, that the locks on the canal were of 31 different lengths and 21 different widths. In his report to the Company he declares that *no fact connected with the canal appears so unaccountable to him as the entire want of uniformity in the lock chambers.*

According to his measurements, they varied in length from 79 to 91 feet and in width from 13 feet 2 inches to 17 feet 5 inches. The capacity of the

largest lock was fifty per cent greater than that of the smallest, yet the latter of course limited the dimension of the boats that could be used on the canal.

Wilson's report resulted in more uniformity in the lock chambers and eventually they were lengthened to 110 feet and widened to 18.

In early days the navigation of the Schuylkill Canal







BROWER'S LOCK

was not easy. A booklet published by S. Ansbach in 1827, entitled, *The Schuylkill Canal Navigator* proclaims it as "very difficult without an experienced navigator or proper directions, especially the lower section from Reading to Philadelphia occasioned by points, rocks and bars."

How did canal boats pass each other? This question is often asked by persons unfamiliar with canal navigation. Harlow answers it very clearly:

"When two boats met, the down-stream boat's team stepped to the outside of the tow-path and stopped so that the tow-line lay on the ground and sank into the water. Meanwhile the boat steered to the opposite side of the canal away from the tow-path. The up-stream boat and team passed between the other's tow-lines and the boat passing over it in the water. A similar procedure took place when one boat passed another going in the same direction as packets did the slower freight boats."

Travelling northwardly along the Schuylkill, the first lock on the boundary line is just above Pawling's Dam, on the Chester County side.

Ansbach's directions for navigating Pawling's Dam are, "Descending, drop down, after taking in the horse, inclining a little to the left—then cross over to the landing—keep on about 20 feet—pass the bridge and enter the locks."

The next lock above Pawling's is Brower's, which is located a half mile or more beyond the mouth of

the Perkiomen. When I visited it, I found a dredge, a lighter and a house-boat there. The house-boat was above the lock, the dredge and the lighter were expected to pass through the next day.

In looking at canal barges one can hardly fail to agree with Stevenson's statement that of all the creatures of commercial enterprise they are by far the most delightful to consider. "There should be many contented spirits on board," says he, "for such a life is both to travel and to stay at home."

"So far as I can make out time stands as nearly still with a bargee as is compatible with the return of bed time or the dinner hour. It is not easy to see why a bargee should ever die."

The vista at Brower's is inviting, in fact so inviting that I leave the shade of an old button-wood and start to walk up the tow-path to the lock at Black Rock Dam, three miles and a half distant or about a mile north of the Phoenixville and Mont Clare Bridge, on the Mont Clare side.

On this level, Anspach warns the navigator to keep a little nearer to the tow-path than the middle of the canal on account of stumps.

Some complain of the monotonous scenery. To me it is most pleasing. The curving lines of the canal lined with grass of the deepest green, the number and variety of trees that cast their shadows over the tow-path, the quaint bridges that loom up most unexpectedly give it a charm of novelty. So quiet

and peaceful is it that it reminds me of Hawthorne's Concord River, sleeping along its course and dreaming of the sky and of the clustering foliage. After looking at its dream picture an artist who is philosophically inclined, will join, in the query of the novelist; "Which after all is the most real—the picture or the original, the objects palpable to our grosser senses or their apotheosis in the stream beneath?"

An idler like myself, will leave this question undetermined in order to mark the outcome of a race between some common ducks and a canoe paddled by a freckled faced boy. The large basin, three hundred yards above the lock, where the canal boats used to gather, gives them ample room for action. My hopes are with the ducks—it is their swimming hole. The finish is close, but with much fluttering of wings the ducks win, after which there is a great deal of quackling.

Walking slowly along the tow-path in order not to miss any views of the glistening Schuylkill that occasionally shows itself between the trees and the shrubbery, my attention is attracted by my racing ducks waddling up the bank of the canal near a diving board. Close by, seated on a little wooden wharf is an elderly man with a pole in his hand apparently fishing.

In answer to my salutation he tells me he is fond of water. "I have circumnavigated this old globe



twice—I did it before the Panama Canal was built—thirty-five years in the navy, that's my record."

Today I find him on the banks of the Schuylkill Canal. Fishing? No. Watching a series of pictures in the water beneath him—Rounding the Horn, Coral Islands, Yokohama Harbor, Embassy Terraces overlooking the Mediterranean—these and a hundred others are all mirrored here. A catfish might run away with his hook and unless its efforts disturbed too much the surface of the water, it would not be noticed.

A hundred yards further up the canal, at the shadiest spot on the tow-path lies a man whose feet are dangling over the water. There is no bottle to justify what a legal friend of mine would call "an irrebuttable presumption of alcoholic imbibition," but his obliviousness of everything is consistent therewith. A turn of his body to the left means an involuntary bath. Fortune is with him, however, for an hour later finds his position unchanged.

Along the tow-path are many trespass signs, one of them showing unusual solicitude for trespassers. It reads as follows:

"BEWARE OF TRESPASSING—POISON IVY."

After all, perhaps it is not so much solicitude for trespassers as a belief on the part of the owner that Poison Ivy is a more effective deterrent than Law.

Two miles from Brower's Lock the tow-path will lead you through a village that calls itself Port

Providence. Its first name was Jacobs. About 1820, when Thomas Jones bought land here and built a landing to unload lumber coming by the canal, the village took the name of Lumberville and would probably have retained it had the villagers not desired a postoffice of that name. The government could not accede to their request, for Lumberville was already appropriated. Port Providence was selected for the postoffice and soon afterwards attached itself to the village. At one time it had a dock and built and repaired canal boats. Today, its most interesting historical monument is an old house on the west side of the canal. A part of this building was here a hundred years before the water-way was constructed. It looks old, very old. Near by it stands a fraternity building which exhibits above its doors the letters E.K.II. These three letters, a villager tells me, make a French word whose meaning he does not know. I did not enlighten him. Why should I? It is all Greek to him anyhow.

As I stand near the edge of the canal looking for a drop-gate, a curious buzzing sounds in my ears. A moment later, what looks like a huge condor comes skimming along the water, the tips of its wings and its talons cutting the glassy surface and sending slapping waves to either bank. What is it? A sea-plane, whose driver is celebrating our natal day in a diverting but dangerous fashion. So far as I have been able to learn this is the first appearance of such



DOUGHERTY'S LOCK AT BLACK ROCK DAM

a plane on the Schuylkill Canal.

Between Port Providence and the Village of Mont Clare is an island in the Schuylkill River which in times of floods receives with open arms a canal boats carried down from Black Rock Dam.



AN ISLAND IN SCHUYLKILL  
RIVER

A more delightful picture, however is to be found a quarter of a mile above Mont Clare where a group of happy school girls pause a moment under the arch of the Pennsylvania Railroad Bridge. What a charming picture! What an appropriate frame! Longfellow could have had no better illustration for his lines,

*"How bright is youth, how gay it seems  
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams."*

When I read of Old Abdelrahman counting the days of pure and genuine happiness that had fallen to his lot and finding that they amounted to only fourteen, I wonder if he ever was young. But I have no time for meditation; like the Wandering Jew I must go on. Another turn in the tow-path and Dougherty's Lock is in sight with Black Rock Dam beyond it.

Who is this aged man that engages me in conversation? A former lock-tender, full of reminiscences.



I find enjoyment in listening to his tales and am more than ever convinced that many of the old lock-tenders loved their locks as they loved their families. Even now, when the rust is on the iron and the planks are rotted out, these men still exhibit affection for what were once the special objects of their care. There are caresses in the hands that touch the levers and wheels, and not a little emotion in the voices that relate the experiences of the past.

The lock at Cromby is not far from the head of Black Rock Dam. Having seen this hamlet once you will remember it ever afterwards by its industrial monuments. Two tall stacks, visible for miles long proclaimed to the countryside in smoky ejaculations "This is Cromby."

Now alas, their occupation is gone, for the power plant at Conewingo on the Susquehanna has superseded the smaller plants on the Schuylkill.

From this lock to Spring City the distance is about two miles. At Spring City, the Pennsylvania Steel Shafting Company's Manufactory stands on the west side of the canal and presents a most unpleasing sight with its slimy and discolored walls. On a dark night it is even worse, for its numerous windows give the building the appearance of a prison with many gloomy cells; but when the moonbeams play on the black and lapping water and touch with silvery radiance the weather stained and spotted plaster one feels as if one were opposite some old palace in



THIS IS CROMBY



AT YANKEE DAM

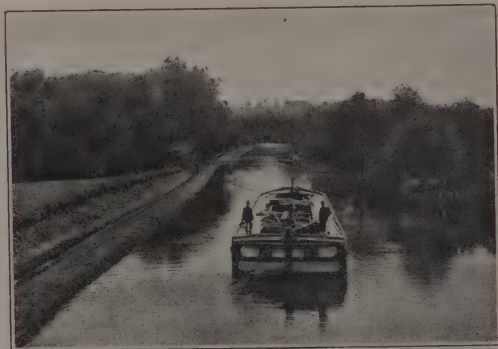


Venice in the days of Silvio Pellico. Only a gondola and bravo are needed to make the illusion complete.

A few rods further up the canal, it is pleasing to watch in Springtime a multitude of vines that vie with each other in climbing to the summit of a group of trees and having done so, reach in festoons from one tree to another and form a natural decoration.

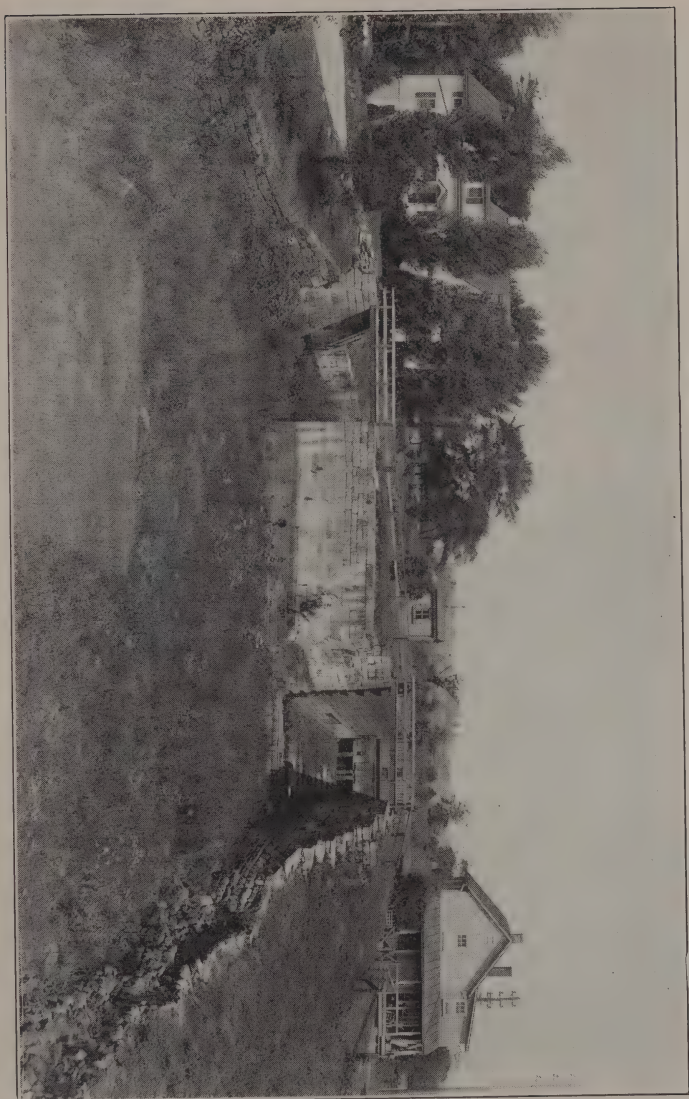
Beyond the second bridge over the canal are the fields of Pennhurst stretching northwardly for a mile and extending to the very edge of the water. When last I saw it, this wide expanse was covered with waving wheat. On the tow-path, close to the bridge, I overtook a well dressed man with a melancholy face who had come from Royersford. "I am trying," said he, "to walk off the effects of the general depression." Apparently he had a long way to go, for as yet his rigid face gave no evidence that his spirit had been touched by the natural beauty all about him. Golden grain and sunlit water evoked no response. Hopeless!

The lock at the breast of Yankee Dam is not easy of access and accordingly



NEAR PARKERFORD





AT PARKERFORD THE LOCKS PRESENT A MELANCHOLY ASPECT



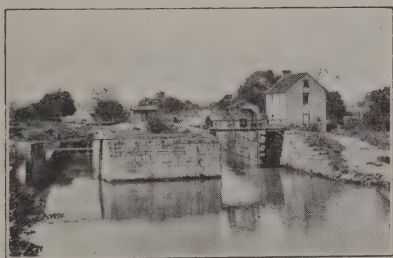
FRICK'S LOCKS

is visited by few persons. Those who come to bathe in the dam give it a passing nod of recognition but care nothing about its age or history.

These locks, when constructed, were numbered by the Schuylkill Navigation Company, but certain local names have been applied to them by which they are more generally known. The lock at Cromby has long been called "Wismer's," and this one at Yankee Dam, "Tower's."

Swartz's Lock, at the head of the dam, is about a mile above "Tower's" and may be reached by a road at the foot of Crabbe Hill. This lock is fast decaying. Every year in June, a group of hollyhocks combine to hide some of its ugly features, and for a few weeks they are partially successful.

At Parkerford, the canal-locks present a like melancholy aspect but the eye is somewhat diverted from the crumbling stone and falling timbers by the beauty of the adjoining gardens.



LOCK 56, PARKERFORD  
IN BYGONE DAYS

Of the many locks on the Schuylkill

Canal perhaps none along the line of Chester County was more important or better known than Frick's of East Coventry. It seems almost impossible to be-





C. E. MARSHALL'S HOUSE



lieve that this spot was once a scene of unusual activity, this untenanted house a well known store open at any hour of the day or night.

How interesting it would be if one could review the boats that once went up and down this waterway. What strange names would be found on their sterns, what curious characters on their decks, for bargees were as often chosen for their fighting record as for their knowledge of navigation. Theoretically the rules of the canal company determined which boat had the right to pass through a lock first, but the bargee's fighting spirit interpreted these rules and not infrequently his strong arm was the determining factor.

Laurel Locks—the last in Chester County are five miles up the canal. These locks are double, rising one above the other. The level between them and the lock at Birdsboro is ten miles. A part of the canal—in the rear of C. E. Marshall's house has been filled up and with the adjacent land forms a beautiful Japanese garden. Here are rocks and ferns and flowering plants with vases and canopies pleasing to the eye; here are chairs and wide spreading umbrellas giving comfort and shade; and in the center of a patch of richest green is a rectangular swimming pool. To one walking along the bed of the canal eastwardly and coming suddenly upon this garden, it seems like the opening of Paradise.

Of all the persons I have met along the line of this

canal Jacob Hahn is the best qualified by age and experience to speak about its operations.

"I was a lock-tender," said he, "for almost thirty years at Laurel Locks. The hours were long—from five in the morning till eight at night during the Summer; from six to seven in the Spring and Fall. About the holidays, the water was drawn off and left the boats light or loaded, wherever they happened to be. Repair work was done in the winter, the channel was cleared and high places were made deeper.

"How long did it take to lock a boat? About fifteen minutes. In a hurry I have done it in twelve. One year back in the '70s we had 1400 different boats on the canal. Some of them came from Williamsport through the Union Canal entering ours at Reading. Parking was all right if you didn't block the channel.

"The main business was of course, carrying coal. Coal boats differed from lumber boats, lumber boats from grain boats, grain boats from limeboys. Farmers were canvassed in the wintertime and the limeboy came down at the right season of the year and delivered the ordered lime. Then we had "Chunkers" from the Lehigh Canal and double boats from the Susquehannah so long that they had to be uncoupled to enter the lock. The heaviest load I remember was one of 214 tons carried by a canal boat made of pine wood—very light.

"Usually the crew of a canal boat was made up of three persons—a captain, a bowsman and a driver. All of them might be members of one family. The boy was generally the driver and often sat on the shaft mule.

"They had their own music. I can hear the bugle blowing today as they blew it then when they were coming to a bridge or rounding a bend. The mule stations were about ten miles apart.

"Each canal boat had a name and a number. The name was often that of the captain's wife or daughter. Two of the small steamboats that were in service toward the end were The Dolphin and the Catfish. One of the canal boats was called The Tidal Wave. Maybe it took its name from some of the floods, for we had some big ones—one in 1850, another in 1869 and the biggest in 1902.

"Captains whistling, bowsmen swearing, boys acrying, what a life it was!

"Up the Schuylkill Road above Laurel Locks, near the Berks County line, the company owned a farm where they turned their mules loose to recreate when the water was out of the canal. I have seen as many as 417 there at one time.

"With their scarlet plumes—colored cow-tails on the bridles—bells hanging from a circle fitting over the hames or on the choke straps and shining brass buckles these mules were pictures. You forgot their pedigree."

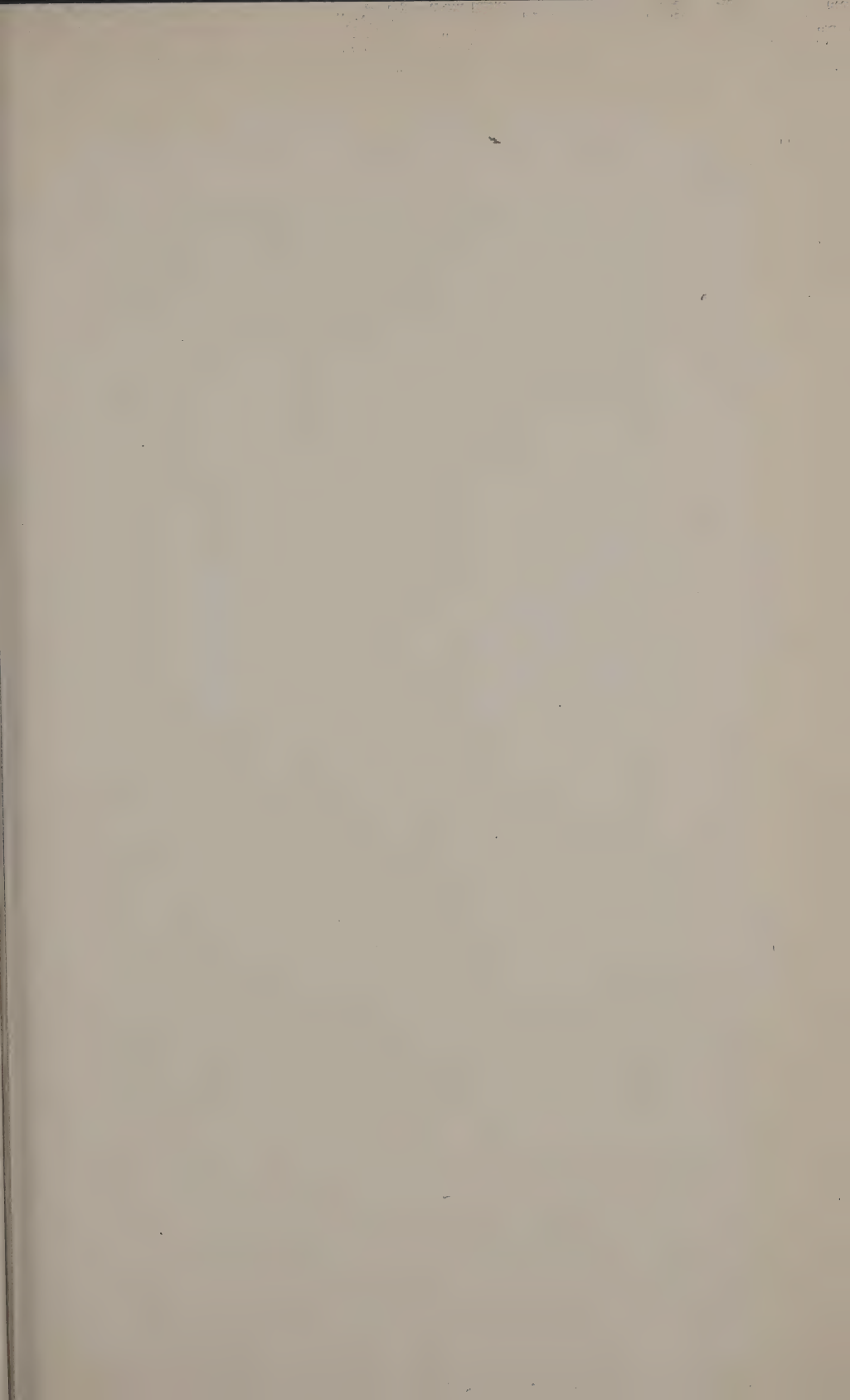
After all, why might not Sidney's words be applied to them "I am no herald to inquire into men's pedigrees, it sufficeth me if I know their virtues." After listening to Hahn I shall always remember the Reading Railway Company as the glorifier of the mule.

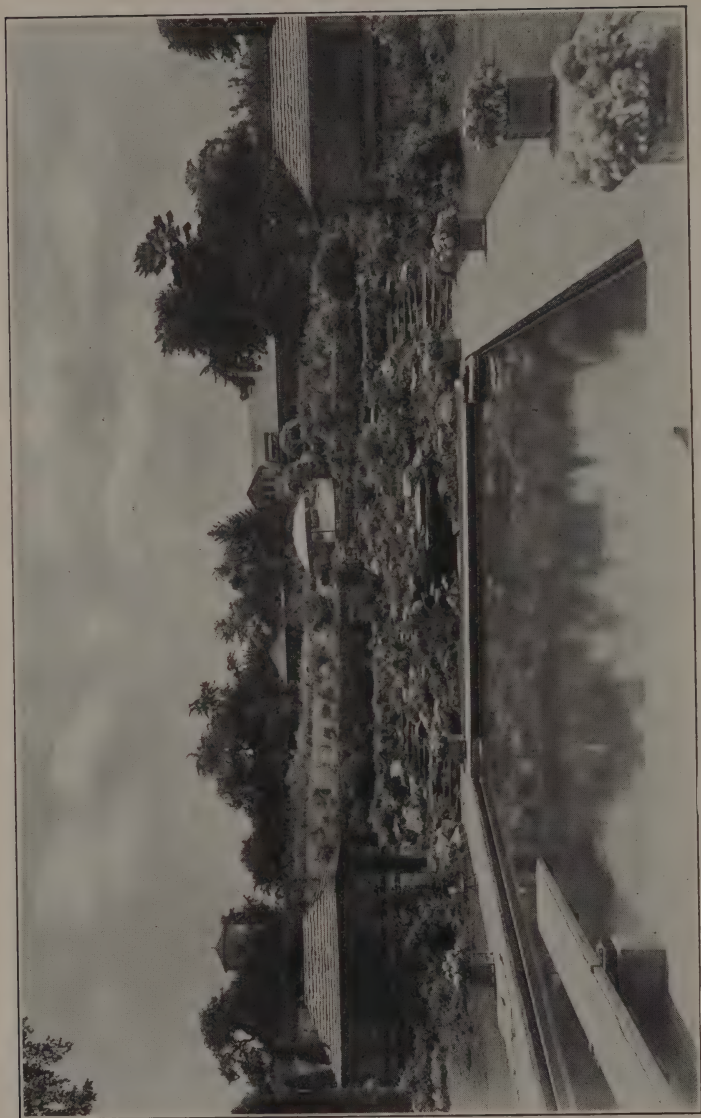
Stoddard remarks that the word canal to an American suggests only "a scow, a mule and a tow-path" while the same writer declares that in Sweden it is the most delightful feature of many a journey. "Never shall I forget," he exclaims, "those bright bewitching water ways, bordered with silvery birches, quivering aspens and majestic oaks—sparkling with equal beauty in the splendor of the sunset or the glory of the dawn."

It may be admitted that at no time in its history could this language be applied to the canal before me and yet its water was an element of beauty which those driving along some of the roads paralleling the Schuylkill sadly miss today.

But even more than the beauty was the restfulness experienced by all who looked upon this line of quiet water passing slowly and silently through the fields of Coventry and Vincent, a restfulness that will never be felt again.







ROCK GARDEN AT LAUREL LOCKS

## POTTSTOWN AND THE MANATAWNY

*"Oh Banks to me forever dear!*

*Oh Stream, whose murmur still I hear!"*

EVAN BANKS—*Burns.*

**B**EFORE the invention of automobiles, Pottstown, to some persons in Chester County, was the northernmost point in their geography. Various villages were passed in reaching it—Oakland, Lionville, Eagle, Ludwig's Corner, Pughtown, Bucktown and then, the Borough of Pottstown. All beyond it was *terra incognita*. Today, for many owners of speedy cars it is only a replenishing point.

But, Pottstown is worthy of honorable mention for at least three things—its Antiques, its Iron Industries and the Hill School.

One of its antique shops has furnished many homes in Chester County with rare and curious pieces and contains such a number of articles as to warrant its adoption of a sign that Joseph C. Lincoln mentions in one of his stories: "We buy and sell every thing old except eggs."

Pottstown itself is of ancient lineage. In 1754, John Potts and fifteen inhabitants of Coventry asked for a road from Coventry Forge to the mouth of Mahanatawny Creek alleging that for many years they had labored under great inconveniences for want of one. The road was granted.

Heckewelder gives the meaning of Manatawny as "the place where we drink."

In the days preceding the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment I sometimes wondered why no hotel proprietor in Pottstown appropriated this name for his house. Possibly he feared his patrons might judge the quality of his liquor by the appearance of the stream in the western end of the borough, then too, the mouth out of which its waters pass is unattractive; but, if one will turn his course northward and follow the windings of the Manatawny, much pleasure will be found in viewing the rich meadows through which it passes and the rugged rocks that now and then project themselves far out from precipitous banks and cast dark shadows on its waters.

Here and there, where the roadway is close to the stream, the foliage is so thick as to form a screen, half concealing groups of little islands wonderfully green. The further one advances the purer does the water become until at last above the bathing and boating resorts a point is reached where the significance of the Indian name may be appreciated to the full—"the place where we drink."

One of the pleasing features of Pottstown is the width of its main thoroughfare. Another, is the regularity with which its streets are laid out at right angles after the manner of Philadelphia. To whom



is the credit due? To John Potts, says Buck. He not only did this but he took all possible means to promote the growth of the place by the sale of building lots on favorable terms and by donating grounds for houses of worship and burial places.

Pottstown—originally known as Pottsgrove, derived its name from this distinguished citizen who owned a part of Sprogel's Manor and land adjoining it to the north.

When Sherman Day published his *Pennsylvania Historical Selections* in 1844, he called the attention of his readers to a stately but antique mansion beyond the Manatawny overlooking the town that had been erected by John Potts before the Revolution and remarked: "It was then the marvel of the whole country and people came 40 miles round merely to see it."

The Hill School stands on an eminence at the east end of Pottstown, on the north side of High street. During many years it has had a most enviable reputation for thoroughness in all that it professes to teach. Every time I pass by it I am impressed alike with its lofty location and its seemingly proud assumption of intellectual superiority. For me, it ceases to be an institution and becomes a kind of personification of learning, which somehow or other expresses itself in a manner that suggests a refrain that once circulated at Oxford:

*"Look at me my name is Jowett  
I'm the Master of Baliol College  
All there is to know, I know it,  
What I know not, is not knowledge."*

And yet, strangely enough, I am willing to concede almost all that it claims. Even in Chester County where every good thing is supposed to abound, we have nothing that equals it, nothing that approaches it.

UP CHESTNUT HILL  
FROM THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER

*"Is it that here I must not stop  
But o'er yon blue hill's woody top  
Must bend my lonely way."*

HENRY KIRKE WHITE—*I am pleased and yet I'm sad.*

A POST on the left side of the Schuylkill Road about a half mile east of Unionville announces the fact that Chester County ends at that point. Where then is the corner stone separating Berks from Chester and Montgomery?

Under rare conditions, I am told, you may find it in the middle of the river.

At the time of its erection, the adjoining section now embraced in Montgomery County was a part of Philadelphia County and continued to be such until 1784.

As for the stone, Mr. Montgomery of the Berks County Bar says, it is believed that when it was planted, lines were cut on the top of it, to mark the direction of the respective boundary lines of the three counties. Originally, it protruded several inches from the bottom of the river but has now become worn down even with the bottom and "is visible when the water is low and *clear*."

The italics are mine. Youth is optimistic and has limitless possibilities, middle-aged persons are sometimes prone to believe that all things come to him who waits; but, it is indisputable that an elderly man can do better than tarry here till the waters of the Schuylkill clarify and afford him a momentary glimpse of the corner stone.

The atlas of Chester County shows a straight line a few inches in length as the western boundary of North Coventry.

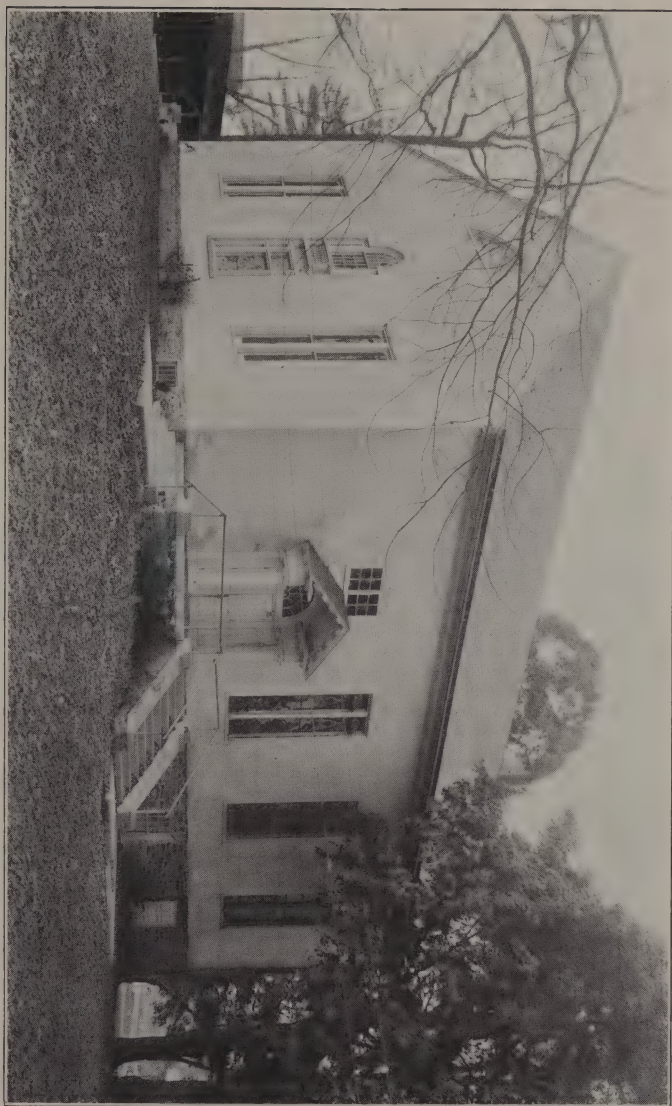
These inches represent a distance of four miles as the crow flies, but no sane traveller will follow the crow in this locality unless required to do so; on the contrary, he will continue to follow the Schuylkill Road until he comes to Unionville.

On a hot afternoon, he may possibly stop for a little while, at the site of an old distillery that was in operation eighty years ago.

"At that time," says my informant who received the story from his grandfather, "the colliers and woodchoppers near Houchtown used to send a lad with two jugs suspended from a rope around his shoulders, across Chestnut Hill to this distillery to get them filled with whiskey, threatening him with instant death if he fell and broke them." Today there is hardly a stone to mark the spot and no aroma.

At Unionville, a road to the left, leads by a gradual ascent to Temple Church.





SECOND REFORMED CHURCH

Remembering the prayer of Solomon at the dedication of a greater Temple, one is justified in assuming that a church bearing such a name is not unmindful of the needs of strangers, nor averse to offering its grounds as a resting place for weary pilgrims in their journeyings along the northern frontier of Chester County. I act on this assumption.

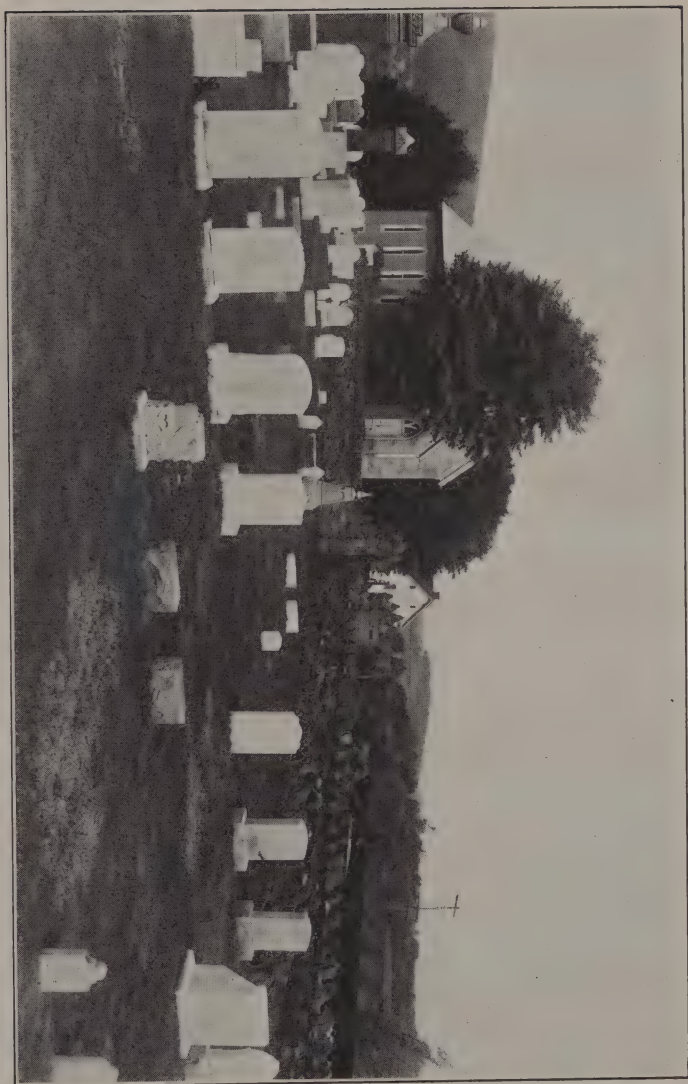
In 1842, the church at this point was known as "The Slab Shanty", at least we have the word of Lybrand for that fact and Lybrand officiated here in 1881.

In 1844, the plank house gave way to a stone building which was rebuilt thirty years later.

Standing on the grounds of Temple Church, a large cemetery not far distant beckons me to visit it and I turn my steps in that direction. The cemetery is an old one. The Second Reformed Church along side of it bears the date of 1837, but long before the foundation stones of the church were laid "Shenkle's" was a widely known burying ground.

A tablet near the entrance gate declares the cemetery to be "free". Does this declaration refer to the living or the dead? While I was reading the words aloud and lauding the generosity of the donor who had made it possible, a neighboring countryman who stood beside me said "That's so and it isn't so."

His remark smacked too much of nice distinctions so I passed through the entrance gate to make some observations.



SHENKEL'S CEMETERY

As I walked from the north to the south side of the burying ground I was surprised at the number of grave stones that contained a chisselled hand upon their front with the index finger pointing upward. Unconsciously one's eyes turn skyward,

“Beyond the flying clouds

Beyond the stars and all this passing scene.”

The oldest graves seem to be close together. Most of the inscriptions are decipherable, but some of them tax the strongest eyes to read them.

Not a few who lie buried here might very properly inquire of me as I bend over their mounds

“My name my country, what are they to thee?

What, whether base or proud my pedigree?

Perhaps I far surpassed all other men—

Perhaps I fell below them all, what then?

Suffice it stranger that thou seest a tomb—

Thou knowest its use—it hides—no matter whom.”

Returning to Temple Church and following the road in front of it, I find myself in a few minutes at a turn close to the boundary line. Standing at this point and looking back an inhabitant of Berk's County points to a small barn and informs me that the house that formerly adjoined it was on the line between Chester and Berks. “Its occupant,” said he, “ate his dinner in Chester and slept in Berks.”

I was tempted to ask him whether the atmosphere of Berks was more conducive to somnolency than that of Chester, but refrained from doing so, and leaving



him, sought some "buried paths" never seen by Keats, "where sleeping twilight dreams the summer hours away."

But Chestnut Hill is in front of me and must be climbed before the sun goes down. What has this hill to offer? A journey through never ending woods? By no means. Hardly has the ascent of it been started until a lake surprises me with wood nymphs sporting on its banks. A little distance and behold, another lake. Then as the road curves round the steepest portion of the hill it meets one coming up from Shenkel's Church and here I stop. The scene that opens up before me is one of rarest beauty. I congratulate the member of the Montgomery County Bar who built his bungalow at the junction of these roads.

In the distance, to the left, Monocacy lifts its wooded head; off to the right Rattlesnake Hill rises almost as high. With great reluctance I turn my back upon them. From this vantage point on Chestnut Hill, my way lies through the woods to the adjoining township of Warwick. Warwick has much to show, but another day must dawn, for the shadows of night are already enveloping the hills of Coventry.

## FREE LOVE VALLEY

*"The stream of pure and genuine love,  
Derives its current from above;  
And earth a second Eden shows  
Where'er the healing water flows.  
But, ah! if from the dykes and drains,  
Of sensual nature's feverish veins,  
Lust like a lawless headstrong flood,  
Impregnated with ooze and mud,  
Descending fast on every side,  
Once mingles with the sacred tide;  
Farewell the soul enticing scene,  
The banks that wore a smiling green,  
With rank defilement overspread,  
Bewail their flowing beauties dead."*

COWPER.

AT THE base of Chestnut Hill west of Shenkel's Church is a secluded tract of land that once was known as Free Love Valley—a name inappropriate to it at the present time but a very proper designation for it in the middle of the Nineteenth Century. At that time the stream of lawless love—if love it may be called—was strongly "impregnated with ooze and mud." The Battle-Axes lived here. In these fair fields of Coventry a few Dutch farmers who had adopted the principles of Theophilus Cates were moulding their lives according to the "New Order Of God". The scriptural declaration that "all things are yours" had been perverted into a license

for lust and the followers of Theophilus left a slimy trail wherever they went.

Spofford calls them, "a hilarious group of social outcasts," and such they were, for they not only violated the moral law but they flaunted their defiance in the face of the community where they lived. At last, Justice overtook some of the leaders and conveyed them to prison.

There was no romance in Free Love Valley—only passion and lewdness.

It is a strange story

"I was borne," says Theophilus in his autobiography, "in Hartland, County of Hartford, Connecticut State, the Twelfth day of June, 1787. My father taught me the Catechism, the Lord's Prayer and several short prayers."

In early childhood Theophilus dreamed he had died and was confined in a small place about four inches square in the middle of a huge rock. Was it Hell? He was not sure. A little later we find him throwing stones at stakes and trees to determine whether he would be saved or lost. To hit them meant salvation, to miss them—damnation. He continued these practices for five or six years but never satisfied himself as to his future state. At the age of fourteen he suffered greatly from a fever. While recovering, he believed he saw a black man pass him on the wings of the wind. He also noted a strange light the size of a candle approach his window.

Imaginary experiences? By no means—real but inexplicable. He informs his readers that his father was subject to seasons of derangement, but does not offer his father's weakness as an explanation of his own illusions.

At an early age of sixteen he is teaching school at Southwick. The following year he moves to Albany and New Brunswick. About this time, melancholy that has been slowly stealing upon him has become habitual and we see him in the dusk of evening, in a small hut along the road side, in a land of strangers, dreaming of the Last Judgment. But he pulls himself together, picks up his grip and moves on, passing through Trenton, Philadelphia, Wilmington, New Castle, Elkton and Havre-de-Grace. At this last place, hundreds of miles from friends or relations he finds himself with only a quarter of a dollar in his pocket. He returns to West Nottingham, Maryland, where he resumes teaching, then he visits Chester, and discovers that the people there are "not disposed to be over-righteous"; finally, he starts for Baltimore to study law, but soon changes his mind and gravitates toward preaching. Everywhere he goes he feels "a concern" for his own soul and the sins of mankind. In 1810, he wanders into the lowlands of Virginia, and confesses, in answer to an inquiry, that all sides of life are dark to him. Ten years later, he is the main contributor to *The Reformer*, in which



he sets himself against all Sunday Legislation and begins to prophesy.

In June, 1837, he publishes his *Battle Axe*, with a quotation from Jeremiah 51.-6. "Thou art my battle-axe and weapon of war." The first article is entitled, "The Order of God."

"Among the present fashions and usages of this world that will fade away is that of man and wife so called, living in strife and disagreement."

This is one of the striking announcements of his publication. All things are to be in common. No wife shall lack a husband or husband a wife. Failure and confusion are unknown among the saints, neither can the law of marriage bind them.

"Battle-axes, who will buy them," cried Theophilus, trudging along the streets of Philadelphia with a sheaf of them under his arm. "Five cents a copy or a dozen for a quarter". Each number of the *Battle Axe* stated that it was uncertain when the next number would be issued, as want of means would prevent the its appearing for some time.

"I'll help you", declared Hannah Williamson, a comely daughter of an old Welsh Quaker family, of Chester County, whereupon Theophilus united his fortunes with that of Hannah who was earning an "unconventional livelihood", on the streets of Philadelphia.

"Farmers of the poorer simpler class", says Sellers, "who had heard the prophet crying his doctrine in the

city market place, brought back the principles of the Battle-axe to their woods and fields."

When Theophilus came to Coventry, he was received with open arms by the Rineharts, Stubblebines and Snyders and by various other Dutch residents who regarded him as a prophet; not a harsh prophet denouncing sin, but an alluring prophet who spoke of a perfect state wherein the individual lost his former nature and rose above human and scriptural laws. Human laws, it was true, might oppose his practices, but opposition to the Battle-Axes, according to Theophilus, would come to naught.

After his principles had been disseminated and expounded, it became the practice of the little group of his followers to meet at the house of one of their number, where, having left their clothing and morals behind them they engaged in certain ritualistic exercises—if reproved by anyone for their unsavory conduct, they justified their actions by pointing to Adam and Eve in Eden.

Now and then, one Battle-Axe would go to the home of another and speak of a call to a saintly marriage union with a married member of the family, upon which, the pair might leave together for a day or for years, the union lasting until one of them received a spiritual mandate parting them.

One woman, who had been deserted by her husband, when released from Embreeville, returned to the valley with ball and chain upon her ankles.

According to traditions, Madgalena Snyder walked into the house of William Stubblebine, while he and his family were at dinner, and impudently informed him that Heaven had chosen him as her soul's mate and had directed her to take the place of his wife. Immediately William complied with the order, shifting his wife to the end of the table and installing Magdalena in her seat. Other cases followed. Families were rent asunder, some of the members becoming insane.

While Theophilus was living in Coventry, he was constantly telling his deluded followers that Heaven was almost at hand. In harmony with his statement, it is said, that he actually fastened wings of light shingles on his arms and took flight from his roof, hoping to go skyward. Alas for his hopes. To his hurt he fell on his own dunghill.

The Gatesites or Battle-axes increased in numbers in this northern valley and developed a ceremony or rite of a character which Sellers says was "worthy of their peculiar disposition. The place was a pool near the log house and the ceremony consisted in disrobing and entering the water in single file. It was grievous sacrilege as the line marched from the house to the pool to look behind and thus some semblance of decorum was introduced."

In a short time this semblance vanished and in their gambollings the Battle-axes spurned all restraints of decency. With frenzied howlings they

even invaded Shenkel's Church and marched up and down its aisles, glorying in their shamelessness.

Finally the decent element of the community in this remote rural district was roused to action and, in 1844, a number of arrests were made.

When the Battle Axe cases came up for trial in the Court-house, at West Chester, "there were more present", says a reporter, "than we have ever before witnessed. Ingress was difficult, egress was impossible."

"Clear the Grand Jury box", cried constable McCartney. But the multitude moved not as if in doubt whether he could be in earnest. It was a hard decree; there was no place to go, every nook and cranny of the Court-house was filled but the appearance of the tip-staves with poles and bludgeons of formidable magnitude left no other alternative."

"This was not all, there came an order from the Court to clear the chairs reserved for the Bar."

"Every man felt that the house was small, hot and uncomfortable, there was no place to sit down, hardly any to stand up."

As viewed by the reporter, the case was a theatrical failure. "It possessed little of the interest which was anticipated by the multitude. There was nothing in the parties, the witnesses or the testimony to equal expectation."

"The first individual tried was David Stubblebine, and the course of investigation and the character of



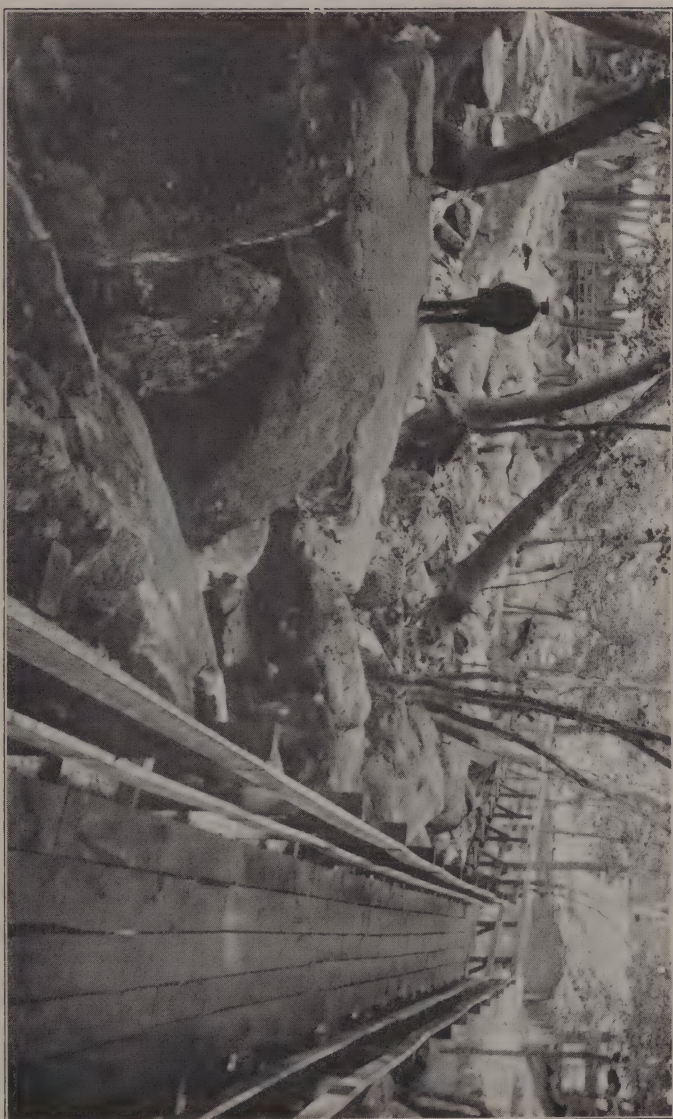


COLD SPRINGS PARK

the testimony in the other cases was very similar. He was charged with a violation of the marriage contract. The testimony consisted of his own admissions."

Convicted on six of the seven bills preferred against him, he was sentenced to eighteen months in the county prison. Lydia Williamson, a comely lass of twenty, who was returned "guilty" on three charges received six months. Samuel Barde on four charges was given eight months, while Jacob Stubblestine, acquitted on two indictments, was ordered to pay the costs of the prosecution.

Before leaving this portion of North Coventry you must look at Cold Springs Park on the edge of Free Love Valley. It is a beautiful spot where occasionally artists of distinction are to be found engaged in friendly rivalry; one, painting a leaf; another, a face; a third, a bit of scenery. Do not look for old residents acquainted with the history of the Battle-Axes. They are all dead.



THESE MIGHTY GRANITE BOULDERS



## THE FALLS OF FRENCH CREEK

*"He whistled shrill*

*And he was answered from the hill."*

SCOTT—*The Lady of the Lake.*

WHAT has Warwick to offer a traveller? Lofty hills, Iron-ore Mines, Old Furnaces and the Falls of French Creek.

From the Ridge Road—which on Sundays and holidays is lined with automobiles one obtains a general view of Warwick's hills, but properly to appreciate their ruggedness and height, one must climb them on foot.

The Old Furnaces and the Falls of French Creek are several miles south of the northern boundary of this township, but the picturesqueness of the Falls and the historical associations of the Furnaces justify me in deviating somewhat from my projected line of travel.

The Northern Branch of French Creek has its rise in Berks County, west of Hopewell, and its waters in their southeasterly flow are speedily increased by numerous small creeks so that by the time it reaches the Falls it has become a stream of some size and swiftness.

There are few spots in Chester County that are visited more frequently by all sorts of persons than the Falls of French Creek. Not only the passing

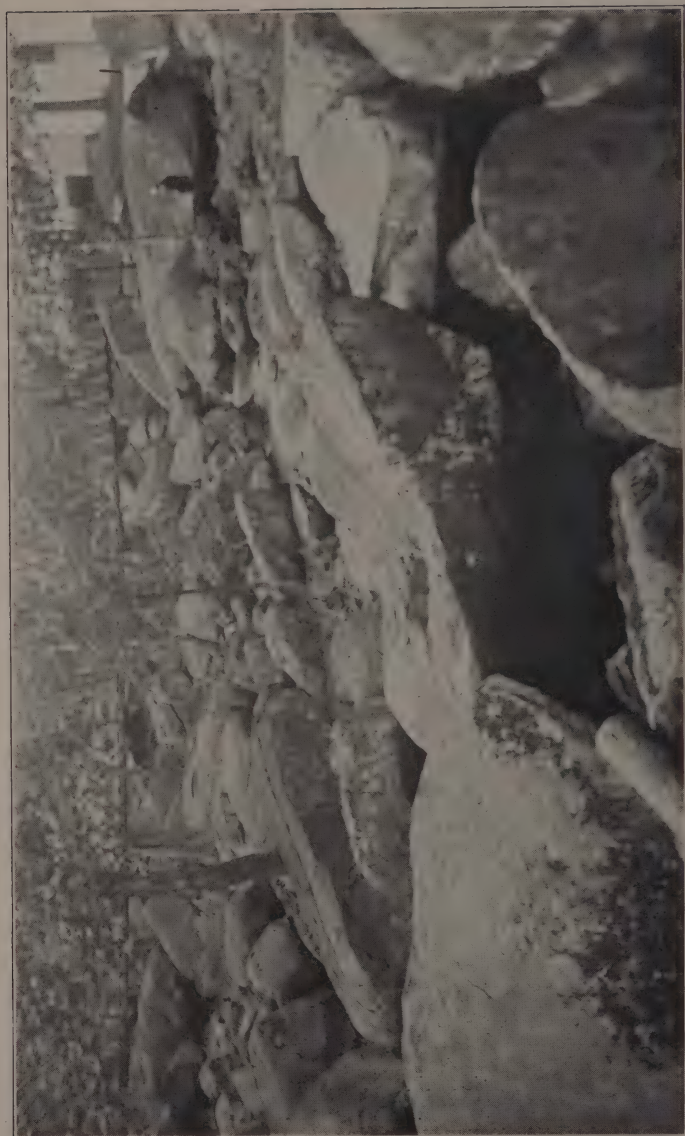


tourists but classes in geology from the High schools of Chester and other counties come to study rock formations, to formulate theories and gather specimens.

Why was this stream named French Creek? Judge Pennypacker always regretted the loss of its euphonious Indian title of Sankanac. "The origin of the name French Creek," says he, "I have been unable to discover, but it is used in the report of the Commissioners appointed to fix the boundaries of Chester and Lancaster Counties, as early as 1729."

It appears in patents before that date. In the grant of lands to Samuel Nutt, in 1717, it is called French Creek. Nine years later, a road jury refers to Nutt's Furnace on Vincent River, using the name by which it was designated in the Map of the Province of Pennsylvania prepared for Penn by Thomas Holme, in 1685.

Sir Matthew Vincent we know and can readily account for Vincent River—but why French Creek? Before entering into Hopewell Dam the North Branch, that has its origin in Berks County, is known locally as Scot's Run; upon leaving the dam it takes the name of French Creek. The oldest inhabitant in this neighborhood who lives not far from the stream declares that French is a corruption of Friends which was its original name. This may be true, for Acrelius, in 1759, in his History of New



THE FALLS OF FRENCH CREEK

Sweden, when writing about Nutt's Mine and Branson's Furnace, calls it by that name—"Friends Creek in Chester County near the Schuylkill."

Upon viewing the Falls for the first time there is a feeling of disappointment. The houses bordering on the public road from which the first glimpse is obtained are many, and interfere with the view, while in themselves they are anything than picturesque.

Again, when a clear sight of the stream is obtained, rarely does the body of the water meet the eye; in fact, it seems as if the stream for the most part had lost itself below these mighty granite boulders.

But, after a heavy downfall of rain, French Creek becomes swollen with pride and then, disdainful of boundaries, it rushes swiftly towards these rocks and leaps over them in wild abandon completely enveloping some of them and hurling a mass of water upon the heads of others.

From the dam above to the dam below the drop is a hundred feet.

But there are other interesting objects at this spot beside the Falls. On the east side of the road, opposite the store, is a granite quarry that has been worked for many years and lies open to public view. Huge blocks may be seen in the bottom of this quarry waiting to be lifted or split, while confronting you on the farther side is a massive granite wall which enables you better to realize the strength of these everlasting hills.

A quarter of a mile northeast of the quarry is an iron-ore mine no longer used. A high stack, visible for a long distance, marks the entrance to this mine which was fifteen hundred feet deep. It is closed today, but a colored man, whose house is close by, still loves to tell the story of a miner's life to all who will listen. He bears on his body marks of service—dangerous service, but nevertheless, he can neither conceal his attachment to the old mine nor his genuine grief at the thought that it is forever closed.

Years ago, when the mine was in operation, the licensed hotel that swung its sign to the breezes that sweep over these northern hills, was a well known resort for local politicians. The clan gathered here and candidates who visited this hostelry at the Falls of French Creek underwent an experience that made a lasting impression upon their memory.

No sooner did a candidate present his card to the proprietor or bartender than a call was sounded and

“His whistle garrison'd the glen

At once with full five hundred men

As if the yawning hill to heaven

A subterranean host had given.”

And what a motley group it was that collected about the bar. Mine and quarry seemed to vomit them forth. Black, white, washed, unwashed, all with a lean and thirsty look and all solicitous to advance the interests of that particular aspirant for county office.



A plethoric pocket-book was of course a *sine qua non*. Without it, it was wise to pass this place unnoticed and unknown.

A candidate who stayed an hour felt himself elected but alas,

*They gave him their promise, remembered his name  
Till he drove out of sight and another one came.—*

Other places may dispute my statement but it was here that the story originated of the seeker for office who calling at a dwelling house found the head of the family away but met his wife at the door. Upon learning his mission she remarked with a smile. "Don't let his absence discourage you, I'll see that he promises you."

"Will you indeed?" said the delighted candidate.

"Certainly," replied the wife, "he has promised all the others, why shouldn't he promise you."

COVENTRYVILLE  
COVENTRY FORGE      COVENTRY FURNACE

*"That winding stream I love so dear."*

BURNS—*The Banks of Nity.*

COVENTRYVILLE is a quaint little village on the Ridge Road about a mile west of the highway leading from West Chester to Pottstown. In the meadowland south of the village, concealed by the bushes and briars the two branches of French Creek meet and unite their waters. After this union, a large stream issues from the trysting-thicket and passes under the covered bridge on the Uwchlan Road on its way to the Schuylkill River at Phoenixville.

One of the old tracts near-by originally bore the name of "Hospitality". Coventryville still retains some measure of this grace. If you doubt it, you have only to turn your eyes to the left side of the Ridge Road as you journey westward and read a notice over a small stand on which are displayed various bottles of honey with a schedule of prices. Travellers are invited to "Take the honey" and "Leave the money."

What confidence in human nature is exhibited here? "To be honest as this world goes is to be one man in ten thousand," declared Shakespeare in his day, but this optimistic owner of bees evidently believes that even in these years of depression the

world is growing better, for unless the ratio at the present time were different from that laid down by the great dramatist, business at this stand would be impossible.

After you have taken the honey and left the money, you discover at a little distance a marker bearing this announcement:

When you have finished reading the statement on this marker, it is important that you make the acquaintance of Samuel Nutt.

—COVENTRY FORGE—  
THE SECOND IRON WORKS IN THE  
PROVINCE AND THE FIRST IN  
CHESTER CO., WAS BUILT HERE BY  
SAMUEL NUTT IN 1717  
MORDECAI LINCOLN ANCESTOR  
OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS  
PART OWNER & BLACKSMITH IN  
1725. LAST HEAT IN 1870.



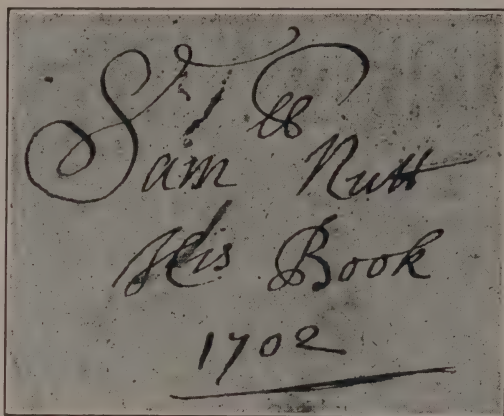
*Courtesy of Charles Montgomery*

It is possible that you may not know much about Samuel Nutt except as an iron-master. If so, you will enjoy turning over the leaves of a little book of his bound in parchment, and fastened with a clasp. Its hundred pages contain much curious matter and help one to form a conception of the old iron master of Coventry.

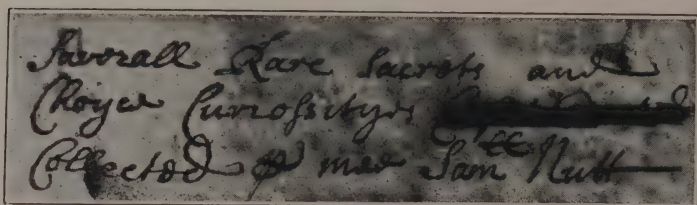
On the binding of this book, inside, there is written with a flourish the name of the owner.

Immediately below this signature his name is written again thereby emphasizing its value and his ownership.

At the beginning of the book is an index of six pages prefaced by the following lines.



A rectangular photograph showing a close-up of a handwritten inscription on a book's inner cover. The text is written in a cursive, calligraphic style. It reads: "Sam Nutt" in a large, ornate script, followed by "His Book" in a slightly smaller script, and "1702" at the bottom, underlined with a single stroke.



A rectangular photograph showing a close-up of a handwritten inscription on a book's inner cover. The text is written in a cursive, calligraphic style. It reads: "Several Rare Secrets and" on the first line, "Royal Curiositys" on the second line, and "Collected & now Sam Nutt" on the third line.

Are you interested in writing? You will find directions here how to make black ink, how to write upon iron and steel and also how to write "in secret."

Would you know something about dyeing? This book will tell you how to "collour woollen cloth yarn," black, red, crimson, brown, blue ash, yellow and scarlet.



Do you make a study of flowers? You may learn here how to make a red rose white or to cause a rose tree to bear twice in one year.

For those domestically inclined, there is much information about pickling salmon, cucumbers, kidney beans and oysters as well as recipes for making "mackroons" and "a mighty rich cake." If the larder is almost empty all needful instructions are given for catching wild ducks and pigeons.

Should you feel that some of these dishes ought to be well washed down; mead, elderberry wine, gooseberry wine, "an excellent fine ale" and aqua mirabilis are all provided for.

Besides formulas and recipes there are numerous remedies for divers diseases and sundry ailments; for shortness of breath, for pain in the stomach, for burns and sores, for stone, and a specific of twenty black snails and bay salt for shrunk sinews.

For convulsions and fits, the sufferer is directed to take jay birds "pull off ye feathers and guts and dry them in an oven then beat them into powder and swallow it. Most sufferers, upon reading the directions would probably prefer to forego the remedy and keep the fits.

The index purports to give a recipe for making good flesh seem corrupt, but the directions are missing.

It is evident from this book that the old iron master had his merry moods for he has put down in

writing, "How to make a candle that will not burn."

"Take a piece of a turnip (or of a Cabidge stalk) & cut it into the shape of a Candle and black ye end (of that that is Cut for ye Wick) with Ink & it will be sport Enough to get folks to Light it at ye Fire."

But perhaps the most entertaining feat mentioned by Mr. Nutt is that of "making an Egg ascend into the air."

"Take a handkerchief for ye month of May & stroke it over ye grass In ye Morning before ye Sun Rises & Ring out ye Dew that is upon it into a Clean vessell, then blow out ye yoke & white of an Egg & fill ye shell with ye said Dew, & seal up both ye Ends thereof—then Lay it in ye sunshine (upon a warm bank) & set a stick by it (straight upright) & about 10 or 12 a Clock it will Creep up ye Stick & afterwards ascend into ye air."

In a small pocket formed by the parting of the binding I discover a copy of a Nutt Coat of Arms. The copy looks as old as the book itself.

Besides Samuel Nutt there are various other charac-



ters who deserve to be remembered. Let me, therefore, present William Branson, Thomas Rutter, Anna Savage and her charming daughter Rebecca.

William Branson came over in the "Golden Lion" from the parish of Sonning, in Berkshire, England, and settled in Philadelphia. He was first a joiner, then a shopkeeper and in 1723, if not earlier, he developed into a merchant.

Thomas Rutter was a smith who started operations at Pool Forge on the Manatawny about 1716. His daughter Anna—a most capable person—married Samuel Savage of Coventry Township and became the mother of several children. Savage died about 1720, and a short time afterwards, his widow laid aside her weeds and became the bride of Samuel Nutt the founder of Coventry Iron Works on French Creek.

About twenty years later, her daughter, Rebecca Savage, married Samuel Nutt, Jr., the nephew of Samuel Nutt. It is said that the nephew a few hours after the ceremony wrote to an intimate friend in England "I have this day married the most lovely savage in America."

On the 28th day of February, 1723/4, Samuel Nutt, ironmaster, William Branson, merchant, and Mordecai Lincoln, ironmaster, entered into an agreement, in which they recite that they have "at their joynt Charge lately Erected Built and provided one Dwelling House and a Forge with Engines belonging

to their Iron Works besides other Buildings" situate on a tract of land at French Creek containing 150 acres surveyed to Samuel Nutt by virtue of a warrant dated the 18th day of September, 1717, and declare it to be their intention that 97 acres of this tract and 3 acres of a tract obtained from James Peugh, now in the possession of Samuel Nutt, shall be purchased by him in fee and that one full equal and undivided third shall be conveyed by him to William Branson and another similar third to Mordecai Lincoln upon their paying their proportionate shares of the purchase money.





To His Majesties Justices of the Peace  
for the County of Chester at Their Court of Quarter  
Sessions held for the sd County. —

The Petition of Samuel Nutt, William  
Branson and Jonathan Robeson Humbly Sheweth

That whereas y<sup>e</sup> Petitioners havinge Laid out  
great Sums of money To building and Erecting of Iron  
works for the making of Iron In this County which  
said manufactory must unavoidably advance the Interest  
of the same — But y<sup>e</sup> Petitioners are very much  
Incomodend the County Reduced to very great Difficulties  
and Dangers with Cattle and Horses In bringing Iron  
from the said works to the severall parts of this County  
by Reason thereof as yet no Road laid out to the said  
works from any Part thereof. — Your Petitioners  
Therefore Humbly pray that Some persons of good  
Judgment may be appointed to Lay out a Road from  
The said works to enough Land meeting house which  
will in a great measure Remove the Difficulties  
Complained of — and y<sup>e</sup> Petitioners shall ever pray  
Ec

Sam<sup>l</sup> Nutt  
Will<sup>m</sup> Branson  
Jonathan Robeson

How are the words "lately erected" to be interpreted? Do they refer to the first forge at that locality or to a second that Samuel Nutt had in view in 1720? On July 2, 1720, he addressed a note to Isaac Taylor in which he says, "I was in hopes to see thee at the Forge before this time". In this letter he also expresses his intention of "putting up another forge upon French Creek at little above James Peughs upper Line and shall dam up above the forks of the North and South Branches." Was this second forge ever built by him? This is a debatable question.

The approximate site of Old Coventry Forge may be readily ascertained by examining the courses of the public roads that radiated from it, with allowances for mistakes.

In 1726, at the earnest solicitation of Samuel Nutt, William Branson and Jonathan Robeson, a road was laid out from the "Forge on the river St. Vincent" (French Creek) in Coventryville to the Meeting-house in Youghland.

According to the petitioners' statement no authorized road at that time had been laid out to the Iron Works from any part of the County. What a wilderness it must have been.

In 1746, another road was granted beginning at the bridge near Coventry Forge and ending at an "island ford upon the Schuylkill" about a quarter of a mile below Thomas Millard's Mill. For twenty years before this date there had been a road on

sufferance from the Forge to the River but it had been turned by fences and had become very inconvenient.

In 1749, according to the allegations of various petitioners there was need for a road from Coventry Forge to Reading Furnace for substantially the same reasons. This road as laid out, started in the Provincial Road near Coventry Forge.

In 1754, the Justices approved a road from Coventry Forge to the mouth of Mahanatawny Creek.

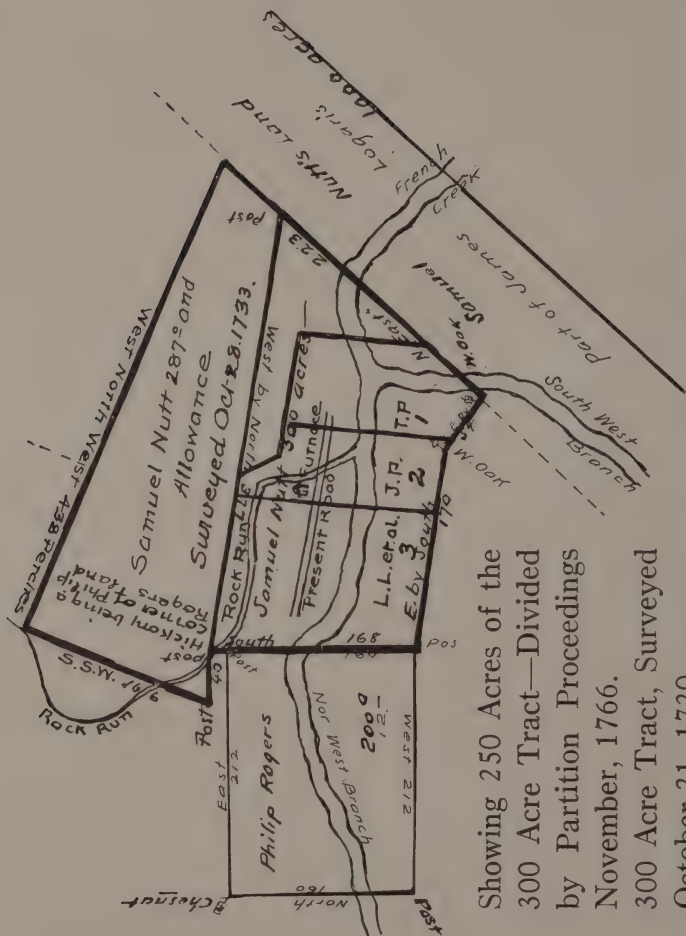
In 1756, a road in Berks County was continued through Chester County to Coventry Forge.

A Coventry Forge Dam still remains and the race which—to use the language of an old conveyance—“was dug by Thomas Potts for conducting water of said branch (South French Creek) to his forge pond on the northwest branch of said creek,” can yet be traced.

The exact site of Old Coventry Forge is hard to determine.

After an examination of draughts, courses of various roads, location of the breast of another dam and other marks, I am inclined to believe that the original Forge was about 450 feet southwest of the marker and the later forge about 250 feet southeast of the marker.

My views harmonize with those of William L. Chrisman, Esq., the present owner of the premises. He informs me that there is evidence that the coal



Showing 250 Acres of the  
300 Acre Tract—Divided  
by Partition Proceedings  
November, 1766.  
300 Acre Tract, Surveyed  
October 21, 1720.



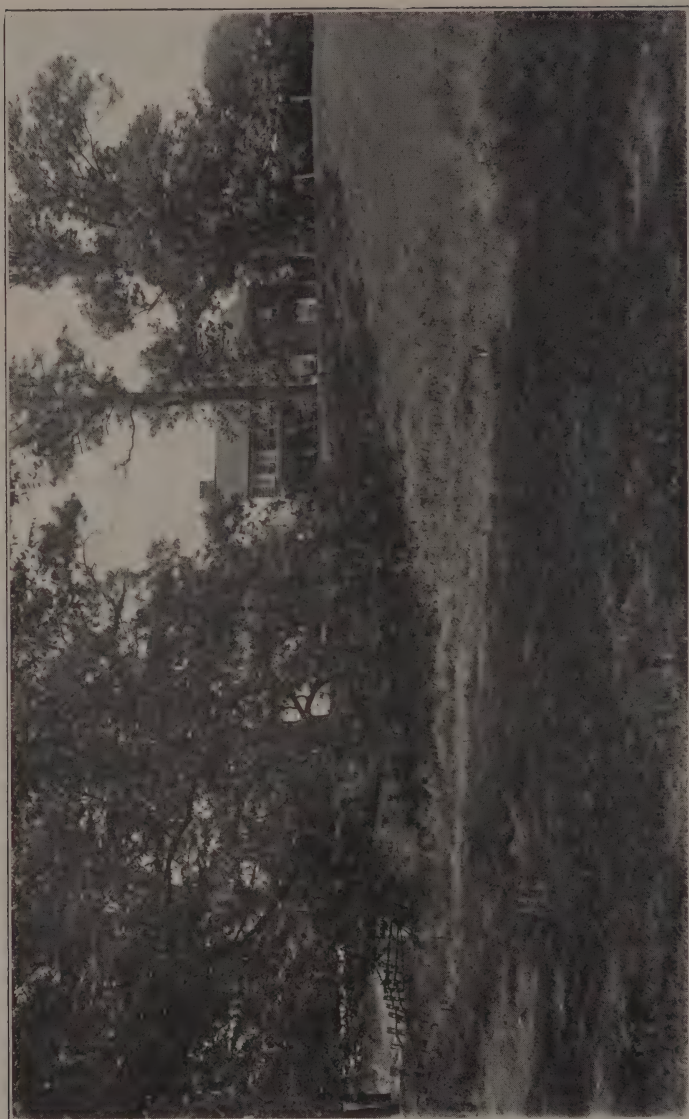
house of the old forge stood a few yards west of the road leading south to Nantmeal where the abandoned right of way of the Delaware River and Lancaster Railroad crosses it. He remembers a large disintegrated charcoal deposit at this point, prior to 1890, and also he recalls a bridge about a hundred feet north of this spot which was then supposed to be all that was left of the tail race of the original forge.

But where was Coventry Furnace? To determine this question one needs to have not only draughts and deeds but to know the history and traditions of this locality.

Samuel Nutt had, among other holdings, two tracts of land in Coventry of three hundred acres each; one lay to the east of a little stream on the eastern edge of Coventry hamlet, the other stretched along the north branch of French Creek from the centre of the hamlet westwardly.

In a deed dated January 10, 1788, from the executors of John Potts to Thomas Potts, Samuel Nutt's seisin of three hundred acres is recited and also his conveyance to William Branson of a moiety of two hundred and fifty acres "whereon Coventry Forge and the old Furnace formerly stood."

In 1766, by proceedings in partition this land was divided into three tracts. These tracts I have numbered 1, 2, and 3. Coventry Forge was built on No. 1. Coventry Furnace on the eastern side of No. 2, which was allotted to John Potts.



OCCUPIED TODAY BY THE BINGAMAN SISTERS

The reasons for locating it on No. 2 are threefold: the adaptability of the land at that particular point, together with some marks and stones; the traditions of the neighborhood as given by the descendants of miners; and the testimony of Rachel Jones in 1806. At that time when she was in her ninety-first year she declared that she remembered playing about the furnace on Rock Run.

Besides these reasons, there is the recital contained in an obligation given by Samuel Nutt to William Branson, dated December 13, 1726, which states that "The said William Branson, together with the said Samuel Nutt and Jonathan Robeson have Built & Erected a ffurnace for the Running and Melting of Iron on a branch of the Creek commonly called French Creek in the said Township of Coventry upon a Piece or Parcel of Land Surveyed & Returned to the said Samuel Nutt being that same Tract as was lately in the possession and occupation of Mordecai Lincoln."

This parcel of land lay between the western line of the tract of one hundred acres and the western line of the tract of one hundred and fifty acres that I have referred to.

Shortly after the death of Samuel Nutt, Jr., Robert Grace married his widow Rebecca. The old patriarch, Isaac, found the object of his quest at a Palestinian well, Grace discovered his Rebecca by the waters of Cold Spring in the township of Coven-

try. She brought him health and beauty and, if the Pennsylvania Gazette is to be believed, "a fortune of ten thousand pounds."

On a hill to the north of the Ridge Road the Graces made their home, but Grace Chapel was not built by them but by some friends of Rebecca's in 1813, to perpetuate her memory.

The mansion house of Samuel Nutt to which some writers have given the fanciful name of Coventry Hall, has long since passed away but the home of the Graces still stands on the knoll to the north of the Ridge Road and is occupied today by the Bingaman sisters. In the living room of the house they point out a fireplace where the first Franklin stove was installed.

In 1930, when the attic of their house was being repaired, some workmen found two silver spoons; the initials on one of them were A. P. (Anna Potts); on the other, were clearly engraven the letters R. G. (Rebecca Grace).

What a noble character she was, saintly and courageous. "It is one of the family traditions," says Mrs. James, "that Mrs. Grace saved Whitfield's life."

Whitfield had given notice that on a certain day he would preach at either Coventry or Warwick and the rough miners and furnace men swore that if he came they would kill him. When Mrs. Grace heard of their threats although she had no special interest in the great revivalist she declared that no man



should harm him upon her estate. On the day set she rode on horseback to the appointed place and stationed herself near Whitfield to protect him. But as he proceeded with his sermon, the furnacemen who had been overawed by their mistress's presence into listening to his fervid and impassioned oratory were quickly melted by it, and Mrs. Grace herself who went to protect the speaker instead of to listen to his message, became a convert to Methodism.

Some time after this incident, Mrs. Grace gave a building on her estate to be used as a chapel by the disciples of Whitfield and Wesley. One day, upon returning from Philadelphia, her husband saw her saddle-horse tied to a tree nearby the house in which she and a few neighbors were engaged in religious services. Dismounting immediately, he wrote upon its door the following distich:

*"Your walls are thick and your people are thin,  
The Devil's without and Grace is within."*

Occasionally, however, if the tradition of the neighborhood is to be believed, the "Devil" was compelled to stay outside. Robert Grace has been described as a young man of fortune, lively wit, fond of epigrams but fonder of his friends. Some times when in their company he lingered a little too long at the bowl. When his condition was such as to make him doubtful of his reception at his country home he would send his servant ahead with his top-hat. If the hat was retained by Rebecca, he advanced and entered, if it was returned by her he departed.

Mrs. Grace seems to have been a most fascinating woman. Even Franklin, as Mrs. James points out, after having been petted by French ladies of beauty and intellect paid the homage of his philosophic heart to her mature graces upon his return to this country as a widower just before the American Revolution. But Rebecca was passing into the sober twilight of age and had become a follower of Wesley. While she honored her late husband's friend for his many estimable qualities, she was unwilling to marry one whose religious opinions were so different from her own. Their friendship, however, remained unbroken by this episode. Franklin sent for her on his death bed and Rebecca was one of the last persons outside of his own family admitted to his presence. She travelled from Coventry to Philadelphia—a distance of forty miles over the rough March roads to bid him farewell.

Some of the statements of Mrs. James have been challenged by her readers who cannot conceive of Franklin's proposing to one whom they are pleased to call "a prim Puritanical widow of Coventry." They also refuse to accept the story of Rebecca Grace's defense of Whitfield, asserting that the great evangelist never spoke in northern Chester County.

I find no mention of the incident at the mines in Whitfield's writings, nor in any of his numerous biographies. We know, however, that Whitfield, while

in Philadelphia, visited southern Chester County. His Journal locates him at Nottingham and Faggs Manor and we have his own words for his love of rambling, "I would rather be one of Christ's bees," said he, "and learn to extract honey from every flower."

Might he on one of his rambles have gone into this mining region? It needed his ministrations badly, for, as a later Evangelist declared "Warwick Furnace is next door to hell."

As to Franklin's proposal, what absurdity is there in his offering his heart and hand to the widow of one of his dearest friends. It is true that she differed in almost every respect from the ladies of the French Court who had furnished him with much diversion, but in the clearer moral atmosphere of America might not her Christian graces have caused her to appear even to Franklin's twisted eye as an ideal person with whom to pass the closing years of life.

A quarter of a mile northwest of the mansion house is a family graveyard, whose walls are hidden by rank weeds and blackberry bushes. Near the gate they have become so thick as almost to prevent any entrance whatever. Inside the walls, some of the grave stones are concealed by vines and tall grass. Here, shadowed by two gigantic poplars lie Thomas Potts, Nathaniel Potts and other members of that family, while a little nearer to the gate and to



A STONE WHICH MARKS THE RESTING PLACE OF REBECCA GRACE

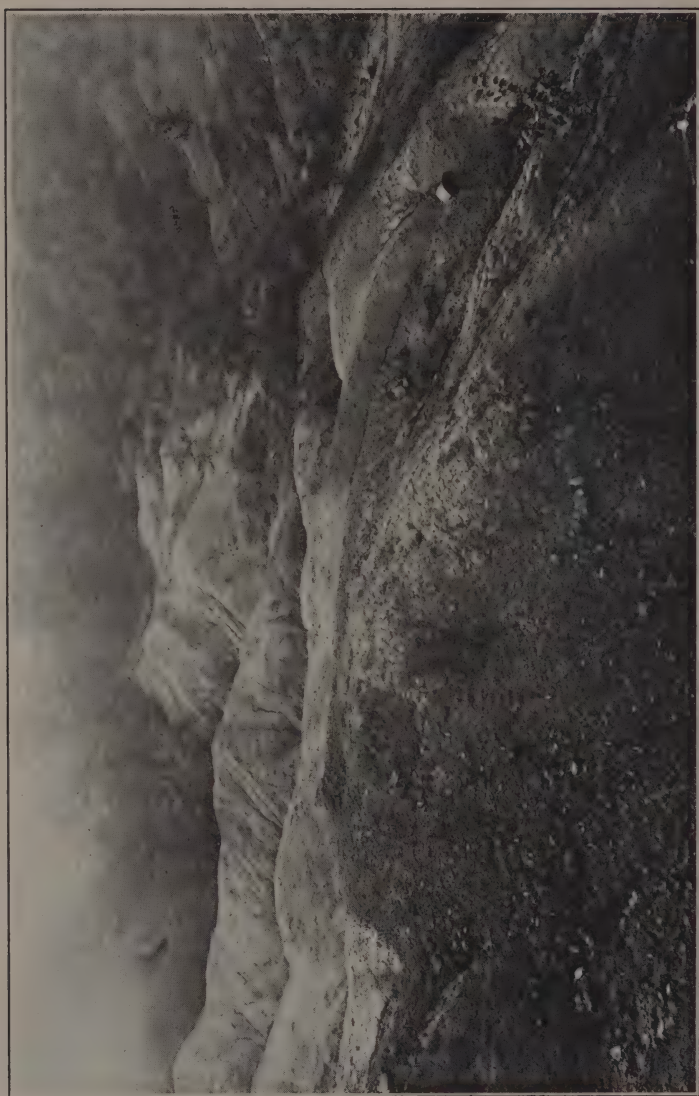


one of the poplars I find a stone which marks the resting place of Rebecca.

Two graves in this little graveyard are decorated with flags but hers has no token of affection and is as one that has been forgotten. I drop a wild flower on the mound beside me and stand for a few minutes in silent contemplation.

Is life worth living? Yes! If it is lived as Rebecca Grace lived hers.

From the earliest days of Coventry to the present time this village can boast of no worthier character. Friend of Franklin, protectress of evangelists, charming hostess and devout Christian she deserves to be remembered by the name that was frequently bestowed upon her in life—Lady Grace.



MINE TRACT

## WARWICK FURNACE

*"Ho, ho, they laugh with ghastly grin  
And point the furnace throat within."*

SCHILLER—*The Message to the Forge.*

DOWN in a Valley of Warwick Township, a mile south of the Ridge Road, two hundred yards or more north of the bridge over French Creek, a modest marker, similar to that at Coventry Forge, stands by the roadside advising all visitors who will stop long enough to read it, that they have reached the site of Warwick Furnace.

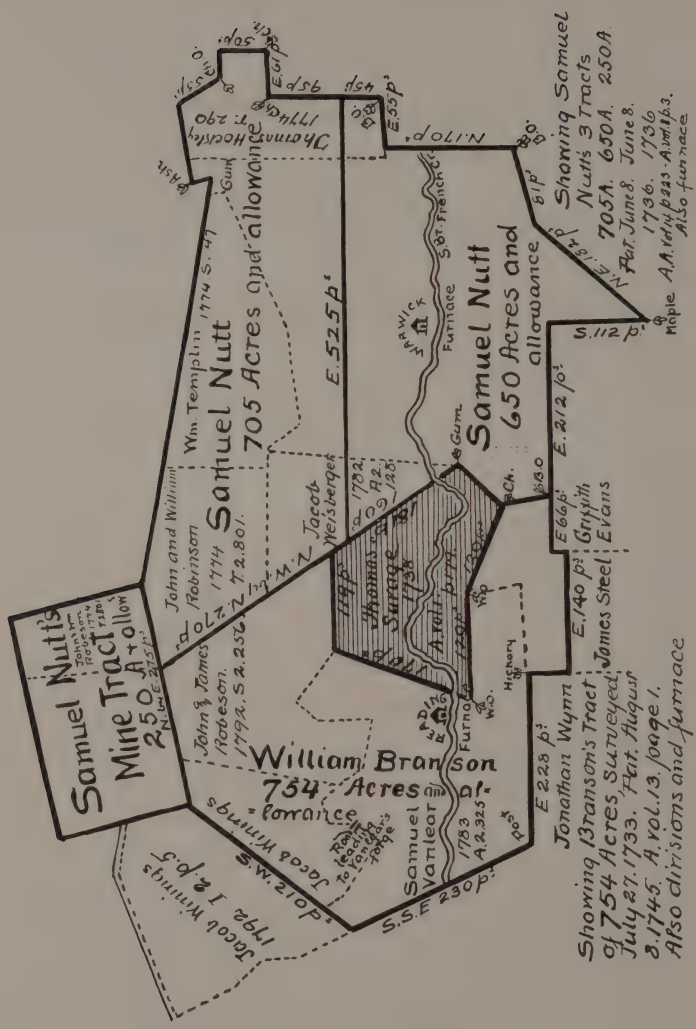
This marker has greeted me many times with its message, until now as I make the turn in the road which brings it into view, I find myself involuntarily repeating—"Anna Nutt—Franklin Stoves—Revolutionary Army."

On August 20, 1718, Samuel Nutt, the Coventry Quaker, obtained a patent for two hundred and fifty acres in what is now the township of Warwick.

Many a traveller leaving the village of St. Mary's has looked with curiosity at a multitude of irregular mounds of red earth on both sides of the road and has inquired: "What are these?"

The answer is: "A part of Nutt's Mine Tract."

In 1759, this mine is described by Acrelius as





"rich and abundant from ten to twelve feet deep, commencing on the surface."

On May 2, 1719, Nutt had 650 acres on the South Branch of French Creek surveyed for him and on October 20, 1733, he received a warrant for which a survey was made, of 705 acres north of the second tract.

These tracts were contiguous. Some of their lines may yet be traced on the Map of Warwick Township in the County Atlas of 1882, but a number have been obliterated by divisions.

In the latter part of 1737, Samuel Nutt died. By his last will he devised 120 acres of his land to his wife for the purpose of building a furnace near this point. There can be little doubt that in riding between Coventry and Reading the old iron-master had frequently turned his horse's head to the left at the Mine Tract, and had come down to this spot in the wild and woody valley of South French Creek, and after looking up and down the stream had calculated the possibilities of a successful intermediate furnace and had communicated his views to his wife, graciously leaving the matter of its exact location to her own judgment.

Had her husband lived it might have received the name of "Anna." Most of the furnaces in this section of the country were named after the wives of their owners. "Rebecca," "Joanna," "Isabella" are suggestive of sentiment and romance but "Anna"

could hardly be called euphonious and as Sir John Stoddard once wisely remarked, "The pleasure of sound is by no means to be disregarded in language."

Anna's daughter apparently recognized the truth involved in this statement for in 1740, Rebecca changed her name from Nutt to Grace. After the lapse of two centuries it may be a little late to offer congratulations, but they are undoubtedly due to one who began life a Savage and ended a Grace.

Warwick Furnace was built shortly after Samuel Nutt's death and in a few years became one of the greatest iron works in Pennsylvania. It produced both pig iron and castings. When Franklin invented his stove, in 1742, he made a present of the model to Robert Grace as an expression of gratitude for a loan procured for him by Grace, which Franklin regarded as "the foundation of his fortune."

Seated here on the bridge that spans the South Branch of French Creek, I wish Time could turn back its clock to the year 1737, that I might ask Samuel Nutt a few questions. Not about his successes at Coventry, his difficulties with Branson nor his plans for Warwick but concerning one Daniel McQuarley, hammerer and refiner at one of his furnaces. My curiosity is excited every time I read a copy of the advertisement which the Ironmaster inserted in the Pennsylvania Gazette offering a reward for this pocked marked Scotchman with a Roman nose and a few spots of gunpowder under his right



THE BRIDGE THAT SPANS THE SOUTH BRANCH OF FRENCH CREEK

eye; a hammerer and refiner by trade, who frequently followed shalloping up and down the bay from Eggharbor; a Scotchman who speaks pretty good English, middle sized, about twenty-three years of age with a thin visage.

He also possessed this amazing mark of identification: "a small mouth but given to liquor notwithstanding."

In addition to these remarkable features and traits he was "very quarrelsome."

When he went away—according to this advertisement—he had on a new drugget coat, a snuff colored jacket, a fine shirt, a new castor hat, a pair of Osenbrig's trousers and Irge carved brass buckles in his shoes.

All these items appear in the Gazette together with the additional statement that he has such a trembling in his nerves that he can hold nothing in his hands.

What is the reason of Nutt's anxiety for the return of his redemptioner who, in all probability, had been sold by some contractor or ship's captain? "Three pounds," says Nutt, "if taken in this Province or five pounds if taken in any other Province in addition to all reasonable charges."

Why did McQuarley leave and why did Nutt want him back,

Seemingly, Nutt could count himself fortunate in getting rid of such a servant. What, then is the



explanation? Perhaps he knew too many of his master's secrets.

I should also like to inquire about the size of the iron pot that Nutt gave to the daughter of the Indian who discovered a mine and reported her discovery to him but I leave these mysteries unsolved and return to his widow Anna. In the interval between the death of her husband, in 1737, and the marriage of her daughter with Robert Grace, in 1740, several events occurred in rapid succession.

The year 1738 saw Warwick Furnace rise from the wilderness on the north side of the South Branch of French Creek, while the following year witnessed the death of Anna's son-in-law, Samuel Nutt, Jr., and the withdrawal of William Branson to take entire charge of Reading Furnace a mile and a half further up the stream, leaving Anna Nutt and Company to carry on alone.

Trouble with Branson arose almost immediately after the marriage of Rebecca with Grace. Anna Nutt, Robert Grace and Samuel Savage charged him with taking ore belonging to them and he countered by demanding an accounting, alleging that Anna and Rebecca, while they were bayliffs to him from December 1, 1738 to May 1, 1740, of "the moiety of Five Messuages, Two hundred and fifty acres of Land, and of the moiety of One Iron Work called a Forge three Coal Houses with the appurtenances all situate in Coventry and also of the moi-



THE HOME OF JOSEPH N. PEW, JR.

ety of an Iron Mine and six acres, situate in the same County."

Visitors who come to see the old Furnace, for the most part, however, are unconcerned about either partnerships or lawsuits. Many of them betake themselves to the cinder piles in the hope of finding some relics while others walk slowly along the bank of French Creek in the expectation of seeing the obtruding muzzle of a buried cannon laid bare by a flood. Where are all the cannon that have been taken away from Warwick? Echo answers "where?"

There are no specimens of Warwick Cannon above ground today at Warwick Furnace. To see some one must go elsewhere. The two cannon that guard the older monument at the Paoli Parade Ground are said to have been made here. The raised letters W. F. which they bear on their breech, may refer to something else, but without other explanation they at least give plausibility to the statement.

The American army was brought here in 1777, because of severe weather and other unavoidable conditions injurious to arms and ammunition. "These, when we arrive at Warwick," writes Washington to the President of Congress, "we shall endeavor as soon as possible to put again into a proper condition; to do which and to refresh the men are two principal reasons for going there."

Since 1927, when Warwick Farm came into the possession of Joseph N. Pew, Jr., the Mansion House



WARWICK FURNACE



has been greatly improved and the numerous other buildings have been repaired, restored and rebuilt without destroying or materially changing their essential features. Old trees have been carefully preserved, and climbing roses planted which in summer-time half conceal the roadside wall. Buildings and lands alike seem to be basking in the sunshine of prosperity.

The aspect of the Old Furnace, however, is much the same today as it was in the beginning of this century. Children play about it now as they played about it then and ask its name. To my inquiry, where do the remainder of the buried cannon lie? it returns no answer, but looks wearily at me with the eyes of age. It is old—old and taciturn. So, I leave it as I found it, under the shade of a few trees, uncommunicative as the Sphinx, and betake myself to the roads.

Stalking along these old furnace roads are many interesting figures that present themselves to my historical eye, but none attracts me quite so much—not even one of the so called “Iron Kings”—as **Thos. Bull**, the military hero of Warwick.

He was born in 1744, about seven years after Samuel Nutt died and was destined to carry on the work that Nutt and Branson began. For several years before the Revolutionary War and for several years thereafter, he was the manager of Warwick Furnace. From the furnace he was called into the

service of his country and was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of his regiment.

His biographer tells us that shortly afterwards he was attached to the Flying Camp and was ordered to New York, arriving there just in time for an engagement. He fought bravely but when he found that his superior in command had surrendered he became so incensed that he broke his sword. After his capture, he was taken to the "Jersey" prison ships, where in company with the celebrated Ethan Allen he experienced extreme hardships with an allowance of a few grains of corn a day.

Subsequently he was placed on Long Island with the privilege of patrolling it. Here he was kept for about twenty-one months and was then exchanged.

During his sojourn on the island, his necessities induced him to stop at the house of one of the Low Dutch residents and ask for something to eat. The old woman replied, "Oh we've got nothing but poor bread."

"What will you give me if I build you an oven?" asked Bull and then, seeing her hesitate, he added, "Send your men for brick and mortar and we will see what we can do for you."

When the materials were brought Bull went to work and in a short time the oven was built and so pleased was the old woman that she gave him three silver dollars.

In telling this story, the gallant Colonel used to

laugh and say that when the thing became known all the little Low Dutch women on the island came in quest of him to build them ovens.

When the government troops retreated to the neighborhood of this furnace, tradition says, the officers of the highest grade visited the Colonel's mansion house and were hospitably entertained by his noble and patriotic wife.

Colonel Bull was a man born to command. In stature he was like the first king of the Israelites—head and shoulders above his fellows with a majestic mien and a stentorian voice.



A STONE BRIDGE AT READING FURNACE



## READING FURNACE

*"The flood came near and washed around  
Until the rock to dust was ground  
No stone remained."*

GROTH—translated by MULLER—*Old Busum.*

A MILE and a half up the South Branch of French Creek, from Warwick Furnace, on a public road that skirts the stream for the greater part of the distance, stands a stone bridge that bears the date of 1904, and proclaims the fact that it was built while J. Elwood Quay, Jesse J. Hickman and S. S. Bossert were Commissioners of Chester County.

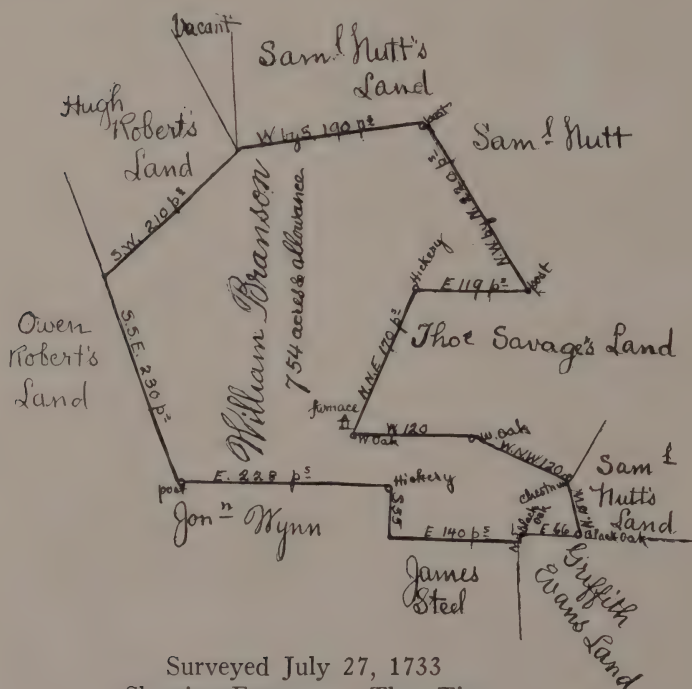
A hundred yards further up the creek are the remains of an old dam breast; the ends standing, the middle part gone.

On a hot summer day in 1930, I found a large number of automobiles collected about the approaches of this bridge making it almost impossible to pass. Weaving in and out among them were many youthful figures in bathing suits hastening to take a dip in the stream which at this point enlarges into a pool. Looking at its dimensions and considering the multitude of bathers it seemed to me as if it could furnish standing room only. But even standing room on a day when the thermometer is registering a hundred degrees is not to be despised, particularly

if the stream is French Creek and the spot is Reading Furnace.

The location of this furnace is easily established. In 1764, Lynwood Lardner and Richard Hockley petitioned the Court, for a road from Reading Furnace by the nearest and best way to the line of Berks County toward the mines belonging to the Company.

The viewers who laid out the road started at "Reading Furnace Stack". Its first course of more than eight hundred feet was a little south of north-



west. With some slight modifications the road remains as it was originally opened.

What was known as the "Furnace Tract" consisted of 754 acres, for which a patent was granted William Branson, August 8, 1745. It was bounded on the east by the tract of Thomas Savage and the tracts formerly owned by Samuel Nutt. It extended to what is now a part of the western line of Warwick.

Adjoining this tract on the west was another of almost 1050 acres, known as the "Reading Plantation".

It will be seen that apart from the 250 acres of Thomas Savage, Branson owned all the land along the South Branch of French Creek from Samuel Nutt's western line to the sources of that stream.

Branson died in 1760. Acrelius, in his History of New Sweden, published in 1759, tells us that among other things, Branson turned out "Blistered Steel."

"Branz's Works," says he, "are built with a dry hole called an 'air oven'. In this, iron bars are set at the distance of an inch apart. Between them are scattered horn, coal dust, ashes &c. The iron bars are thus covered with blister and this is called blister steel. It serves as the best steel to be put upon edge tools."

William Branson died in 1760, having survived all his children except Elizabeth. His grandchildren, who inherited the property, were fifteen in number. The interests of these heirs were purchased by Rutter

& Potts, of the Warwick Furnace, during the years running from 1778 to 1783. After acquiring Reading Furnace it was allowed to fall into disuse, the purchasers being interested mainly in the lands connected with it.

In 1788, Captain Samuel Van Leer, a grandson of William Branson, was assessed with a forge which it is said he built on the site of the old furnace. Isaac W. Van Leer, a grandson of Samuel, in referring to it declared: "The forge was carried on successfully for many years by Captain Van Leer and Sons but like most sublunary things it had its decline and fall. The dam-breast broke and was never rebuilt; the monotone of the ever falling water and the "go-penny compound" of the old hammer, (which we children used to think it spoke as plainly as the whipperwill repeats its name) are silenced forever."

Reading Furnace is not so well known as Warwick nor so frequently visited. Those who come are not concerned with forge or furnace sites, but are curious to look at the house where Washington stopped.

Part of the American Army went to Warwick Furnace on September 17. They were followed by the rest of the army on September 18, and took "sundries" from James Old Iron-master at Reading Furnace on the 18th and 19th days of September. Among other things these sundries included 180 bushels of oats, 60 of barley, 7 tons of hay, five good



WHERE WASHINGTON STOPPED



fat sheep, one large, fat steer, and pasturage for 200 horses and cows.

According to the journal of a lieutenant—referred to by Nolan—on September 18, 1777, some of the American forces marched up from the Yellow Spring at 4 A. M., passed Warwick Furnace and encamped at Reading Furnace. On September 19, at 6 o'clock, Washington wrote to General Wayne advising him that he had received his letter of half past 3 o'clock "having wrote to you already to move forward upon the enemy, I have but little to add \* \* \* I shall follow as speedily as possible with jaded men."

And now, having lingered in this valley of French Creek, I start northwestwardly along the road that Lardner and Hockley asked for in 1764. The French Creek furnaces are behind me, iron ore mines and copperhead snakes are ahead.

After halting at St. Mary's for a few minutes I leave it to my right and striking off to the left from the road that runs to Pine Swamp, I cross a railroad track west of Warwick station. This stretch of track, at least that portion of it between the station and Elverson, is supposed to afford more sunny resting places for copperheads than any other line of equal length in Pennsylvania, but truth compels me to say that I have never seen one here, although I have looked most carefully along both track and path.

Since writing these lines I am informed that last

1771

# The United States of America

To form the Constitution for the United States  
at Philadelphia on the 10th day of September

We the People do hereby declare that  
we have no other source of power  
than the People of the United States  
and that the Powers of the Government  
shall be derived from the People  
and shall be exercised for the benefit  
of the People

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year in reconstructing a portion of the road beyond St. Mary's, sixteen copperheads were killed.

By following the road that I have taken for more than a mile, you come upon a gushing spring, beyond which the road widens and the ground takes on a redder hue. Off to the left, hid by trees that surround it on every side, is an old mine-hole eight hundred feet or more in length, a hundred feet across and almost as much in depth. Twenty or thirty feet below the bank on which you stand, you may occasionally see a line of light where a sunbeam has found its way through the foliage and kissed the dark surface of the water in the hole. Elsewhere all is somber; a place for snakes and crawling things, for mystery and murder. The shrubbery along its shelving sides is full of dead leaves and fallen branches. You throw a stone and try to determine by its sound the depth of the water. Plump! plump! and then, it disappears forever from your sight. Imagination touches you on the shoulder and you feel yourself following the stone. A spot like this answers Dante's conception of the gateway to Hell.

“Midway in this our mortal life

I found me in a gloomy woods astray.”

In the glare and roar of an approaching storm, with the haunted house in the background, I recall the last lines of the Fall of the House of Usher.



Returning from the mine-hole, I find a tall, lean man with grizzly hair standing by the fence of a little house along the roadway . His appearance is somewhat sinister owing to the loss of an eye, but he answers all my questions cheerfully.

"This is Thomas' hill and I'm Joe Brown, old Joe Brown, eighty years of age last January, moved here in 1882.

"Doing nothing now, but I used to be a miner. Started at Isabella when I was about sixteen. The Reading Company ran a big mine. We went down in an iron bucket, sometimes by a long ladder. The mine was about a hundred and sixty feet deep and the ore had a high percentage of iron but there wasn't enough of it.

"Falls of French Creek? Yet, I worked there for five years—not so deep then as now—plenty of ore at a hundred feet. Bill Noble managed it.

"You know the holes at the turn of the road a mile or so beyond Elverson—Jones' Copper Mines. Well, I've been down in them.

"On this very hill that you're on now, I was a miner when Gledhill was boss. He wanted me to clean out an old shaft that was partly filled up with stones and stumps and bushes. I told him it was risky but he laughed and said, 'Go ahead, and tackle it anyhow.' So my brother and I worked at it one day and when we got down some distance, I felt a jar and it caved in and the water rushed up around



I'M JOE BROWN

my chin. We had an awful time getting out. When we did we went back to the house to change our clothes and would you believe it that —— Gledhill docked us an hour and a half.

“Thomas’ hill used to belong to a man named Smith who ran charcoal furnaces—coaled it on the hill and hauled it to Joanna.

“Copperheads? No, not many on the hill anymore. I killed one last year but you used to find plenty of them in the racks of wood.

“They don’t scare me like they do some people. You see I was brought up among snakes. Dad had two rattlesnakes sent him by a friend of his and he kept them nigh four years. Strangers would come to see ’em on Sunday and he’d say to us boys, ‘Get up on the chairs and give the visitors a chance to see ’em move.’

“Dad didn’t mind any kind of snake, black, rattler or copperhead. He’d pick ’em up and let ’em bite him, if they wanted to, they never hurt him. When a fat man and woman brought a show to Elverson years ago, they had a fan haired girl with them who handled snakes. Dad stepped up to show them he could do it just as well, but the fat man shouted ‘Don’t you dare, they’ll bite you.’ ‘Let them bite, they can’t hurt me,’ said Dad, but they kept him away.

“How do I explain Dad’s picking them up without getting hurt? Witchcraft! You don’t believe in it?

No? Well, there's something to it let me tell you.

"Dad lived in Fingal Fields, three miles back of Joanna, when he was a boy, he saw a copperhead one day run into a stone pile. A minute later an old woman by the name of Sweitzer came out of the house and asked him what he was looking at. He told her. Then she got some nails and said to him! Take up the stones and let me look at it! He moved the stones and she put a spell on it. 'Now,' says she, 'pick it up it won't hurt you.' He picked it up and put it in his pocket and copperheads never hurt him since. Witchcraft, I say, that's how it's done."





St. Mary's

## ST. MARY'S

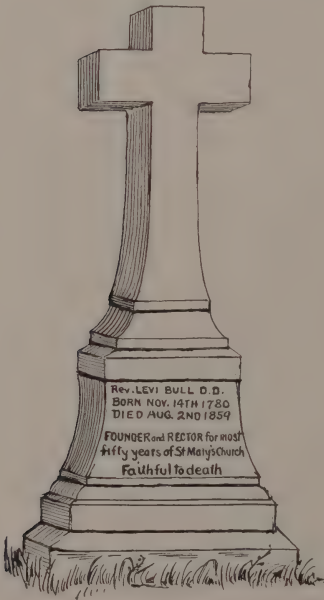
*"Life to life, and dust to dust,  
Christ, who died upon the tree,  
Thine the promise, ours the trust,  
We are weak—but thou art just  
Miserere Domine."*

READ—*The Sculptor's Funeral.*

ON THE north side of the Ridge Road two miles east of the Borough of Elverson, stands an Episcopal Church, known as St. Mary's, its front in Springtime half hidden by ivy whose tendrils cling to the plastered wall.

The church yard which lies on both sides of the church, is filled with grave stones. There are slabs which show some delicate touches of the stonecutter's skill and others that were executed hurriedly or carelessly.

One stone in particular attracts my eye—a stone in the form of a cross—not far from the gate. It marks the resting place of Rev. Levi Bull, who



Rev. LEVI BULL D.D.  
BORN NOV. 14TH 1780  
DIED AUG. 2ND 1859  
FOUNDER and RECTOR for most  
fifty years of St Mary's Church  
Faithful to death

was rector of St. Mary's for almost fifty years.

Near-by are the graves of his wife and children and a few yards distant the grave of his father.

If it be true that the first condition of the most useful church is the high character of its minister, then St. Mary's was peculiarly blessed when Levi Bull became its priest.

From his earliest infancy he was brought up in the Faith by a Christian mother, who dedicated him to the Priesthood at his birth and in token of such action called him Levi.

When his course at Dickinson College was ended he enrolled himself as a student at law, but summoned by a resistless call to preach the Gospel, he laid his law books aside for a higher service to humanity.

To Dr. Grier of Brandywine Manor Church, he owed a debt of gratitude, for it was that Presbyterian divine who directed his studies in theology.

In 1806, Bishop White found him equipped with learning and cultured in spirit. What more could be asked? Nothing. Accordingly he ordained him a priest.

The building of St. Mary's followed close upon his ordination. His efforts, however, were not confined to St. Mary's. He preached at St. Gabriel's, Morlatten; at St. Thomas', Morgantown; at Bangor, Churchtown, Pottstown and Birdsboro; while St.

Mark's in Honeybrook Township and St. Andrew's in West Vincent, grew out of his labors.

In Warwick's roster there is no nobler name than Bull. He received his patent of nobility direct from the hands of God.

Over these bleak hills of Warwick for many years he ministered to his scattered flock; strengthening the weak, relieving the distressed, consoling the dying, everywhere preaching the evangel of God. His presence alone was a benediction, his very shadow had in it some of the healing power of St. Peter's. Many a weary pilgrim who passed through Warwick on his way to the Celestial City, found his faith revived by communion with the Rector of St. Mary's and blessed God for such a living sign-post.

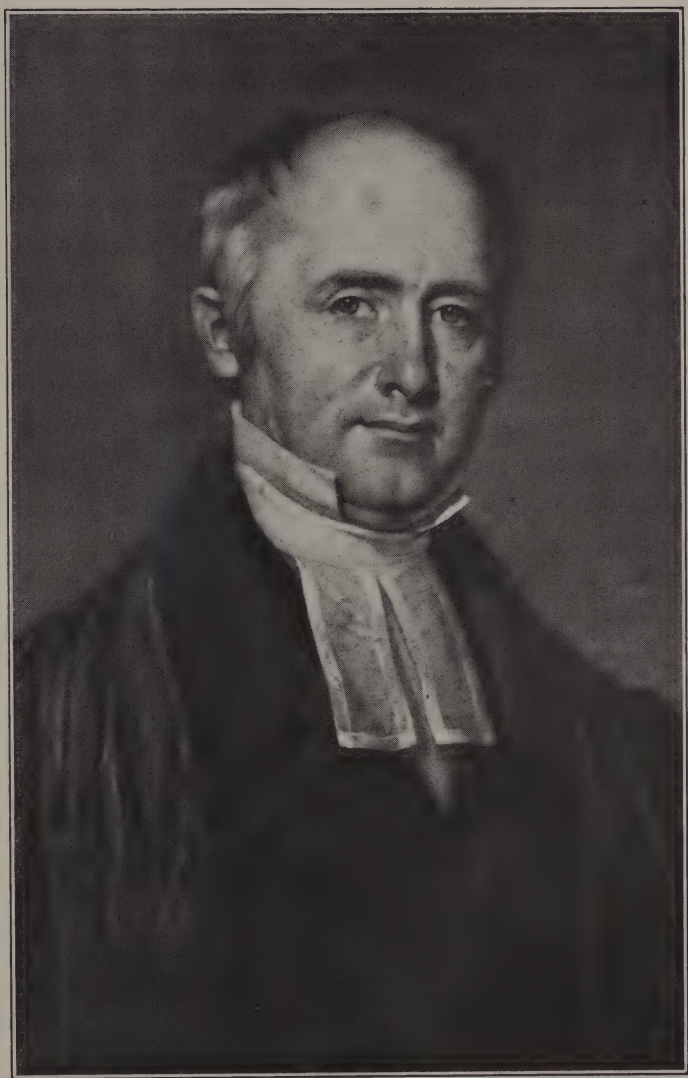
Before royalty like his I bow; before the marble cross that lifts its arms above his grave in St. Mary's Churchyard, I stand with reverent mien and say,

"Servant of God well done."

I love these hills of Warwick, green mantled or sun-clad, these sentinels upon our northern border, but dearer than they and glowing with a spiritual beauty that transfigures everything about him, is the figure of the old Rector of St. Mary's; for me, he still stands in the portal of his church calling to earth's heavy laden ones and pointing to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.

One Sunday, in November, I visited St. Mary's Church and after halting long enough in the vesti-





REV. LEVI BULL, D.D.

bule to look at the portraits of the first Rector and his devoted wife, I took a position in the rear of the church just as the choir was ending its processional hymn.

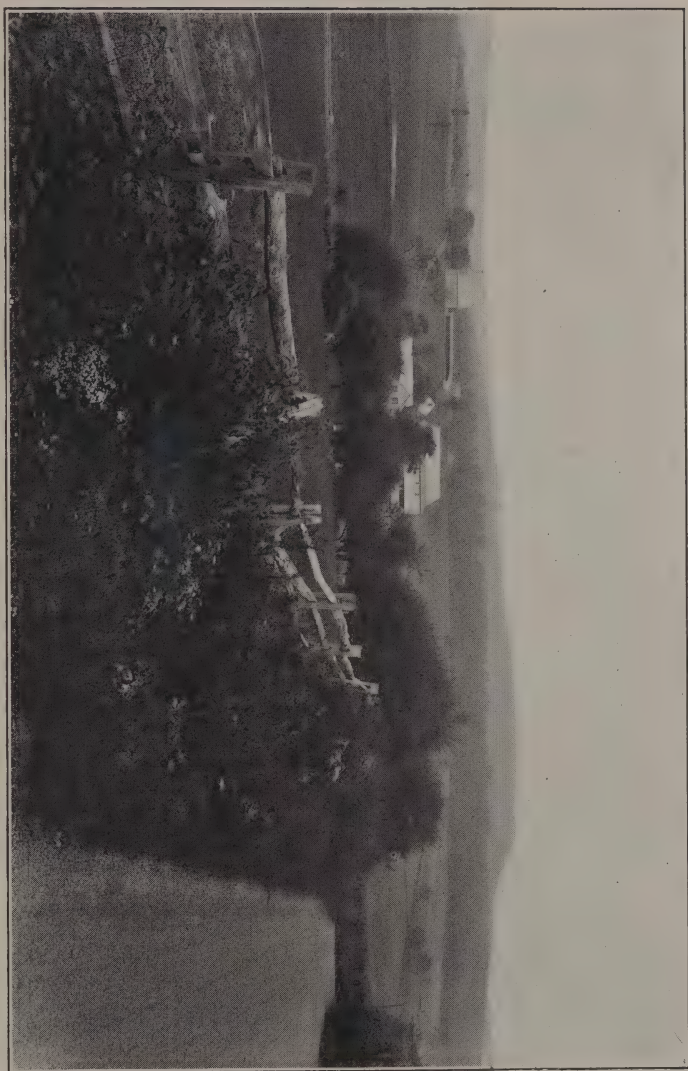
In point of numbers the congregation was small. Immediately I thought of an application for a road in 1813, signed by nineteen persons who suffered great inconvenience in getting to this Church and now, in this year of grace 1926, when highways abound on every side, just thirty persons by actual count. But the countenances of those who were present showed earnestness and reverence and I found that Channing was right in his observation: "holy feeling is contagious."

As a Presbyterian, I waited with interest for the sermon. It was short and forceful. The lessons emphasized by the Rector were drawn from the story of Abraham's Journey with Isaac to the place of sacrifice in the land of Moriah where the faith of the old Patriarch was most sorely tried.

The illustrations of the Rector were apt, many of his comments were helpful, some of them, inspiring.

One, I carried away with me and repeated as I bade Dr. Agate goodbye:

"The weakest back can be strengthened to bear the heaviest burdens God places upon it."



MT. PLEASURE IN THE DISTANCE

## HOPEWELL DAM AND FURNACE

*"Let others love the city,  
And gaudy show at sunny noon;  
G'ic me the lonely valley,  
The dewy eve and rising moon."*

BURNS—*She Says She Lo'es Me Best Of A"*

**H**OPEWELL DAM lies in a deep valley that forms a part of the northern boundary of Warwick Township. Mount Pleasure with its scraggy head looks down upon it from its station in Chester County, while Bear Hill watches it from Berks.

Notwithstanding the fact that Hopewell Dam is yearly growing smaller, it has lost none of its attractiveness. The name itself acts as a lodestone. Followers of Isaac Walton stand on its breast, troll from boats, wade far out into its waters and tell wonderful tales of speckled trout and big-mouthed bass. In my numerous visits to this place, however, never have I seen a fisherman successful with either bait or flies, but I have watched with interest an ungainly crane catching fish with his bill. He seemed to know just where to go and what to do. After stalking through the splatter-docks to his fishing point, he struck and swallowed until his appetite was satisfied.

Hopewell Dam does not present itself to the eye of the passing traveller but must be sought for. It





HOPEWELL DAM

will be found about a hundred yards north of a road that runs for a long distance through the woods at the base of Mount Pleasure. This road connects with Reading, from which city the greater part of the visitors to the dam come. Open spaces just off this road, near the breast, afford convenient places for parking automobiles and erecting tents. In summer-time the number of visitors is large.

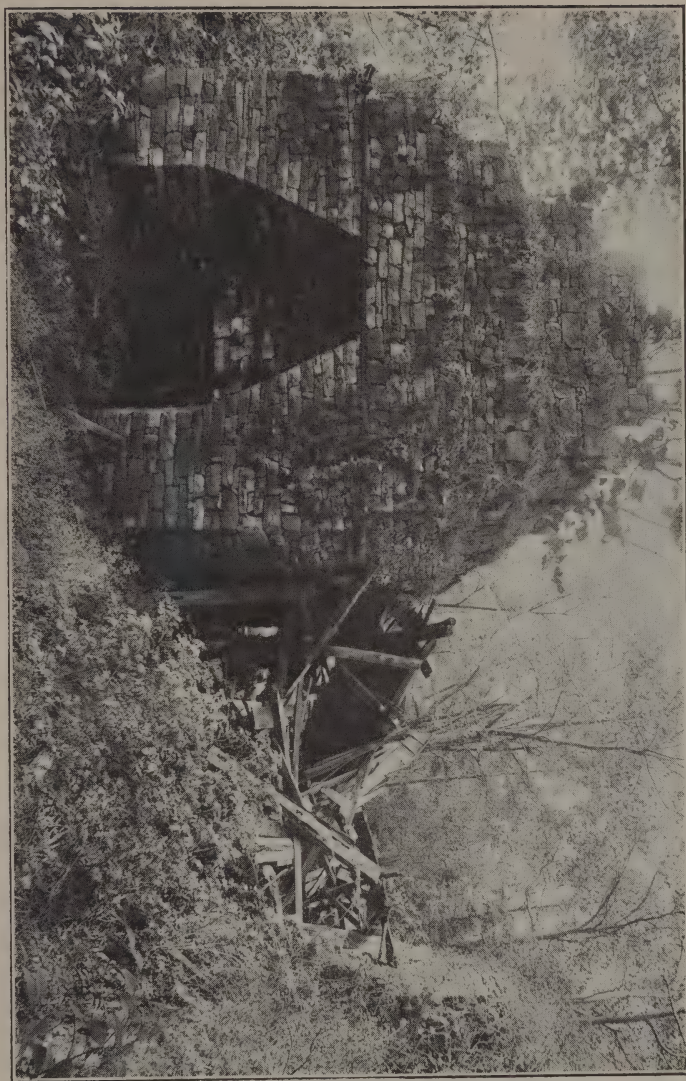
To one of these visitors, temporarily located here, I addressed myself on a hot day and inquired, "Where can I get a drink of good water?" He looked at me for a moment as if greatly surprised at my inquiry and replied, "Brother I'm sorry that I can't tell you, but you see I come from Reading where they don't drink water."

Hopewell Furnace is about a quarter of a mile east of the dam on a public road leading from St. Mary's to Monocacy.

The ruin, for the furnace is little more than this, makes a strong appeal to me as it does to every one who sees it. I should like to know its history. ~~As~~ I am neither an iron-master nor an iron-worker the old furnace and I do not speak a common language. Where shall I find an interpreter? I find one in Harker A. Long who translates the story of this old and debilitated furnace into intelligible phrases.

William Bird was an iron-master of Birdsboro, who died in 1761. His ledger under date of 1744, contains "Sales of Bar Iron at Hopewell Forge," and

HOPEWELL FURNACE





also an item on the credit side of Richard Hylon's account as follows: "By my Weadges for one Year Taking the Stack, Dowing ye Carpenter Work & Smithing at Hopewell Forge." After his death his son, Mark, carried on the business. So much is definite fact. But when was Hopewell Furnace built? If reliance can be placed on what looks like a date-stone in the furnace, it was built by Mark Bird in 1770-1. Confirmation of the accuracy of this date may be found in the courts. How these lands were fought over again and again! At one time, Anthony Wayne endeavored to trace the lines of some of the early surveys.

When the Revolutionary War started, Mark Bird raised a company of soldiers. He soon became a Colonel; later on, Deputy Quarter Master General. In the days following the Revolution, his friends said, he pursued his plans so ambitiously, that had not the financial depression of those days overtaken him, he would have been the greatest iron-master in the New Republic. His brother-in-law, James Wilson, Justice of the Supreme Court, tried vainly to prevent his failure but it was otherwise decreed and he was forced to make an assignment to John Nixon, a Philadelphia capitalist. Mark's last days were spent on a farm in the western part of North Carolina, where doubtless, he often looked back to French Creek and Mount Pleasure. No one—iron-master or miner—who has seen the view of the sur-



rounding the country from this hill can ever forget it.

James Old, one of the succeeding owners became embarrassed and was sold out by the sheriff. Shortly after this sale, Clement Brooke and Matthew Buckley acquired ownership of the furnace and about two-thirds of the land that Mark Bird owned at the time of his failure.

Up to the year 1840, most of the product of Hopewell Furnace went into stove and other castings; after 1840, its owners quit moulding and the iron was sold to the various forges.

During the ten years that followed, the ironmasters of Pennsylvania began experimenting with anthracite coal in their charcoal furnaces, mixing one-half anthracite and one-half charcoal, but they met with little success until the hot blast was invented. About this time the Hopewell owners found a deposit of rich, black, sulphur ore at the Middle Mine—three miles south of Hopewell, which was impractical to work in their coal-blast charcoal furnace.

On the strength of this discovery they decided to erect a large furnace at Hopewell for the use of anthracite coal exclusively. They began the building of this furnace in 1849, and at the same time they commenced the construction of a grade road from Hopewell to the canal at Monocacy in order to have anthracite coal hauled by wagon from that point to the furnace.

This big furnace was put in operation about 1853,

but after three years of trial it was found to be a failure. Its owners could not operate it on black sulphur ore alone and ore of a different character to mix with it could not be brought to the furnace cheaply enough to make it pay. Accordingly all the machinery at Hopewell was moved to Monocacy where a new furnace was erected close to the canal.

When the Monocacy Furnace was sold to Benjamin Thomas of Philadelphia, the little cold blast furnace at Hopewell was started again. During the Civil War iron went to enormously high prices and the owners of Hopewell recovered some of their heavy losses. Then came the panic of 1873. In June, 1877, the owners decided to dispose of their mule teams and not to run the furnace any more unless iron advanced.

The Fall of 1879, saw a rise in iron and the furnace, which had been practically rebuilt, was put in blast on May 20, 1880, and was operated continuously until June 15, 1883. Since that date all operations have ceased.

For many years after the furnace was built, water was brought in open ditches or in long head races. The race coming in from the east was a mile in length, the one from the west, fully two miles. This water flowed over an overshot wheel thirty feet high. When trouble arose between the furnace owners and those across whose land the water was brought, a

dam was built close to the furnace which gave a head of sixteen feet.

How was the furnace operated and what would it hold? Mr. Long tells us that its height from the hearth to the tunnel head was just thirty feet. When a new hearth was put in, the space left for the iron to settle as it was melted and refined was only about twenty inches wide and twenty-four inches long. The hole for the tuyere was left up about twelve or thirteen inches from the bottom. This would hardly hold a ton of iron when first blown in, but would soon begin to get larger so that it would hold one and a half tons or more. The size of the hole left for the iron to settle in increased in size slightly to a height of about five feet, where it began to expand rapidly until it struck the fire-brick inwall of the stack which was seven feet in diameter and which gradually tapered until it was less than two feet at the tunnel head.

As soon as the new hearth was finished, the stack was filled about half way up with charcoal without any iron ore. Then with each barrow of charcoal they would begin putting in ore and a little limestone. The first charge of ore would be about 50 pounds, increasing each charge about 25 pounds, so that when the stack was full there would be about 375 pounds of ore put in to every charge of charcoal (15 bushels) and about three shovels of limestone

per charge. As soon as the ore would come down to the tuyere then the blast would be turned in."

Do you care to know how many tons of ore it took to make a ton of iron and how many bushels of charcoal were used? Mr. Long answers these questions by the blast book and declares that it took less than two tons of ore mined at the Middle Mine in an open cut above water level and less than 150 bushels of charcoal. Below water level, three tons of ore were required and over 200 bushels of charcoal.

He also tells us that between May 15, 1880 and June 15, 1883, 21,000 cords of wood were coaled on the land belonging to the furnace.

The method pursued by the old charcoal burners in the eastern section of Berkes County is described by Fegley in the following words:

"They took large saplings and planted them in the ground on a level space, which had previously been cleaned, and around these the wood was piled. The wood was cut in lengths of three or four feet and the pieces were placed on edge around a centre pole. Three lengths were put on top of one another. When the pile was completed it was conical in shape, twelve to fourteen feet high and thirty to forty feet in circumference. This pile was then covered with leaves and earth to a depth of three or four inches for the purpose of making it air-tight. The centre pole was then drawn out and the vacant space filled with chips and shavings clear to the top which were ignited and



then covered. The fire had to burn downwards and to do this to perfection eight or more openings or vents were made at the bottom of the pile, to provide a downward draft.

"No flame was allowed. Two burners were always on hand to keep the burning process a smoldering fire or what the charcoal-burner used to call a dead fire. Now came the critical moments for the attendants. The heap had to be closely watched so that one side would not char faster than the other, sometimes it became necessary to close some of the vents to lessen the draft. The time required to burn such a heap varied from one to two days and sometimes a week. When the burning was completed the charcoal heap was only half as high as at first and proportionally smaller in circumference."

The best time to visit Hopewell Furnace is in the evening. At the twilight hour fancy casts a glamour over broken arch and fallen shed and sometimes puts in the foreground a group of men no longer seen by day—fillers, keepers, gutter-men with their barrows and muleteers with their mule teams—all waiting for orders that will never be issued again.

## BLUE ROCKS

*"Ye rocks and crags, I'm with you once again."*

SCHILLER—*William Tell.*

A WELL informed geologist approaching Elverson from the East will betake himself to a spot in the shelter of a wood, on the north side of the Ridge Road, just outside the limits of the town. Here he will find a freak of Nature, known as "Blue Rocks". To the eye of childhood, it is a river of rocks—a splashing, dashing, tumultuous river a hundred and fifty feet wide, suddenly petrified. Its channel for several hundred yards is well defined, after which, its margins lose their distinctness and gradually disappear.

Boulder Fields has been suggested as an appropriate name for such assemblages of rocks and is frequently used in this country.

In Germany, these boulder fields are called Felsen-Meere or Rock seas.

An examination of the rock masses in the wood near Elverson shows that they vary from three feet in diameter to fifteen. A few are even larger. Many of them are more or less flattened or slablike, others nearly equi-dimensional, their surfaces being quite irregular with all corners and edges rounded off. They are often deeply cracked and sometimes

contain shallow impressions which show a faint resemblance to the feet of various animals. The surface color is grayish white. On being broken off they are usually found to have a reddish color below the depth of an inch or so.

Geologists tell us that these surface irregularities are accidental—due to variation in hardness from place to place through the rock material. The reddish color within is due to traces of iron oxide and the bleaching toward the surface, is the result of the absorption by the lichens growing there.

What was the origin of this curious formation and why was the name "Blue Rocks" applied to it.

These questions though seldom answered, are invariably asked by all visitors excepting those who display their vacuity by treating the rocks as blackboards prepared by Nature to receive their names.

In 1912, when Professor Wherry of Lehigh University, was inspecting a somewhat similar but more extensive formation, five miles northeast of Hamburg, Pennsylvania, to which the same name is given, he said it was not easy to account for such an appellation, for, "the rocks are gray and not blue. I have supposed the name by which they were originally known was The Blue Mountain Rocks, since they lie at the base of that range and it is by that name that they should still be distinguished."

As to the origin of these formations many fantastic theories have been expressed entirely inconsistent

with scientific truth. Some investigators have thought that the rocks were brought together by glacial action. In considering this explanation, Professor Wherry, admits that glaciers can transport large blocks of rocks and that they have in many cases produced boulders, but declares that the boulders assembled by glaciers come from many sources and always comprise many different types of rock.

But different types of rocks are not found in either of these formations, hence glacial action is excluded. To what then are the peculiar contour and assemblage of these rocks to be attributed?

To volcanic action which blew the molten mass to the surface of the earth, is the answer given by some geologists. This answer is not satisfactory to other scientists who declare that while these trap rocks were formed by volcanoes, the molten mass was not blown to the surface. Their exposure today is a matter of erosion; contour and assemblage are due to the gradual extension of surface cracks or joints, caused by atmospheric or frost action intersecting in such a way as to divide the original rock into roughly rectangular or rhomboidal blocks. Rain-water percolating down along these joints, gradually decomposes the rock constituents, while subterranean streams of water aid in the disintegrating process and prevent the accumulation of soil beneath the rocks as a basis for vegetation. At the intersection of planes, the action can take place in several direc-





"A KIND OF PLAYGROUND"

tions at once; edges yield twice, and corners three times as rapidly as the flat surfaces and as a result the ultimate shape attained by the blocks is that of a spheroid. Boulders thus developed usually remain surrounded by weathered rock fragments or the derived soil, but, when the running water finds its way among them this finer material may be removed leaving them exposed to view. It is the stream underneath that determines the position of the boulder field.

There has been no upheaval or other violent disturbance to bring the boulders together, but, quite to the contrary, they have been formed by the gradual breaking up and washing away of material from solid rocks which originally occupied the ground.

Youthful visitors unconcerned about questions of disintegration and upheaval, find this boulder field a kind of playground where each strives to reach the largest rock in the shortest time and having reached it shouts aloud in exultation. With these shouts ringing in my ears I hasten on to Elverson.

## ELVERSON AND DR. POUNDER

*"By medicine life may be prolonged,  
But death will seize the doctor too."*

SHAKESPEARE.

THE Borough of Elverson, like most country towns, is located mainly on a single street. This street runs east and west. At one end you look toward Berks County and the setting sun; at the other, toward St. Mary's. Two stores supply Elverson's inhabitants with provisions during life and a convenient cemetery with an open gate in the middle of the town stands ready to receive them at death. Springfield Cemetery also welcomes visitors and accordingly I find myself entering its arched portal,

moving slowly along its avenue of trees and stopping before a tombstone bearing the name of Pounder.

This stone, except that it is badly cracked, differs in no respect from many others close beside it, but the character whose memory it preserves, was very unlike all others whose bodies are buried here.

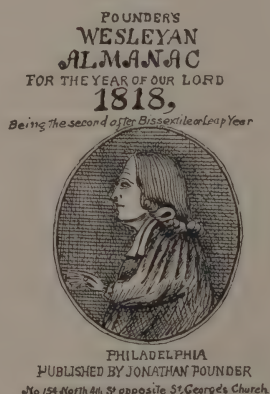
Was Dr. Pounder a learned physician or a mountebank? for according to so wise a man as Dr. South, there are certain mountebanks and quacks in physics



as well as in divinity. An examination leaves me in doubt. Before his death he had both eulogists and detractors. Some of his patients extolled his "Aspargo" as a cathalicon, while certain practitioners described it as a valueless concoction except to those who sold it. At present it is impossible by chemical analysis or otherwise to determine its virtue for "Aspargo" no longer reposes on the shelves of the drugstores in this country and its formula has long since been forgotten if indeed it was ever known by anyone but Pounder himself.

Pounder's Wesleyan Almanac, however has been saved from oblivion and I present to my readers a copy of its cover. The contents for the year 1818, are not dissimilar from others of that date. There is a variety of information—a death-bed scene—a short sermon—an anecdote of Edward the Confessor—an extract from Tacitus commending early marriages—a recipe for cholera morbus—a cure for hollow-horns in cows and an efficacious way of driving away rats. Such were some of the dishes that Pounder served to his subscribers. The courses were numerous at least.

I have wondered at times how Mariano's lines hap-





pened to appear in Pounder's almanac for 1815. They certainly would not have been given a place on Asparago's wrapper. The lines run as follows:

"The deep skilled physicians with powder and drops  
Assures that to health he'll restore ye;  
Though whilst he's prescribing his jallops and slops,  
His presence says 'Memento mori'."

On the back of his almanac, Pounder informs his friends and the public in general, that as Bookseller and Stationer he "keeps constantly on hand the most approved works on Philosophy, Divinity, Classics,

Law, Physics &c and is constantly augmenting his stock with the most valuable works that are published in America."

One of Pounder's eulogists asserts that his profound knowledge was only equalled by his modesty. I am constrained to believe that this assertion was made after the discontinuance of his almanac.



DR. JONATHAN POUNDER

From what I have been able to glean, Jonathan Pounder was the son of an English Physician and passed some of his early years in a laboratory, where his chief studies were chemistry and botany. In 1804, when twenty years of age, he sailed for the West Indies to observe botanical products under tropical conditions. He remained in these islands for three years, making, as he said, many discoveries and observations. The remedial properties of certain plants induced him in later years to compound a medicine which he called "Aspargo". This medicine, one of his admirers declared, was "pregnant with virtue for the cure of every disorder arising from diseased kidneys and also for impaired virility."

Pounder left the Barbadoes in 1807, in a Spanish brig. When a few days out, the vessel foundered and the passengers and crew were compelled to take to the life-boats. The boat on which Pounder found himself soon ran out of provisions and after several days of starvation, lots were cast to determine who should be sacrificed to the hunger of the survivors. The lot fell on Pounder, but happily before evening when the sacrifice was to be made, a sail appeared and the four starving sea-worn voyagers were rescued by the American ship Brutus, bound from Rio to Philadelphia. When Pounder left the Barbadoes his hair was a dark chestnut brown, when he slowly climbed the side of the good ship Brutus, it was as white as snow.

In Philadelphia, he became interested in a printing house and for a series of years published his almanac. In order to qualify himself for a more congenial field of usefulness, however, he pursued a course of study under Dr. McClelland of the Jefferson Medical College, and in 1828, began the practice of medicine.

In 1831, we find him giving a receipt for fifteen bushels of oats in payment for medical services. It suited his needs as well as money, for he invariably visited his patients on horseback.

Later on, he moved into Berks County and practiced his profession at Birdsboro and Morgantown. He was always eccentric and his peculiarities increased toward the latter part of his life, when he lived a recluse.

His office, besides numerous bottles of "Aspargo", contained a curious collection of anatomical specimens, minerals and snakes which he took great delight in showing to his visitors.

It is said—that after his wife's death, he anatomized her body, carefully preserving her heart. This heart, in a glass container, was placed on the window sill of his house whenever a parade passed by. "You were ever fond of noise and confusion," said he, "enjoy to the full this passing pageant." If this be true, what a grim charnel house humor old Pounder must have possessed.

While we are here let us glance at another character who lived in this vicinity.

A few hundred yards beyond the western outskirts of Elverson, near the crest of a hill, lies a little Amish Mennonite graveyard, known as Pine Grove. Adjoining it on the west a rectangular piece of land with rows of trees affords a place for the carriages of mourners during the services of interment.

I am looking for the grave of a Bishop, but I see no lofty monument nor elaborately carved marble—only a common sand-stone in the northeastern corner of this consecrated ground bearing the name of Jacob Mast.

The statement that follows the name informs us that he came to America from Switzerland in 1750, an orphan boy under the care of his uncle Johannes.

From other sources we learn that Jacob was born in 1738. Upon his arrival in this country with his four sisters, a younger brother, John, and his future father-in-law, Michael Holly, who sailed with him from Rotterdam in the ship *Brotherhood*, he settled near the Blue Mountains in Berks County, probably in the district of the Northkill Congregation of Amish Mennonites. In 1764, a warrant was granted to Jacob and Michael for 170 acres in Conestoga Valley. Five years later Jacob received his father-in-law's share and proceeded to build "a comfortable log farmhouse close to a lusty spring which flows directly from a stratum of limeless sandstone."

It is asserted by some writers that the Mast family were the first Amish Mennonite settlers to establish



and organize a congregation of that people in Conestoga Valley. This body is still known as the Conestoga Congregation.

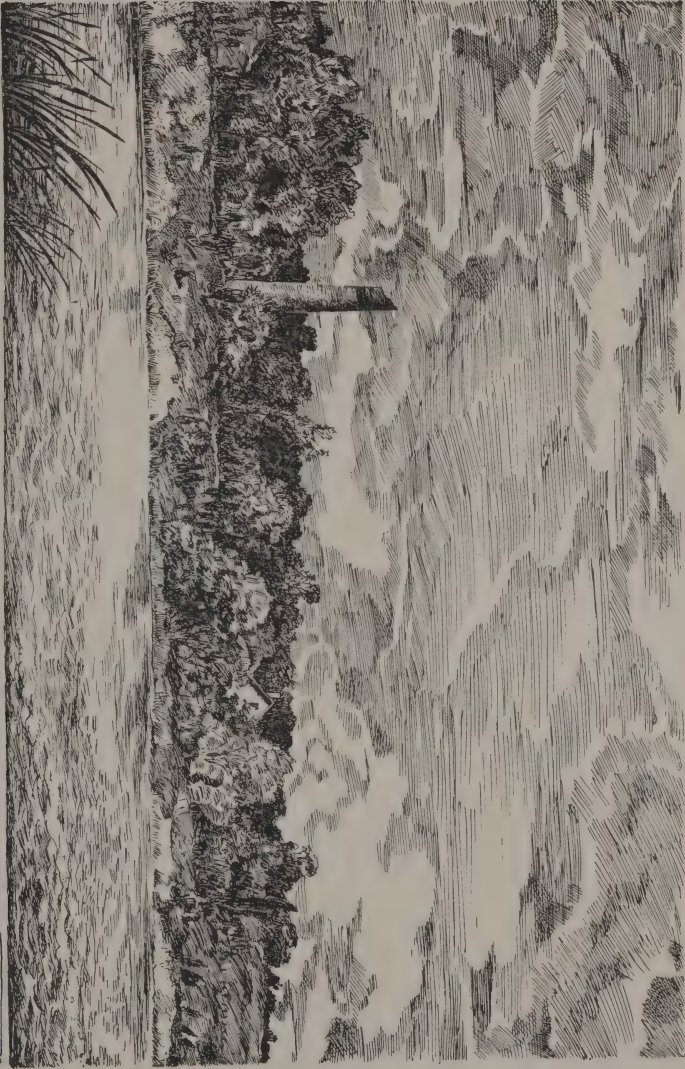
In the year 1788, at the age of fifty, Jacob Mast was elected a Bishop of the Amish Mennonite Church and continued in that office until 1808.

So far as I know there is no portrait of Bishop Mast except that drawn by the fancy of his biographer who presents to us a tall man, having a large and well proportioned frame, capable of enduring great hardship; a strong face, lighted up with blue eyes and surrounded by locks of fair hair.

I am sure if Bishop Mast were living he would prefer to be measured by his soul. Applying this standard to the man we are not disappointed in what we find. His native endowments are ample, his religious opinions are fully formed and have the strength of convictions; his attire, almost as simple as that of the Master whom he serves, indicates a mind not bent on display but concerned with service. He is content to be a voice crying in the wilderness, intent on discharging his duties as Missionary and Shepherd.

Looking through his glasses perhaps the world seemed somewhat drab to him; possibly, he was not susceptible to the glories of a sunset or the beauty of a passing cloud, but he undoubtedly had a passion for holiness and after all, a passion for holiness is better than an appreciation of beauty.

Of all the drives in the neighborhood of Elverson one of the most pleasing is that to Jones Mine Holes. The hole on the right of the road has become a beautiful lake and evokes an exclamation of astonishment from every one who passes it. Upon approaching it the second time, you find yourself speculating upon the color of its water. What will it be, green, gray, or Alice blue? If there are several in your party no two of them will agree.



ANDREW WYETH

JONES MINE HOLE

## FROM OAK VIEW TO MOUNTAIN INN

*"I came because your horse would come,  
And, if I well forbode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here  
They are upon the road."*

COWPER—*History of John Gilpin.*

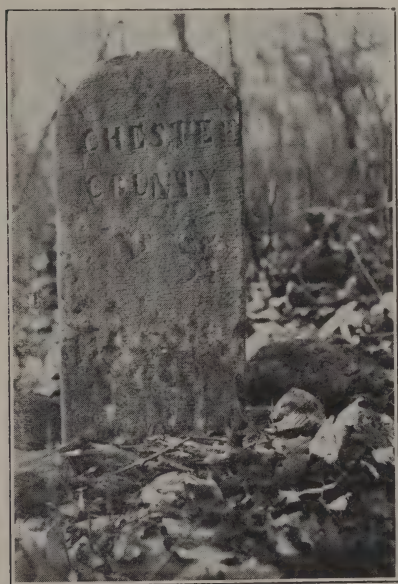
OAK VIEW—a road-house with a grove, located about a half mile southwesterly from Elverston—offers rest and entertainment to tourists traveling westwardly toward Lancaster, eastwardly toward the Pottstown Road and Phoenixville, or southwardly toward the Horse-shoe Road at Brandywine Manor. The turn at this point is dangerous to motorists not so much on account of the sharpness of its curve—for the road has been widened—but by reason of the surpassing beauty of the surrounding country which deflects the eye of the driver from the wheel to the picture.

Three counties—Berks, Lancaster and Chester contribute to this scene. Whose contribution is the greatest is questionable. Immediately before you are the green fields of Berks, hemmed in by the dark masses of the Welsh Mountains stretching away to the west. Beyond these fields, are the rich pasture lands of Lancaster. The elevation in the distance, dimly seen, is the water tower of New Holland, while



a little to the north on the far off horizon, rise the hills of Ephrata.

On the eastern side of the road, the boundaries are narrower but the scenery is scarcely less beautiful. The hills and valleys here belong to Chester. Through this country a branch of the Reading Railway, once known as the Wilmington and Northern, circles with serpentine grace, while a religious touch



WHERE THREE COUNTIES MEET

is given to the scene by the little white spire of Goodwill Church three miles away.

A scant quarter of a mile down the road toward Blue Ball is a small stone that marks the division line between the counties of Chester and Berks. Geographers very frequently take to the fields at this point and walk southwestwardly toward the mountains. Upon reaching their base they seek a triangular stone in the recesses of a wood about a mile from Morgantown, where the three counties meet.

Persons not geographically inclined, generally motor to the top of a hill west of Morgantown, and take a road to the left that runs across the mountains to Honeybrook. Others turn at the pretty stone bridge over the Conestoga east of Morgantown. Eventually they reach the former road.

When in this section of the country on a Sunday morning, gratitude and curiosity alike incline me to stop at the Amish Mennonite Church which stands on the north side of the road to Blue Ball, a few hundred yards beyond the turn to Honeybrook.

Their house of worship is a plain frame building large enough to accommodate four or five hundred persons, and unlike many meeting-houses of other denominations it is usually filled with worshippers. An aisle divides the men and boys from the women and girls. The latter, upon entering the church, lay aside their bonnets and put on little white caps which beginning at the ear and extending backward rather loosely, give their heads an elongated appearance. These "prayer coverings", as they are sometimes called, were originally made of linen. Upon inquiring whether the present material was lace, I received a negative answer but was informed that now and then a little silk crept into its composition.

A striking feature of their dresses is the variety of colors. Girls in green, pink, brown, yellow, lavender and other shades unknown to me by name, may be seen sitting side by side. Some of the older

wear black, but where shall I find white? "Is the use of white for dresses prohibited?" I asked an old man who looked like an elder in Israel. "Not absolutely prohibited," he replied, "but very much discouraged."

Following the opening exercises of the Sunday-school, men and women, in various parts of the building rise in their places and teach the lesson, taking their seats when done. Most of the men wear the clerical collar and coat and evince deep earnestness and sincerity. Disorder, so prevalent in many schools is neither seen nor heard; in fact, in simplicity and devotion the assemblage approaches very nearly to a gathering in Apostolic times. At a given hour the Sunday-school merges into the church. There is no confusion, all remain, young and old alike. The truths that are emphasized by the preacher are fundamental and practical. While there is neither instrumental music nor choir, their hymns are sung with holy fervor. Some of them are printed in English, others in German. One hardly needs to translate as one joins in the strain,

*"Naher mein Gott zu Dir  
Naher zu Dir  
Wenn auch des Kreuzes Last  
Lieget auf mir;  
Doch will I singen hier,  
Naher mein Gott zu Dir  
Naher zu Dir."*

In passing over the Welsh Mountains to Honeybrook a camp will be found at the summit. This spot is 1050 feet high. When last I saw it, a number of tourists were watching three educated bears perform. The big bear, the little bear and the middle-sized bear were all here, in a setting that gave reality to one of the dearest stories of childhood.

Honeybrook Borough lies to the south and from Honeybrook the Horse-shoe Road leads westward to Blue Ball, about eight miles distant. Before half this distance is traversed you find yourself once again on the top of the mountains where the road starts to descend into Lancaster County.

What Moses saw from Mount Nebo I do not know. The record says that his eye was not dim. Probably, he saw the best that Palestine had to offer, but, it is very doubtful if the land over which he looked exceeded in fertility and beauty that which confronts my eye as I halt at the Mountain Inn—half a mile from the western boundary of Chester County—and look westward and northward.

A scraggy spot itself, this summit offers the loveliest view obtainable along the border. Willingly would one sit silent here for an hour, if permitted to do so, but unfortunately strangers are numerous and full of questions.

The proprietor of the Inn declares that the mountain ranges visible in the northwest on a clear day are the Alleghenies more than a hundred miles



away. When he has completed his observatory, the foundation of which is now laid, what may one not hope to see with a powerful glass and a vivid imagination?

I leave the Welsh Mountains with regret. They are not high, they do not contain an abundance of mineral wealth nor are they invested with the glamour of romance, but what would the northern margins of West Nantmeal and Honeybrook be without these billowy ridges of glorious green?

I have seen "The Mountain"—as this range is familiarly called—in every mood, in every garb:—in gray mist, in twilight, and in the dark colors of night. I have seen it when a wind storm was breaking on its heights and its tallest trees were shaking their heads in fury. I have watched the forest-fire eating wide swaths through its thickest foliage and growing more ravenous as it ate.

I have pushed my way through its thickets, stumbled over its boulders, trudged along its cart-roads and at times have lost myself and found a measure of Byronic pleasure in its almost pathless woods. On its southern side I have stood by the fountains of my county's purest stream and instinctively followed the course of the issuing waters until they united with the Christiana.

But the sound of a hunter's horn puts an end to my reflections and brings to my mind an amusing incident told by Dr. Leaman of Rev. William Arthur,

an early pastor at Pequea. This minister was most faithful in rebuking sin wherever he found it. One Sabbath morning, when about to cross the Welsh Mountains to preach at Cedar Grove Church, he discovered that his own horse was lame and sought to borrow one from a parishioner by the name of Galt. Knowing the minister's fondness for a good horse, Mr. Galt loaned him a blooded animal which in former days had been accustomed to the chase. As Mr. Arthur was returning from the service he heard the baying of dogs on the trail of a fox and just as he began the ascent of the mountain he met some horsemen by the roadside waiting for the hounds. He rode up and began to rebuke them in his decided manner for breaking the Lord's Day. At this moment the hounds passed them. The huntsmen not relishing his conversation blew their horns, whereupon the horse on which Mr. Arthur rode showed signs of restlessness, and suddenly calling to remembrance the scenes of other years, in spite of the remonstrances and efforts of his ministerial rider, leaped after the dogs. A Gilpin ride ensued through the midst of a dense forest endangering the pastor's life. Five miles were covered before the horse would allow himself to be reined in. Exhausted by the ride and with any but pleasant sensations Mr. Arthur finally returned to his home.

A few days afterward, one of the huntsmen met an elder of the church and exclaimed, "Your preacher

is one of the best riders in the country. Last Sunday we were out after a fox and he joined us and beat us all. Every leap of his horse was at the heels of the dogs."

## THE SIGN OF THE COMPASS AND ST. JOHN'S CHURCH

*"If I only knew where the cross-roads are,  
They may be near and they may be far."*

IBSEN—*Peer Gynt*.

COMPASSVILLE is a pleasant little village near the western limit of West Caln Township.

Some time after the old Lancaster Road was opened "Mariner's Compass" became widely known as the westernmost inn of Chester County along that highway.

In 1774, Benjamin Wallace, an applicant for license, called it "a well frequented tavern."

There was also at that time a "Mariner's Compass" in Darby with which the one in West Caln is sometimes confused. Accepting the language of their respective petitioners, both were "noted".

On the papers filed in 1789, by William White, landlord of the West Caln Mariner's Compass, I find a notation "nothing paid for reading". Two years later there might have been added "nor anything for selling" for, when James Clemson asked for license in 1792, after informing the Court that his wife was in bed and his children in need of assistance he added that he had taken a lease on the tavern for seven years and did not know that the house was



kept without license by the late tenant White, until he was informed by the clerk of the courts.

In 1857, Christian Eaby, the owner of this tavern, died leaving the property to his wife for life and after her death to his son William.

While conducted by him, the "Compass", as it was then called, soon became and continued to be for twenty-five years, the place where the politicians of West Caln Township came together for the purpose of discussing the various candidates and agreeing if possible upon those whom they would support.

From the porch of the tavern, campaign speakers harangued the multitude that gathered from the surrounding townships, primarily to listen to a discussion of the questions of the hour and incidentally to sample what the bar had to offer.

Perhaps a portion of that last sentence might be changed in the interest of pure unvarnished truth.

If a motion were made to strike out "incidentally" any judge acquainted with the facts would probably order it to be done.

This old tavern, were it so inclined, could many a tale unfold, not wholly uninteresting but now and then a little unsavory.

On one occasion, a prominent resident of the borough of West Chester, had been invited to make an address at a Republican rally to be held at Compassville, but unfortunately he had imbibed too freely and it was apparent to his friends at the county-seat,

that it had increased his vociferousness mightily. This could have been overlooked, in fact it is a quality required on such occasions, but his excessive drinking had unhappily interfered with what the speaker would have called when sober "the coherence of his argumentations."

Some action had to be taken, so, after conference, it was agreed by the committee on political oratory that he must be left at home. It was manifest, however, that if such a course were followed he would be highly offended. Not go?" said he, "not go? By all the gods of war, 'I'll make a ghost of him that lets me'."

"Get a phaeton for him," said the chairman. They did so. When the driver appeared the chairman remarked to him sotto voce:—"Take him the longest way."

From West Chester to Compassville is about twenty-two miles. After driving for three hours or more, the driver alighted, and having apparently tried to read a sign-post, exclaimed excitedly "I've lost my way."

"Tell me prithie," said the speaker, "why did they send me with such a scurvy knave as thou? 'Lay on, MacDuff'! lay on, and damned be he who first cries hold, enough! lay on!"

The driver cracked his whip and drove for many a mile. Finally, the lights of a borough began to show. "What do they call this place?"

"I'll inquire," said the driver.

Returning after a long interval, he announced with a drawn face "They say it's the Borough of Coatesville, we must have been driving in a circle."

"By the great Augustus, Mark Anthony and Cleopatra, I'll make the Democrats surrender unconditionally for this, drive on, fear naught, vehis Caesarem—knowest thou that?"

"Well here we start again," said the driver, but the horses were tired and consumed much time before they reached the long hill this side of the tavern for which they had set out early in the evening. A few minutes later they were there, but alas! the lights were out, the crowd had departed and the speaker with drooping head on the back seat of the phaeton lay fast asleep.

St. John's P. E. Church is little more than a stone's throw from the old hotel. The first proprietor of the hotel, John Miller, sold the plot of ground on which the church is erected, for five shillings and the privilege of building a pew for the use of himself and his heirs. But let us go back a little.

In 1729, some "adventurers from the parts of His Majesty's dominions called England, Scotland and Ireland," for the good of their own immortal souls as well as those of their posterity, erected a wooden frame church, 22 feet long and 20 feet broad."

R. Chester Ross, who has lately written its history says, "there was no floor except the ground, and if it

was heated at all it was by means of a fire place but there is no record of a fire place being built."

"After the church was established the large spring close by was called 'Church Spring', and the stream flowing from it, 'Church Run'. When the boundary line between Chester and Lancaster Counties was surveyed in 1729, the line crossed the Old Lancaster Road at Church Run."

When this road was laid out in 1733, St. John's was designated as the "English Church."

In 1763, the log building gave way to a stone church about 48 feet by 29.

Seventy-five years later the vestry resolved on the erection of the present church and the corner stone was laid on Thursday, June 21, 1838, by the Rt. Rev. Henry U. Onderdonk, D.D., Bishop of the diocese of Pennsylvania.

Local limestone was used in the old stone church but mountain stone was hauled from the hills east of the village for the new building, making it more beautiful and durable.

The cemetery of St. John's Church is immediately adjacent to it. Thither I take myself. I am visiting it today for the purpose of finding the grave of Pierre Bizallion and lo, here it is, marked by a stone with chiselled skull and cross bones, intended doubtless to emphasize the lettered admonition underneath:



*"Whoe'er thou art, with tender heart  
Stop, Read and Think of me;  
I once was well as now thou art  
As now I am so thou shalt be."*

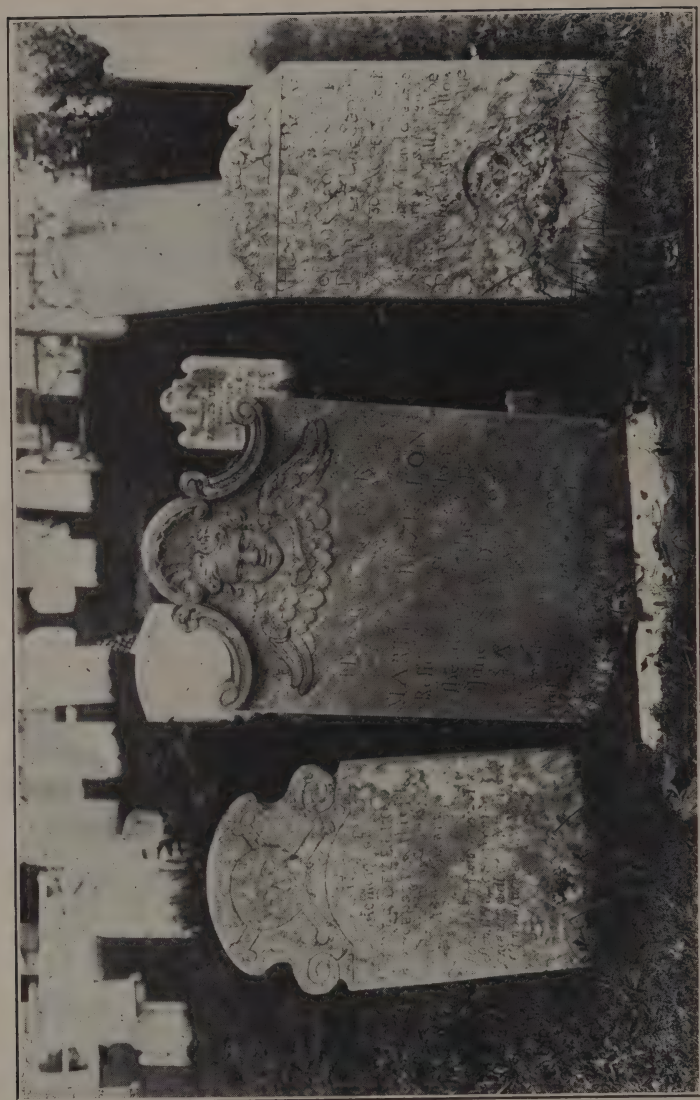
Aye Pierre Bizallion, I will stop, read and think of you. How often have I met your shade while browsing among the old Colonial Records? Say tell me, if my question savor not too much of rank impertinence, by what means did you, a middle aged man, succeed in attracting to your side the youthful and attractive Mary Combe? Was it your hardy mind, your picturesque appearance or the tales of wild adventure that you told so well?

Interpreter and trader, you have been forgotten by many, but your memory ought to be dear to every heart in Coatesville, for with prophetic eye you purchased land within the limits of the present city and dying left it as a heritage to your devoted wife.

Before I leave this place, I must stop at a marble monument that stands in the centre of the old part of the cemetery, and bears on its east side the solitary word "Adelaid".

Mr. Ross calls her story the "most romantic" in the history of St. John's Parish. I agree with him.

"Just before coming to St. John's," says he, "Rev. Edward P. Wright married a widow, Mrs. Correll, who had two children, a son Thomas and a daughter Adelaid. During the summer of 1855, the interior of the Church was renovated with a fresh coat of



PIERRE BIZALLION    MARTHA BIZALLION  
(Spelled Bezallon on Stones)

paint, the work being done by Hardy and Hazazer of Philadelphia."

"Joseph Hazazer was a young Italian painter of great skill and while he was at work, the beautiful and accomplished Adelaid would come into the Church to practice on the organ. Hazazer became on very intimate terms with her and she returned his affections, much against the wishes of her family. Finally they eloped, walked to the home of Rev. John Wallace, pastor of the Pequea Presbyterian Church, and were united in marriage at four o'clock P. M., Tuesday, June 26, 1855."

"Mr. Hazazer was evidently not a man blessed with this world's goods, for his wedding costume partly consisted of a shoe on one foot and a boot on the other. After their marriage they went to Ohio where a son was born to them. They came back to Philadelphia and Adelaid died shortly afterwards at the youthful age of twenty-one.

"The monument was erected by Mrs. Wright and had Adelaid Correll inscribed upon it, Jacob Sensenig being the stone cutter. Later, Mr. Hazazer visited the grave and had 'Hazazer' put on it. The Wright family, however, were very indignant and would not have the name 'Hazazer' appear upon it, so it was taken down and cut over for the third time. It has remained with only 'Adelaid' upon it ever since."

"A number of years ago, an elderly gentleman strolled among the tombstones, evidently searching

for a grave he could not find. He finally inquired of the sexton if he could tell him where a monument bearing the name of Adelaid was? He was directed to it and after gazing upon it, said he would be back within a year, but he has not been heard of since. It is not known who he was, but it is supposed by many that he was none other than Adelaid's son."

Tradition says that Baron de Beelen's daughter also married without her father's consent and was buried in this cemetery. I have made diligent search and numerous inquiries without, however, finding anything to confirm such traditive statements.



## MOSCOW—STRASBURG ROAD—SADSBURY MEETING-HOUSE

*"And he that deems his leisure well bestowed,  
In contemplation of a turnpike road  
Is occupied as well, employs his hours,  
As wisely and as much improves his pow'rs,  
As he that slumbers in pavilions gras'd  
With all the charms of an accomplished taste."*

COWPER—*Retirement.*

**I**NFLUENCED by Cowper's numbers I use a portion of my leisure in viewing the remains of Moscow, in wandering along the Strasburg Road, in looking up the sources of the Octorara and in visiting old Sadsbury Meeting-house just over the line in Lancaster County.

Do you ask, What was Moscow? I answer:

*A Sadsbury town of scanty renown  
A place of little worth  
That added no fame to its borrowed name  
And died two years after birth.*

Would you know more of this town? A few lines will tell its story.

About a year and a half after Napoleon had retreated from Russia leaving Moscow in flames, Abraham Breneman undertook to found a miniature Moscow in Sadsbury Township, Chester County. He purchased a farm of fifty acres from an inn-keeper

by the name of John Petit for the sum of \$15,900, laid out a town and divided it into a number of building lots. Lancaster Turnpike became Cossack's Road, and this main thoroughfare was intersected by Alexander, Wyberg and Charlesburg streets. Breneman's plan provided for a church and a seminary. Judge Futhey, who came from that neighborhood, says that the plot was gotten up in fine style and was quite alluring. Lots were sold to various persons at prices ranging from \$250, to \$500. Fifteen of them—including the tavern-house—were bought by Daniel Hiester and John Duer for \$8000. The town flourished, however, only on paper and the lots which had been purchased in 1814, for \$8000, and on which a prudent money-loaner had invested \$3000, were sold by the sheriff for \$1300. Cossack's Road dropped its Russian name and the other streets returned to the bosom of the farm from which they had sprung.

In 1826, the name of Moscow attached itself to an academy that was established in the ruins of the town by Rev. Francis Allinson Latta, whose portrait as handed down to us is that of a superior classical and Hebrew scholar, a poet of no mean order and an excellent instructor. In 1840, the academy closed its doors but its main building still stands on the north side of Lincoln Highway about a quarter of a mile west of the road that leads to the borough of Parkesburg.

Rev. Francis Allinson Latta has been dead almost a hundred years. It is doubtful if one could find today in this academical building a single copy of the poems of Horace or in the entire township of West Sadsbury one man who could translate or scan them. Could the *carpe diem* poet return to earth and place himself in front of what was once Moscow Academy where his words were formerly studied, I wonder what his reflections would be upon seeing multitudes on this Lincoln Highway go swiftly by him, pursuing pleasure in vehicles unknown to Rome.

Would it sadden his heart to perceive that the Epicureanism of the Twentieth Century no longer sought a retreat at the calm head of some sacred stream, but expressed itself mainly in terms of flight; that its votaries could discover neither beauty nor significance in wheat fields waving in summer winds; nor in yellow shocks of corn in soft autumn haze; that their eyes were closed even to the blue lines of distant hills; that all they could apparently see was a car ahead of them that must be passed.

Our poet would find many illustrations of "nicely avoided wheels" but he would find no goal, for the drivers have none.

Leaving the remains of the Moscow Academy, I continue westward on Lincoln Highway until a post on the left side of the road advises me that the western boundary of Chester County has been reached,



SADSBURY MEETING-HOUSE



whereupon I turn my steps southward toward Sadsbury Meeting-house.

In less than two miles an old highway appears, known as Strasburg Road, which passes north of the meeting-house and runs westward to Strasburg in Lancaster County.

A part of this road was opened in 1772. Proceedings for laying it out were begun in 1770 when "a great number of the inhabitants" whose settlements were on the "southwesterly parts of Chester County" petitioned the Justices of Quarter Sessions for a road "from a laid out road on land late of Governor Marsh, in the township of Sadsbury and from thence as nearly straight as the ground will admit through sd county toward the City of Philadelphia."

There were views, reviews and a re-review. The course of the road as laid out was opposed by certain freeholders because it paralleled the new Provincial Road and ran through three plantations cutting at sharp angles some fields that had been lately manured. This opposition evidently had some weight with the viewers for when the return was prepared for their signatures only three of them would sign it, whereupon the petitioners asked for the appointment of a "Judicious Sett of Men."

As the proceeding progressed, the inhabitants of West Goshen Township complained of "the intolerable oppression" it would cause them "already overburdened with public roads." Then, the freeholders

of Sadsbury declared that the laying out of the road "exceedingly Greeves Sundry of our Inhabitants—the tax that can be passed by law not being sufficient to support the roads we have already in being." Even East Fallowfield united with the others in opposing it because it ran through "excessive Swampy, Hilly and Stony ground" and further because there was a "road lately laid out from Strawsburg to Philadelphia."

Despite this opposition the report of the reviewers was confirmed and the road was laid out.

This highway is familiarly and endearingly called "The Old Strasburg Road" by many aged persons in West Chester. The explanation of this emotional emphasis is found in the fact that of all the roads of childhood it was the one they used the most.

From West Chester it led than as it leads today, to the Brandywine at Cope's Bridge just above Deborah's Rock. South of this rock at that time, was Deep Hole, the most popular swimming place on the stream. That was as much information about the road as any school-boy cared to possess. For him, Strasburg was an unknown town as far off as the end of the rainbow. Of course it existed somewhere or why the name? But its location was something he never wished to know. From childhood's morn to the present hour I have met with but three persons who have ever seen Strasburg. Seemingly they have been content to take it on faith. Yet it is a

quaint old town two miles and a half southwest of Leaman Place.

From Cope's Bridge westward this road, on its way to Strasburg, runs by the sleepy little villages of Marshallton, Romansville, McWilliamstown, Youngstown and Humphreyville. I hesitate to give preeminence in somnolency to any one of these hamlets lest I offend the others. Some of them measure the course of time by funerals—so long since the last interment, while all of them seem to take peculiar pride in declaring: "We are on the Strasburg Road." It is their chief claim to notice. Marshallton, it is true, gives another reason for recognition by insisting that it is the center of Chester County and supports its contention by showing that it had a Centre House when West Chester was only a Cross-roads.

From a point west of Marshallton where the Strasburg Road turns toward Romansville until it reaches that place, the road presents about the same appearance as it did shortly after its opening. There is sod in the middle of the roadway with a worn track on each side. Romansville itself impresses me alike with its age and its stability. Every time I pass through it the words of an old nursery rhyme recur to me in a modified form,

*"There was an old woman lived up on this hill  
And if she's not dead she lives there still."*

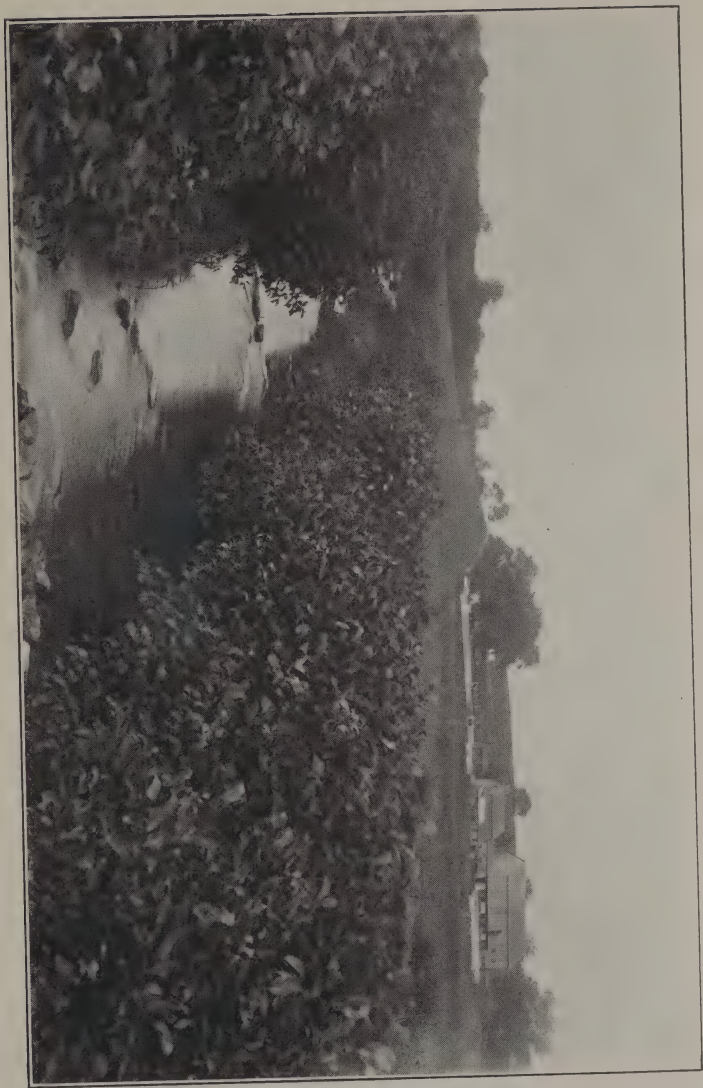
From Romansville to the western line of the county, perhaps the most interesting feature of the Strasburg Road is the large stone bridge at Mortonville that spans the Western Brandywine. The dam above the bridge is rapidly filling up, but the mysterious and unsolved murders that happened along its banks and in its waters give this dam a unique distinction. When Edgar Wallace visited this country, some one should have driven him over Strasburg Road and stopped the car at Mortonville Bridge.

Sadsbury Meeting-house and Burying-ground are in Lancaster County, half a mile west of the boundary line and about a quarter of a mile south of Strasburg Road. The Meeting-house is built of stone with a frame appendage on its western side. It is old, homely and deserted, or if not wholly abandoned it is given over to funerals. A dying cedar tree on its eastern side makes it a little more lugubrious.

As most of the graves are those of persons unknown to me my chief interest centers in an "upping-block"—the largest I have ever seen. The stone slab is more than eleven feet long and about four feet wide. At the east end are five steps. Some visitors, whose fancy is not yet withered, find congenial pastime in watching various figures mount these steps. There they go—the young, the old, the modest, the frivolous. Perhaps their imagination has gone astray in painting any figure of frivolity on an



A BROOK THAT CALLS ITSELF OCTORARA



"upping-block" in a Quaker graveyard. If so the harm is but momentary, for the pictures will fade when the visitors depart.

To the east of Sadsbury Burying-ground, down in the hollow is a brook that calls itself Octorara. It has borne that name for more than two hundred years. When Lancaster County was created in 1729, chain bearers walked over yonder hill and moved south-westerly until they reached its waters. Today the line runs through a farm-house that was not here then and strikes the brook at a point about seven hundred feet distant from that building. My ears may be at fault, but the brook seems to ripple a little louder from this point on, as if conscious of the fact that it has become the boundary line between the counties of Lancaster and Chester.

There it goes through the tussocky meadows, its course marked by alders on both banks. My eyes follow it until it makes a turn westward, after which I can no longer trace its windings.

And now my circuit is completed. In making it I have had many experiences, but of all that I have seen or heard, nothing will ever recur to me more frequently or pleasantly than the rippling music of Octorara Creek.









